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IMPRESSIONS OF GREECE.

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BY

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LATE ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY
AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY AT ATHENS.

58728 a.c.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HIS NIECE,

MISS WYSE,

Qx-f. 14

AND

LETTERS FROM GREECE TO FRIENDS AT HOME

BY

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY,
DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

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IMPRESSIONS OF GREECE.

INTRODUCTION.

Part I.

On returning from the Continent with some friends last June, we found England still agitated by the unhappy and fatal termination to the latest act of brigandage in Greece. This curse had been chronic in that country for many long years: various deeds of cruelty had frequently been perpetrated there; and, speaking merely from my own personal knowledge of the period when Sir Thomas Wyse had represented England at Athens, I could assert that no such acts had ever been passed over unreported by him, or without his remonstrating strongly with the Greek Government on their inertness on such occasions.

But last year a new light seemed to burst on England, and Sydney Smith's celebrated remark on railway accidents—namely, that "until a Bishop,—even of Sodor and Man—was killed, no attempt would be seriously made to prevent such catastrophes,"—never received a more striking illustration than in this dreadful history of Oropò.

There seemed to be a sudden awakening—a sudden panic throughout this country. Greece had been pretty

much left to itself of late years: "it had not been worth thinking about;"—but now everyone had something to say, some remedy to propose. Many condemned the whole nation as past all redemption; others declared that every Greek was in conspiracy with brigands, while one wished England to interfere in virtue of her right as a Protecting Power, and another would hear of nothing but withdrawing that protection altogether.

In the midst of all this feverish excitement, one fact struck old residents of Athens more forcibly than all others:—the little acquaintance with the life and habits of Greece displayed even by those supposed to be the best informed, and the utter ignorance, or else forgetfulness, of all that had already been done to help forward the improvement of that wayward kingdom. In the hurry and bustle of the present day, it is true, what happened last month is often forgotten in this; still, in the grave matter of our relations with foreign nations, it seems worth while, at least sometimes, to pause and consider a past which may have had deep influence on the present.

Nor is this ignorance observable with regard to other countries of the Continent. We know a great deal about Germany, France, and Italy, and are familiar with the names and characters of all their leading men of this generation: not so with Greece. The commonest and most notable facts were apparently unknown or ignored, and it seemed easy, for any one of ordinary experience in that country, to enlighten the public on many of these points. It is not my province, nor am I capable of such a task, but it is impossible not to hope that some clever hand may yet be found to undertake it.

Although I had travelled much with my uncle,

Sir Thomas Wyse, through Greece, and well knew his opinion of all those whose names were brought forward by the circumstances of last summer, I had forgotten that any such testimony existed in his writing. Notes of these excursions had almost invariably been kept by him, both because writing was to him a habit, or rather a pleasure, as well as for the purpose of later reference in his diplomatic work. Still, amidst piles of other papers, journals, and letters descriptive of events at Athens, no record could be found but of the tour in the Peloponnesus, which he had prepared for the press during his long and fatal illness, and which, as his last request, I published in 1865. Great, therefore, was my satisfaction at recently and accidentally discovering journals of tours in Bœotia, Eubœa, and even to Delphi—the last he ever made.

Written without the intention of being printed, I make little apology, however, for offering them to the public in their original simple form, believing that thus they better present the freshness of observations made on the spot by one thoroughly acquainted with the country and people he lived amongst, and deeply interested in studying their welfare. The author might possibly have re-arranged these pages, had he thought at the time that they would have any public interest. Yet, having left me all his papers, with a written injunction to make use of them whenever and however I might judge fit, I feel that I am carrying out his wishes in the present instance, if, by the publication of these notes, I can in any way add information on the subjects he had so much at heart. I must only earnestly beg the kind indulgence of every reader for my manifold shortcomings in the difficult task of editorship, certain that those defects which may be perceptible should be laid to my charge, and not to that of the author.

Nor can I help thinking that the interest has not altogether died away, in spite of the death-struggle we are so unhappily called on to witness elsewhere. A portion of the ground travelled over has now become hallowed to English hearts, and the names of places and individuals have no longer a mere shadowy sound. The tour to Eubœa includes a visit to Mr. Noel's house at Achmètaga,—father to Mr. Frank Noel, who aided in the negotiations for the deliverance of our unfortunate fellow-countrymen last spring—and shows the friendship Sir Thomas Wyse entertained for that family; whilst that to Bœotia,—beginning at Pentelicus and passing near the fatal spots of Pikermi, Oropò, and Sykaminò, to Thebes,—contains notice of Colonel Theagenes confirmatory of the praise his friends gladly bestowed upon him.

These excursions, except the last to Delphi, are amongst those made by the British Minister, for the object of examining with his own eyes and judging without prejudice of the state of the Greek provinces, thus to enable him the more efficiently to act as President, and also to write those papers which form portion of the fund of information on Greek matters contained in the voluminous reports of the so-called Financial Commission.

This Financial Commission was the crowning labour of Sir Thomas Wyse's diplomatic life in Greece, yet, strange to say, it is the one which has fallen stillborn to the ground, and has been so neglected by successive Governments, that its former existence is now almost unknown. In all the discussions on Greek affairs last year, whether in Parliament or in the Press, no allusion whatever was made to it, except by the Earl of Carnarvon, —while one Member suggested a similar plan to the Government, without any reference to the past, and as if

it were an original idea of the moment. Its history may be thus briefly told :—

At the commencement of the Crimean War, the Greeks, instigated and led on by the King, but especially by Queen Amalie, rushed pell-mell across the Turkish frontier, without plan or discipline. Some ultra-loyal papers had already called Her Majesty the Empress of the East, "Ἀνασσα τῆς Ἀνατολῆς"—and she was credulous enough to believe that Russia would enthrone her at Constantinople. No great harm was done, beyond an extraordinary amount of sheep-stealing and plundering of Christians, as well as of Turks, but annoyance enough was caused by forcing a Corps d'Armée under Fuad Pasha to be detached from the main body, and to advance into Thessaly and Epirus for the purpose of driving back these marauders. So exasperated were the Turks, that, but for the interference of England and France, they intended to march on to Athens, where there was no foe to oppose them, and then to take possession of the Capital.

In order, however, to enforce Greek neutrality, a force composed of English and French troops was subsequently kept at the Peiræus during the whole of the war, and the King was required to choose a ministry composed of Mavrocordatos, Pericles Argyropoulos, Kalergis, and other good and reliable men. Great were the hopes of all that some permanent good might be extracted from this new state of things, but these hopes were no sooner formed than they were doomed to be dashed to the ground. The King and Queen feigned much desire of improvement, and, constantly sending for the English Minister, requested his advice, promising to profit by it. Sir T. Wyse spared no trouble, and after these interviews, and others with the Ministers, he wrote memoranda on

all the different subjects discussed—often at the desire of their Majesties. However, before long the bubble burst.

Mavrocordatos—in the same manner as when Premier on the first occasion—finding himself thwarted by the King and Queen in every quarter, lost courage and resigned. Sir Thomas Wyse then discovered that all his labour had also been in vain, that his memoranda and other documents were either lost, or thrown away unnoticed in some Greek bureau, and that no serious intention of using them had ever been entertained.*

Nothing daunted, he turned his thoughts at once to some other means of helping Greece, even against her own will. No foreign power had a right to interfere except the three known there as the "Protecting Powers," and then only on a question of finance. And here it must now be stated that Sir Thomas Wyse's previous policy in Greece stood him in good stead, and proved of the utmost service.

Amongst other things, much was said last year of the necessity of putting an end to the diplomatic jealousies and intrigues for which Athens had once been so notorious, and no one seemed to be aware that the old denominations of partizanship had ceased to exist for the last fifteen or twenty years. When Sir Thomas Wyse was first appointed to Athens about that period, he found the community divided into French, English, and Russian "parties," clustering round the representatives of these nations, the allegiance of each Greek being dependent on the number of places a plenipotentiary could procure from the Government, and he who obtained none looking

* See Note to "Excursion to the Peloponnesus," by Sir T. Wyse, p. 215, vol. i. For confirmation, see Mr. N. Senior's "Journal in Turkey and Greece," pp. 271 and 297.

upon himself as a victim, for adherence to the unsuccessful power of the moment. Few thought of principles, but certainly the "English" could boast of more than any other, and had by far the largest number of honest and disinterested men attached to their name. Sir Thomas Wyse at once perceived the evils of this system, and, both from private conviction and by wish of Lord Palmerston, he refused to recognise longer any but a national Greek party, bent alone on the improvement of the country. The amount of unpopularity he thus incurred can easily be conceived, and we find the following passage on this subject in a work published about that time. "It is against *all* foreign ascendancy that England protests, and the blame which I have heard bestowed on our English representative, that *he created no English party*, is, to my mind, his highest praise and his own dearest object."*

This opinion, that the diplomatists at Athens should abstain from all such petty interference, was founded on the conviction that by it no real good could be effected for Greece; that it only gave the King the power of insulting them when he pleased; and that the whole system of government was so corrupt, that nothing less than a sweeping reform could be of the slightest use. We find this stated in Mr. Senior's "Journal in Turkey and Greece," p. 306, where it thus occurs. "The English Mission, the speaker said, is a post rather of observation than of action; scarcely anything is to be done, but much is to be seen." And again, at p. 318, another says, "What, I asked, ought to be our policy towards Greece? Precisely what it is, he answered. We cannot approve of what is going on, but we cannot alter

* See "Journal of a Tour in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Greece," by James Laird Patterson, M.A., p. 362.

it, except by a revolution, which might do more harm than good; we ought not affectedly to censure, or affectedly to proclaim our disapprobation; but we ought to let it be inferred that, if ever the necessity for interference should come, our assistance will be given to the liberal party. This is the *rôle* assumed by Sir Thomas Wyse, and no one could act it more gently, or more firmly."

But perhaps the worst effect of this system was on the diplomatic body itself. Their whole thoughts were devoted to petty rivalry, resulting in quarrels, whilst the King and Greek Government laughed at them secretly, and played off one against another, as it suited their own purposes. At one time, many of the diplomatists were on most unfriendly terms, and did not even bow to each other. Nothing of this kind ever happened after the abandonment of party struggles by Sir T. Wyse. The other countries did not at once follow the example of England; France, openly, and Russia, secretly, continued to procure places, and appoint partizans under the Greek Government, but at the outbreak of the Crimean war, the French Minister of the day received orders to abandon this course, and in every particular to act with, and follow the English Minister. When peace was proclaimed, a new Russian, M. Ozcroff, was sent to Athens, and he, too, was desired to begin another system, and to act in perfect concert with the two other Protecting Powers.

It is, therefore, at this moment, that we find the Financial Commission beginning. Sir Thomas Wyse, having the advantage of much experience, and the prestige of a large-minded policy, was now followed by his other colleagues. Clearly perceiving this advantage, he proposed the scheme to Lord Clarendon, who eagerly

seized and carried it out, by inducing France and Russia at once to co-operate. The allied troops, said the English Plenipotentiary, were to be removed, and Greece would sink back into its old condition, unless some hold could legitimately be gained over her. This was offered by the Loan originally guaranteed by the "Three Powers," and the right they had to insist on the payment of the interest. Ever since the establishment of the monarchy, nothing whatsoever had been paid, on the constant pretext that the resources of the country were still inadequate. This every one knew to be a miserable subterfuge; for, in so small a place as Athens, it was not difficult to ascertain the improvement which took place in different branches of the government resources, but it was especially notorious that a considerable portion of the public money found its way more readily into private pockets than into its legitimate quarters at the treasury.

The Commission, therefore, was to be formed for the object of inquiring into the reality of this plea of poverty, and, if such were proved, then to point out the defects, and suggest changes and improvements where they might appear advisable. To this project, strictly within the rights of the Protecting Powers, the Greek Government could make no resistance, and wisely determining to accept an inevitable necessity with a good grace, they promised access to their documents, and every assistance they could afford.

The Financial Commission, therefore, was duly installed, and beginning its labours early in 1857, did not break up until the summer of 1859.

It consisted of the plenipotentiaries of England, France, and Russia; Sir Thomas Wyse, as senior, or *Doyen*, acting as the President. Le Marquis de Plœuc, an eminent French financier, was sent out to assist

M. Mercier (and later, M. de Monthoret), and Mr. Strickland (now Assistant Commissary-General), remained at Athens after the departure of the English troops, to work under Sir T. Wyse's direction. During these two years the Commission held sixty-two sittings, in the British Legation; the elaborate Reports drawn up in the intervals being then examined and read in full council. Before long the inquiry branched out into every question touching on the government of Greece in general, and was far from being restricted solely to finance, although the Greeks of the present day, especially those connected with its government, always try to insist that such was exclusively the case. Each portion of the administration was closely examined, and the opportunity for so thorough an investigation,—which might settle many vexed questions,—not being likely to occur soon again, it was resolved to profit by it at once. Sir Thomas Wyse, although in no way bound to do so, felt such a deep interest in the matter, that he drew up some of the papers himself,—I believe five, but certainly those on Education, Justice, and the Church,—and gave the whole affair his earnest care and most devoted attention.

When the work was drawing to a close, the Greek Ministers were each in turn invited to a conference, and the reports on their own departments read to them, in which they were obliged to admit that there was neither error nor exaggeration. At its termination, it was said to be a "mine of knowledge and instruction," that might be referred to on all future occasions, on every conceivable Greek subject.

Another remarkable point, too, was the unbroken harmony which had reigned throughout between the three representatives, the most friendly union having prevailed,

without one word of difference, during the whole period of these sittings.

High were the hopes now at last seriously entertained, for all these were matters of public note at Athens, and every one looked forward to some action being taken as a consequence of this salutary measure. But marvellous to relate, as we have said before, from that day forward not a word has been heard of this great inquiry. The papers have never been printed: it was once stated that this would cost too much: and even when Sir Thomas Wyse came to England in the following year, no one but Lord Clarendon, Lord Russell, and one or two of the Government, seemed to have the slightest cognizance of, or to take the smallest interest in, the matter.

As we have already said, all recollection of it appears to have completely vanished. Greeks try to ignore it and make it be forgotten, simply because the corrupt system of their administration is there so fully developed by unprejudiced witnesses. Not even its separate reports on particular subjects, such as, for instance, the "collection of the Taxes," "the Customs," or "Administration of the Army," which would give the fullest information on these points, have ever been called for by any member of either House of Parliament.

One good effect it produced instantaneously, namely, that of making the Greek Government pay the interest of the Loan in the following autumn of 1859, for the first time in their history. With their usual intelligence they at once saw that, if they did not take this initiative themselves, it would be taken out of their hands, and the Customs, so wretchedly administered, would be seized, or some other lawful but severe measure adopted, as soon as these reports became known to the Protecting Powers.

To Sir Thomas Wyse individually, this Commission

brought a very unwelcome result. Finding that no action was to follow this inquiry, and that he could do no more for Greece, he begged to be removed to some other appointment, after so many years' good service in a climate that had been most injurious to his constitution, but was only requested to return to Athens—"as he now knew the country so well." A year afterwards he died there—early in the month of April.

In the same year the Greeks expelled King Otho and his Queen. I was afterwards told by one of their Court—whether correctly or not I cannot say—that their Majesties often exclaimed that had they only followed Sir Thomas Wyse's advice, they might still have kept their throne.

And here, again, another point apparently forgotten now-a-days, is the pernicious influence these two Royal Personages exercised over the character and habits of modern Greece. These "trustees of the nation" ruled at a period when Greece was yet young, when education was beginning, when everything had to be formed, and, when the national character, and even the private tendencies of individuals known to them so thoroughly in this small kingdom, might have been moulded into a very different type. Instead of placing before their subjects a high standard of principle, honouring virtue and integrity, and rewarding honesty, they permitted, when they did not actually sanction, trickery and corruption throughout the length and breadth of the land, bestowed their Royal favours on fawning hypocrites, no matter how blackened their reputations, and persecuted men of probity and self-reliance, if they dared to show disapproval of their arbitrary rule. Under this withering system everything collapsed, and when blaming the Greek nation, the first and largest portion of that blame should assuredly fall on those who had it in their power to elevate

and correct, but, on the contrary, contributed to lower and debase this young nation entrusted to their care.

At some other period, it may be possible to publish letters and correspondence which will throw much light on the latter years of this reign, and will show how much they have to answer for, in the existing state of things.

For the present, it is only necessary to refer to another passage in Mr. Senior's Journal, confirmatory of this view, and which occurs at p. 296, the speaker being Sir Thomas Wyse:

"It is melancholy, he continued, to think what Greece is, and what, under a tolerable government, she might have been. The King came with absolute power; he has no aristocracy, no old habits, no prejudices to embarrass him. He had a most docile and a most intelligent population; and he had a treasury filled by the allies to overflowing. But he treated his population just as they had been treated by the Turks—as a mere sponge out of which money had to be squeezed. He did nothing for them, he did not advise them, or even encourage them to do anything for themselves. He treated them as an appanage to Bavaria, as a country given over to him as a younger son's portion."

Again another speaker, a well-known authority, when pointing out that the King's dislike to govern by a Constitution had caused its failure, goes on to say at p. 270, "The King found in his immense patronage, in his large civil list, in the absence of an aristocracy of either birth or wealth, in the ignorance and poverty of the lower classes, and in their inability to combine in a country in which there are no roads or towns, and in the ignorance, poverty, and servility of the upper classes, means to obtain indirectly as much power as he had ever acquired

directly. In general, corruption and intimidation are enough to prevent any opposition; when they are insufficient, force is employed. The King and Queen have had their own way: they have been able to squander or to accumulate, for their own use, more than a tenth of the revenue of the country; they have been able to discredit, by turns, every public man, and to reduce ministry after ministry, and chamber after chamber, into mere puppets: they have been able to ruin every one who opposed them."

It is a fashion, at times, to despise and condemn the Greeks *en masse;* and the old French saying of former days at Athens, that "*tous les Grecs sont mauvais,*" is still re-echoed on many sides. Yet, whilst their most ardent friend will not deny their innumerable and indefensible vices and bad qualities, it must also be admitted that a nation cannot be altogether irreclaimable which possesses instincts that impel them to honour and revere those very virtues in which they themselves most notably fail. And for this characteristic the Greeks are remarkable.

In the first instance, the expulsion of King Otho and his Queen was based on no other reason. The Queen, it is true, was universally disliked, but, personally, the King was amiable and kind;—he had never been cruel, like some other monarchs, and his manners were always those of a perfect gentleman. But, no matter how much they served and bent the knee before them, so far above their rulers were the instincts of the Greek people, that there was ever an undercurrent of discontent and a pining for something better, until, at last, they would bear it no longer, and they drove their rulers away. Many other instances might be cited in illustration of this remarkable feature in the national character; but two or

three which came under my own observation cannot be passed by without some slight notice.

Servility, an inordinate love of riches, and a want of truth—vices which engender the absence of honour and rectitude—are the chief sins justly laid to their charge: and yet what the Greeks as a body most revere are, undeniably, the opposite virtues of high principle, justice, disinterestedness, and an undeviating adherence to truth. A noble, honourable, high-minded ruler, dealing justice strictly—nay, severely, but impartially—denouncing and punishing corruption in place of encouraging it, would have commanded the full respect of this quick-witted people, and might, originally, have made them the light and hope of the East, and thus have enabled them to reach a very different position amongst the nations from the miserable one they now occupy.

Of all Greeks, Mavrocordatos could boast the most universal and unqualified admiration amongst his fellow-countrymen; and why? Simply because they knew him to have been disinterested to a degree; to have given up a quiet life when young, in order to come and fight for his country at the risk of death or slavery, and throughout life to have sacrificed worldly prospects, and endured poverty, for the sake of principle and integrity. Many did not consider him the great statesman he was reputed, for he had the grave defects of vacillation and timidity; but so profound was their conviction of his disinterestedness and honesty that no man had a more faithful band of followers during those long periods when he was in Court disfavour; when such sympathy implied a risk of the same disfavour, which, to many, meant absence of bread-and-butter, and to all the loss of many pleasant advantages, according to the ordinary Athenian mind. His name was honoured throughout the entire Greek race.

Another striking example was that of Mavrocordatos' brother-in-law, M. Pericles Argyropoulos. A barrister of some repute, he had been, like most of his fellow-citizens, for a short time in the Ministry, as Minister of Finance; but, for the greater portion of his life, he too had been in disgrace at Court, both for his relationship to Mavrocordatos and for his avowed disapproval of their bribery and general principles. Respect for his honesty, self-reliance, and uprightness, under the known pressure of poverty, was his only hold on the regard of his countrymen. Suddenly, most suddenly, Pericles Argyropoulos died—died, without leaving a penny, his widow and six children almost unprovided for. Others more remarkable in politics had, of course, often died at Athens, rich and powerful in their own way, but few had borne so pure a reputation as he, and on no occasion was the same sympathy displayed. His funeral was attended by rich and poor; a statue was spoken of, a subscription was at once raised for his orphans, and every token of regard shown even by his political enemies.

General Sir Richard Church also presents a proof of Greek gratitude and appreciation. Having given up his worldly, and what was more, his military prospects and position on this side of Europe, in a moment of enthusiastic ardour for Greek liberty, he has ever commanded and obtained the respect of every true Greek, and no name is more honoured, and no house more frequented by attached and devoted adherents than that of their veteran leader.

Lastly, these characteristics were shown, on the death of Sir Thomas Wyse, in a very remarkable manner. He had lived amongst them as British minister for nearly thirteen years, and of all men who held diplomatic

intercourse with the Greeks, he had certainly been the most uncompromising. His high principles and strict adherence to them under every circumstance of a long life, was one of his acknowledged distinctions. In Greece he had opposed the King and Queen in all their corrupting tendencies, and had borne the brunt of their private, as well as of their public animosity, for a very long period,—but, on the other hand, he had never spared the Greeks, or omitted an opportunity of pointing out their manifold faults, individually or collectively, whenever an occasion offered. Moreover, he banished from his salons everyone whom he found wanting, and being most uncompromising in this respect, might naturally expect a group of enemies. But they knew that they had no truer friend, that he laboured with King and Government, disinterestedly and earnestly, solely for their welfare, and spared them not, simply for their own good.

He died at Athens—"died," as they say, "in harness," writing his despatches up to the last week of his long and suffering illness, and nothing could have been more touching than the marks of esteem and regard then manifested by all. A public funeral was ordered by the King, but such a one had not been seen in Athens before. Greeks of every shade and hue came forward: even the Greek Archbishop of Patras, Misael, and other Greek ecclesiastics, followed in the procession; the King and Queen stood on the balcony of the palace; the other balconies along the line were filled with ladies; in short, it was said that the whole population turned out, including many villagers from the neighbourhood: no honour that could be thought of was omitted, and few eyes were dry as he was borne to his rest.

Part II.

Having lived from childhood with my uncle, Sir Thomas Wyse, I also lived with him in Greece, and can, therefore, remember Athens when it wore a very different aspect from what it now outwardly presents to the passing traveller. No radical change has been effected in its life and habits, and many consider that the simplicity of fifteen or twenty years ago was preferable to the superficial civilisation which has destroyed several of the virtues of that time, without substituting anything better. In those olden days, the diplomatic corps spent their summers at Kephissia,—a village on the road to Marathon; the King too passed months there, whenever the Queen went to visit her relations in Germany; and, though brigandage existed, it was of a much milder description than what sprung into life a few years later.

The most formidable and celebrated bands of robbers may be said to have first appeared, after the raid into Turkey, in 1854. At that moment of Greek madness, every means was adopted to swell the ranks of the invaders—and from the prisons, burst open with the connivance of the authorities, issued forth criminals of the worst class, who in turn opened the arsenals, and were allowed to seize the arms, on the understanding that they should at once rush across the frontier.* So long as they remained on the Turkish soil, all their

* It is worthy of remark that exactly the same system was pursued before the "invasion of Crete," and has naturally been followed by the same consequences.

deeds were applauded; but, when Fuad Pasha drove them back from Thessaly and Epirus, the sin recoiled on its instigators; for these marauders, clinging by nature and habit to their freebooting life, continued their trade in Greece, quite irrespective of nationality. For a while, King Otho and the Queen, for political purposes of their own, openly connived at, and many said, sanctioned them; but this epoch passed, the scandal grew so great, and their own people suffered from them so much, that the Government put forth its strength, and, as on all other occasions when it had seriously done the same, the country was soon cleared of every brigand.

Out of evil cometh good, and it may be hoped that one effect of this latest phase of brigandage has been to cause it to be regarded in its true light by the Greek nation. Until these criminals and convicted felons were set loose on the community, a sort of romance still hung round the Klephts, and, no matter how much it might be condemned, there was always a poetry surrounding the life, that made men excuse and palliate it.

The race of Klephts, as all know, had a more or less honourable origin during the three hundred years of Turkish slavery; for, though they led a marauding life, still every deed was sanctified, as it were, in their minds, by being undertaken for the defence of hearth and home. Murder, robbery, and even prosaic sheepstealing, were legitimate when practised against the enemies of their faith and land, and every man became a Franc-tireur, ready to die for "God and his country." Who can read the history of Souli unmoved, so full of romantic heroism and independence, compared with which life was not worth having under such a tyrant as Aali Pasha of Janina. From this to many a Klephtic episode is but a step,

and, during the revolutionary war, these robber-knights proved of the utmost service. The Greece of eighteen years ago was still full of these memories. The exploits of Marco Botzaris, the defence of Missolonghi, and many such another deed, seemed only as of yesterday, and some of the "heroes" were even then alive. I have myself often listened to stories of Souli told me by Athanasios, the old porter of the British Legation,—who, a native of the place, and though a child at the time of its destruction, remembered a great deal, and knew all the more recent traditions. He had succeeded in escaping after its fall with his mother to Corfu, together with a few other compatriots; and, growing up there, had finally transferred his services to English protection at Athens.

The Government, and especially the King and Queen, still regarded these Palikaris—this race of a past epoch—as a power in the State. Instead of trying to curb and civilise, they sometimes viewed them with timidity, whilst at others, they fostered and encouraged them for further use as military instruments. Insurrections, meantime, were now and then fomented by some of those chieftains. One, by Grizziotis, assumed threatening proportions in 1845, and the notorious Theodore Grivas had almost reached Athens on a similar errand on another occasion.

In 1851 and 1852, they were more than ever caressed and petted by their Majesties, who were quite aware of the designs of Russia, and intended to help them as effectively as they could. The King always wore the Albanian costume, in compliment to this branch of his subjects; they were more frequently invited to Court, and Gardiottis Grivas, brother to the noted Theodore, and himself of more than doubtful reputation, was the

Queen's major-domo, accompanying her on all her European visits, and possessing the greatest influence in the palace.

Several of these men, however, lived in the provinces, surrounded by their clans, and, disliking the control of town life, only made their appearance at Athens on special occasions. No one who saw Theodore Grivas at such times can ever forget the sight. With a wild, audacious countenance, defiant of all around, wearing the handsomest of Greek dresses, covered with gold embroidery, his great pride was to strut up and down the Patissia road,—then the public walk of Athens,—followed by ten or eleven rude, savage-like retainers, armed to the teeth, and looking "touch me, if you dare," in their every movement. One object of his ambition was to extract recognition from the English Minister, who took good care, however, not to gratify him. But, living just opposite Santa Maura, his constant pleasure was to boast that he "patronised the English." He certainly often did entertain sportsmen out woodcock-shooting on the Albanian coast, who found it far wiser to be on amicable terms with such a character near his strofighold, than to risk his enmity.

Countless were the stories told of this man, and nothing seemed too cruel not to be believed about him. The last, at that period, related to his second and newly-wedded wife, and was related to me by an Englishman, whose veracity no one doubted. It seems that Grivas, who lived in Western Greece, happened to be at Missolonghi for a few days, and was there asked to a party, where my informant was also present. Greatly struck by the beauty of a young Greek girl, who appeared there for the first time, he at once asked her to marry him. She hesitated, for "it was impossible,—was not his wife still

alive and well?" "Yes," answered Grivas, "but if my wife were dead within a month, would you not then marry me?"—to which the girl, suspecting no evil, and little thinking this would ever come to pass, gave a ready consent. The month had just elapsed, when Grivas reappeared, again with the same request. "But your wife?" was again the first question—and "She is dead," his quick reply. How, or of what, she died, no one ever learned, —he vouchsafed no explanation; the fact was true, and in his opinion, sufficient, and the girl was forced to keep her promise. Such men were, of course, excluded from society, but when they happened to visit Athens in the winter, they were constantly to be seen at the Court balls, in defiance of the commonest rules of propriety, and to the great annoyance of many good men who also wore the Palikari dress, but loudly repudiated such characters. One of these worthies went by the name of "——, the murderer," and was never spoken of otherwise. His thin, sallow, savage countenance, shaded by long raven hair combed smooth and straight over his ears, rises before me, as we used to see him watching in sullen silence the merry waltzers and fresh Parisian toilettes, which, mingled with the mass of magnificent Greek costumes, made those Athenian Court balls—without any effort—the most picturesque of modern days. Every one thought, with a shudder, how much fitter his head would have been in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors, than thus disgracing the halls of a royal palace.

And to this period belongs About's "Roi des Montagnes," a book written with such *vraisemblance* to the "real life," that here and there it nearly approaches the truth. But such a character never did exist as a whole. The story is composed of anecdotes afloat at Athens when the author was a student there, so cleverly put together,

despite their being often distorted to suit his purpose, that the general likeness can scarcely be denied. It seems, therefore, rather a matter for congratulation that the brigandage of these last few years has lost all its poetic element, and sunk to so low and vulgar a class of highwaymen, that sympathy must gradually be withheld from it. The peasants, too, are more terrorised over than of old, and will no doubt all the more rejoice at its vigorous extinction.

At the time above alluded to, they often lent a helping hand to suppress the brigands. One notable instance of this kind occurred long before I lived in Greece, but from its locality and *dramatis personæ* it became vividly impressed on my memory.

The Duchesse de Plaisance was a clever, remarkable Frenchwoman, born in Philadelphia, and married to one of Napoleon the First's Ministers, but she was so eccentric that her vagaries and fancies became the theme and amusement of the Athenian world. She came to the East soon after the Greek Revolution, believing herself to be a second Lady Hester Stanhope, but, after the death of a daughter to whom she had been devoted, she settled at Athens, where she received friends in her own house, without ever again mingling in general society, and above all, studiously abstaining from Court. Numberless were the absurd and peculiar stories told about her, and some may still remember her singular appearance when driving near Athens, clad in a sort of classical costume,—a large white veil over her head, and her dress fastened on the shoulder with a fibula, whilst a huge white dog lay stretched across the seat opposite.

These ferocious Pyrenean dogs, of which she had a number, were the terror of the neighbourhood, and the popular legend declared that they killed at least one old

man or woman every year, from amongst the few beggars who dared to approach the house. Her mission, the Duchess said, was to the rich, not to the poor; still, in reality, she was kind and charitable to both. The leading point of her mind, however, was fear of death. It had somehow been revealed to her, she believed, that building would in her case prevent it; the mere fact of putting stones and mortar together,—and it was better even not to finish anything. So long as she could have a building on hand, she was safe not to die. Fortunately, her income was large, and ground was then cheap at Athens. Consequently, in the village-kind of house in a portion of which she lived, unfinished offices, long straggling lines of wall, and dwellings unsuitable for any one or any thing, were always to be seen in "course of erection," until her death in 1855, which, after all, this architecture proved powerless to avert.

But, besides this Athenian property, she had the good taste, alone of all natives or foreigners, to seize on and purchase much of the beautiful slopes of Pentelicus, and there also to devote herself to masonry. Every visitor to this mountain must still see two handsome but totally unfinished houses, standing in the most enchanting positions, and commanding magnificent views of the Attic plain and the sea beyond. Another much smaller dwelling, although very rude and incomplete, she made just habitable, and there, in mountain solitude, she usually passed the summer months.* She, too, made the pretty winding road which still leads from Kalandria, in the plain beneath, up to the Convent of Pentelicus. It can easily be imagined what food and labour all this work

* Here she is buried. It was in this house that Sir Thomas Wyse spent three summers, long after the Duchess's death, and from which we started on the tour to Bœotia.

brought to the surrounding villages, and what a reputation for wealth to the Duchess herself. Still, for years she had never been attacked or molested. At last, one summer afternoon, when driving out with some friends to her mountain home, she was stopped by brigands at a turn of the road equally hidden from Kalandria and the Convent. They required an immediate ransom, to be fetched from her banker's by one of their number, whilst she was to wait with them for his return. Although the sum was large, she wrote out the cheque at once, and prepared to remain tranquilly with her captors until the money came. A servant, however, had contrived to escape unnoticed, and he gave the alarm to the inhabitants of Kalandria. In an instant, the whole village turned out, and rushing up to the mountain, rescued the Duchess, although unfortunately the brigands managed to escape. Henceforward, however, she lived there peaceably without any guards, except her savage dogs, and, in gratitude to the villagers, she at once built them a public washing-place at Kalandria, where an inscription records this fact.

Those were the days, too, when small bands of four or five men,—especially that of Bibici, captured afterwards —lingering on Hymettus and Parnes, more than once came down to the houses of well-to-do dwellers on the plain, driven by hunger in search of food, and, when given a good meal, quietly departed without touching or harming living thing. Amongst those on whom such black-mail had been levied was General Soutzo, the late War Minister, so vehemently accused of conspiring with the brigands last year. Few men held a more respected position in the country, and the only fault then attributed to him was his being a Fanariote,—generally detested by the other Greeks,—and a warm Russian partizan, like

every one of his name. But he had set himself to work practically, and gave an excellent example to the idle and intriguing. Having bought a large estate at Tatoï, including the ancient pass and fortress of Decelia, about fourteen miles from Athens, on a spur of Parnes, he there built a house, where for many years,—we believe, seven,—he and his family lived uninterruptedly winter and summer. His wife, a Cantacuzene, educated and accomplished above the majority of her countrywomen, thought of nothing but the education of her children and the care of their peasantry. Many a charming picnic did we make to Tatoï every spring and autumn, to enjoy its thousand nightingales and the fresh scent of its pine-woods, and we never left it without wishing that we could see the example of its owners imitated, and the ranks of Court satellites and intriguers at Athens thus thinned and exchanged for country life and for its useful and wholesome occupations. General Soutzo's property was said to thrive, in consequence of his personal superintendence, and he added to it a large tract of the plain of Marathon, to the drainage of which he then devoted himself. No one seemed to wonder that, when left without sufficient protection by the Government, food had now and then been given on his property to starving men, even though brigands, but beyond this accusation, common to many we could name, no unkind word was ever spoken of General (then Colonel) Scarlatto Soutzo.

Brigandage, however, did exist, as it had ever done, at this period of 1851 and 1852, and Sir Thomas Wyse, coming straight from England, was shocked to hear it so lightly spoken of. He constantly complained to his own Government of this lawless state of things, which might easily be prevented, he asserted, if the Greek Government were so minded. At length Lord Palmerston,

wishing to bring public opinion to bear, and hoping to induce other Governments to help him, had a memorandum of Sir Thomas Wyse's despatches on this subject printed, and transmitted to every Court in Europe. Soon a phalanx of remonstrances poured down on the heads of the unlucky Greek Cabinet. Great was their indignation against the English Minister, and they at once roused the Greek press to contradiction; yet many of the instances quoted, with the details of thumb-screws, boiling oil, and other tortures, had been copied from these same papers.

The Government now boldly declared them all false. Sir T. Wyse answered that he should rejoice could this be proved, and requested the Ministers to examine separately each of the eighty-two cases he had reported as having taken place in one year. A long time elapsed before any reply came, other than that they were making the strictest investigations. At last, the truth could no longer remain concealed, and the important admission oozed out, that, instead of three men being implicated in one of the affairs mentioned, only two had been engaged, and that in one other case there was an equally insignificant "distinction without a difference." No other flaw in Sir T. Wyse's report could be detected. "But," added the Greek Government, "at all events, perfect tranquillity now prevails;" and, with such an official declaration, nothing further could be said.

A trifling circumstance, however, soon showed the divergence between their convictions and their words, and drew forth "*la vraie verité*," despite all these tactics.

Shortly after this occurrence Sir Thomas Wyse desired to make an excursion to Nauplia, round to Corinth,

returning thence by the upper part of Mount Geranion; a road seldom taken by travellers, yet beautiful in the extreme.

This announcement acted like a touchstone. Loud remonstrances were poured forth against such rashness by our own Greek acquaintances, who, in answer to our protest that the Government asserted there were no brigands, replied, "Could anyone be so foolish as to believe them?" Greeks seem born with an instinctive dread of brigands, which deepens with years and experience, just as the dread of earthquakes increases with every shock; therefore, taking this into account, and not liking to be needlessly deprived of wanderings on which we had set our hearts, our party pooh-poohed these admonitions, and decided, for this once, at least, to rely on the Greek Government.

But the Greek Government itself was far from taking the same view. Finding that Sir Thomas Wyse was determined to believe them and did not waver in his intentions, they sent private emissaries to try and dissuade us, without producing any result, however, as we had no suspicions of their commission, and classed them with other timid townsfolk. Still, to omit no precaution, Sir Thomas called on M. Païco, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and stated that, in consequence of his recent official declaration of the total extinction of brigandage, he, with some of his family, the Belgian Minister, and other friends, intended to make the projected tour, and considered it only right to inform him beforehand, that they did so on the responsibility of the Greek Government. M. Païco, a strong Russian partizan, and as Russian in his manners as any Greek could be, smiled blandly, saying, "*Vous avez parfaitement raison,*" and looked benignly happy and approving.

Accordingly we sailed for Nauplia, and all seemed calm and propitious, as we rambled from Tiryns to Argos and Mycenæ, thinking only of Agamemnon and Cassandra, thence through the ravine of Dramali Pasha, where so many thousand Turks were killed by a handful of Greeks during the War of Independence,* to the Temple of Nemea, and on towards Corinth. Soon after leaving Nemea, however, we came to a solitary police station, where much excitement evidently prevailed. An express, we were then informed, had been sent from the Ministry of War at Athens, desiring them to search in every direction, lest any brigands should be abroad: for the English Minister was on the road, and woe betide them should any harm befall him. Although a death-like tranquillity seemed to exist,—in fact we had only met two shepherds since the morning, and had been commenting on the melancholy absence of population—the inspector looked scared at our having got over so much ground without his tender care and knowledge. Arrived at Corinth, the Nomarch at once presented himself, saying that he had had all the neighbourhood searched, but, still, could not let us proceed further without a mounted escort.

Never can I forget that glorious ride next morning across the entire length of the Isthmus, along pathways right through the scented brushwood and low pines—descendants of those that made the "corruptible crowns" of St. Paul†—the air most exhilarating, and Helicon, Acrocorinthus, and Geranion grand in colour and form, whilst our dashing korophylakes galloped on in front, riding in and out behind every bush, as if beating up some

* Finlay's 'History of the Greek Revolution,' vol. i. p. 360.

† First Epistle to the Corinthians, c. ix. v. 25.—Pine crowns were the prizes of the Isthmian games.

precious game. Nothing could have been more picturesque, or more enjoyable,—as to danger, who could think of it? At length, about noon, as we were approaching a green plot,—an oasis on the mountain side,—heralded by the cheering announcement from Janni, that here we should rest for luncheon, our party stopped aghast, speechless for a moment. Right behind our resting-place were grouped thirty or forty men, clad in the dirtiest of fustanellas, unkempt and unwashed beyond English conception, with their arms piled beside them, as if quietly waiting for their certain prey. My heart sank within me. How foolish, I thought, to have disregarded the Athenian warnings, and to have put faith in a Government which everyone else considered so false! But soon, to our surprise, our escort hailed them heartily, and then the mystery was solved. These wild-looking men were a detachment of "Irregulars," also sent out for our benefit by this same paternal Government, and they had only just returned from scouring the mountains, to make protection doubly sure, whilst we halted for some food. Then followed stories of their exploits, and of all the precautions ordered from Athens to ensure our safety. Later in the day, we came suddenly upon another similar company encamped on the northern slope of Geranion, but, taught by the morning's experience, we hailed them at once as friends. Having lingered on the heights above, we were rather late in reaching Megara; consequently some miles outside that town the superintendent and a troop of gendarmes met us, who, being disquieted by our non-arrival, had galloped forth in sad fear of a disaster, and great was the relief of all officials when they knew us safely housed once more that night in Athens.

Then, for the first time, the Government took the matter seriously in hand, captured, tried, and executed several

chief brigands, and for nearly two years there was comparative repose. The rides and excursions round Athens were perfectly safe, and no one felt the least alarm even when benighted, for instance, as we once were, riding back in the evening from Marathon, without one gendarme or armed protector of any kind. Even the ride to Phylæ, the locality of About's "Roi des Montagnes," and a defile made, as it were, for bandits, was amongst our most favourite excursions. On one occasion alone did we there hear of brigands, and met gendarmes out on their track, but so insignificant were they considered, and such confidence had we in these korophylakes, that no one dreamed of turning back. And yet our party was large, and well worth capture, numbering many diplomatists, and amongst them the then Turkish Minister, who alone deeply regretted having been enticed to join an excursion which might possibly prove an adventure; and perhaps he judged rightly, for if we had been taken, the Turk, from his nationality, might have found but little mercy. A few days later, the chief of this small band walked boldly into Athens, and there stated that he had watched us sitting at the ruined fort, but knowing that it was the English Minister's party, he would not touch us, in deference to our country, and—to our guide of the day. But he made no mention of the gendarmes, who he knew were just then in that direction, and kept as sharp a look-out as he, having been sent without our knowledge, expressly to take care that we should meet with no trouble.

The events of 1854, already alluded to, broke up this happy state of security; travelling in the interior became impossible, and our rides were limited to a very small circuit round Athens.

The first startling event of this epoch occurred soon

after the allied occupation of the Peiræus, when a band of brigands who had gathered on the hills above Salamis, rushed down to the plain beneath, one evening towards dusk, and audaciously carried off a French officer from the outskirts of his own camp. They immediately sent to the Admiral commanding the corps, and required a ransom of 1,200*l.*, to be paid in English sovereigns, politely adding the request for an English telescope at the same time. Sir Thomas Wyse, and M. Mercier, the French Minister, went straight to M. Boulgaris, appointed Premier only the week before, on Mavrocordatos' resignation. He was not at home, and was holding a Council with the other ministers. Thither the two plenipotentiaries followed him, and being at once admitted, told the Cabinet that *they* must look to this matter, and that if the officer were not forthwith released they would take the severest measures. The ministry, knowing these to be no empty threats, backed by such a good force to make them real, lost not a moment. The Greek Government paid the 1,200*l.* themselves—in English gold, too—but whether accompanied by the telescope or not, never transpired. For a considerable time it became unsafe to go outside of Athens, and the Peiræus road was constantly patrolled by mounted French troops. The Admiral, who at that moment was the same M. Boüet de Villaumez lately in command of the Baltic fleet, always rode up to Athens with a large escort carrying loaded pistols displayed openly in their hands, and he deemed this precaution wise even when coming up in broad daylight.

But the most striking feature in these proceedings was the universal report that the King and Queen applauded the carrying off of the French officer. Certain it is that they loudly declared that the lately revived

brigandage was the sign of patriotic discontent at the occupation by the allies. More especially did they assert this when the next attempt was directed against their own late Minister of War, General Kalergis, whom their Majesties could not endure, ever since he forced them to grant the Constitution in 1843.

General Kalergis, whose patriotism no one ever doubted, saw no impropriety in being on excellent terms (to the vexation of the Queen) with both the French and English troops. On the occasion in question, he had, with a large party, including ladies, been spending a summer's day with the English regiment then encamped, for health, near the convent on Pentelicus. They were returning home late to Athens, for in the company of the late War Minister every one felt secure. Still, on reaching a bridge in a bend of the road, two miles outside of the town, a party of men rushed forward, seized the horses of the four carriages, and forced their occupants to dismount. A long parley ensued, and the affair began to look serious, when, some gendarmes appearing in sight, the robbers took to flight, and under cover of the darkness contrived to escape. Next day the chuckling of the Court officials became loud and strong, and various were the rumours abroad; but no one could prove, what everyone yet knew as a fact, namely, that such acts were not condemned, as they should have been, in high and responsible quarters.

Greek public opinion, however, soon righted this matter, and the capture of Mlle. Boudouris, which took place in the winter of 1855, proved beyond doubt the composition and origin of these lawless bands.

M. Nicolas Boudouris, a Senator and well-known Hydriote, having purchased, like so many others after the Greek revolution, a large property in Eubœa, owned

a house at Chalcis, where he usually resided. On Christmas day, 1855, he was absent at Athens on business, but his family remained at home, and had assembled for the evening. Though unsuspicious of any danger, still, living in a lonely position on the outskirts of the town, they had desired the servants to lock the doors, and admit no one after dark. The husband of the elder daughter, however, was a physician, and at about seven o'clock a man knocked timidly at the hall-door, begging the doctor to come quickly to a dying woman. The maid, completely thrown off her guard, undrew the bolts and bars, when a violent push drove in the door, and a body of savage men instantly rushed in, who made themselves masters of everything and everyone. By later accounts, this band seems to have numbered two hundred, but only seventy came to Chalcis, and they came from the mountains along the frontier, near Thermopylæ, where they had been wandering since the raid of the previous year. They were perfectly well informed of the locality and the position of the family, and had waited on the opposite shore until dark, when they rowed across the Euripus in a large boat they had secured on that side, and landed right beneath the Boudouris' house, which stands close to the water's edge. Some men were told off to watch the boat and guard against any surprise, whilst the rest proceeded to ransack the house, and extract all the plunder they could. What they were unable to carry away, they broke, such as mirrors and furniture, and at last, believing that Madame Boudouris concealed some treasure, although she had given them all her keys, they threatened to torture her, and commenced preparing the boiling oil—the atrocity habitually resorted to on these occasions. For three whole hours they held undisputed possession, without

any one of the family party being able to raise the slightest alarm. At length, a servant managed to elude the wretches, and, rushing to the yard, violently rang the workmen's bell. Some of the brigands had just begun a game of whist, in which they forced M. Voco—a judge in Chalcis, and betrothed to Mlle. Boudouris—to join, saying that his head should be the stake to play for. But the bell boded discovery, and they ran off to the boat precipitately, dragging Mlle. Boudouris with them, and forcing her brother-in-law, the Doctor, and her brother, a little boy, to accompany them.

When daylight came they blindfolded the prisoners, and, putting Mlle. Boudouris on a donkey, for three days they wandered up and down the mountains and defiles, as if making a long journey towards the frontier. At the end of that time, as Mlle. Boudouris later told me, she discovered that they were still on the hills opposite her own home, and that the brigands had remained there in order to open negotiations for her ransom. Their first demand was for 120,000 drachmas, and it required more than two months to bring this matter to a termination. They carried her off to the ravines of Helicon and Parnassus, amidst snow and cold, constantly changing, and sleeping by night in caverns and other hiding places. Still, strange to relate, eventually she seemed to bear them no ill-will, "for they had always treated her kindly, giving her roast meat and fresh water; and what more could they do?" On one occasion, when her shoes got worn out with the rough walking, one of the band went into Livadia and purchased new ones for her. At the end of the two months the bargain for ransom was reduced to 60,000 drachmas (rather more than 2000*l.*), 5,000 more being claimed, and paid, she told me, "for

the support and maintenance of the three captives." Daveli, the chief, had the gallantry, too, to bestow, as a parting present, on Mlle. Boudouris, the ornaments and jewels which he had stolen from her mother.

This event caused real alarm amongst the Greeks, especially as it was the first time that a woman,—and a young girl, too,—had been carried off, and the Government was assailed by entreaties from all quarters to adopt the most vigorous measures.

Before they took any steps, however, another similar attack, made on Mr. Noel, was added to the list, with the sole difference that his family escaped being dragged into captivity, because the robbers were satisfied with the plunder they gained on the spot.

Mr. Noel, cousin of Lady Byron, had by her advice gone to Greece soon after the Revolution, and, buying a large property in Eubœa, had settled there, spending much money on its improvement, looking to the welfare of his peasantry, and in every respect acting like a landlord of the best English type. One day the brigands entered his house and village, frightening his children, and seizing all they could lay hands on. But this occurrence is so graphically described in letters published in Mr. Senior's journal, that I cannot do better than copy one from that portion of the book. A conversation is there first recorded on the influence of European colonists in those countries, and the speaker—Mr. Finlay—mentions Mr. Noel, saying, "He has a splendid estate, ample capital, agricultural knowledge, and the temper of an angel;" then, speaking of his being plundered, he alludes to the following letter* written by him, on the day the attack took place.

* 'Journal in Turkey and Greece,' p. 340.

"Z. to S. T. R.

"This day's events have almost turned my hair grey. We have been for upwards of four hours in the hands of a band of robbers, who surprised this house and village; and what we have had to suffer, expecting every moment to see the children tortured or killed, you may imagine. It was fortunate that I had a large sum of money in the house, or my poor children would have been orphans. Every moment I was threatened with being scalded, or slashed with their yataghans; and one of our peasants was cut severely before our eyes. Another had his head cut open, and a third was tortured with boiling oil. The poor girl who waits on the children narrowly escaped, but the money and rich booty saved us. They spent four hours breaking open every drawer, and knocking everything to pieces. I have lost about 2000 dollars in cash. All our linen which they did not carry off they tore to pieces. They broke up the furniture, and smashed the looking-glasses, and the panes of glass in the windows. Every house in the village has been plundered, and all the hard earnings of years are gone, leaving many families wretched.

"Can you imagine the scene, with these yelling monsters cursing and destroying everything? Why do we work and toil in this unhappy country, on which God's curse seems to rest? I was finding a peaceful and honourable occupation; many hundreds were living happily, and prospering by my undertakings, and this is the upshot. Thank God that we have escaped with our lives. Though poor —— may never recover the shock.

"What is this Government about? Honest men are prohibited from having arms; so my woodcutters were unarmed. I had twenty woodcutters in the forest, and there were many peasants in the fields, and some builders

in the village; but numbers could do nothing without arms. The woodcutters came down with their hatchets, but were driven back by the fire of the brigands. One had a ball through his capote, another had the handle of his axe broken in his hand. What weighs more on my spirits is the helplessness of our situation, and the consequent ruin of my prospects, just as I hoped to reap some reward for many years of exertion. Add to this my anxiety for ——. You may fancy that I am anxious, dispirited, and grinding over and over again the same ideas in my dizzy brain. I cannot go away. I have a contract to fulfil, and the failure would entail a forfeit which, after my losses and the ruin of our peasantry, would absolutely ruin me."

This is followed by four other letters, tending to prove that the authorities were aware of the presence of this band in Eubœa, showing their inertness, if not connivance, in allowing them to escape, and the impossibility of obtaining any justice in Athens.

The murder of Mr. and Mrs. Leeves, alluded to in these journals, also took place about this period. This tragic event, however, had no connection with brigandage. It was prompted by the same motives which cause so many similar murders in more European countries; as such, it was almost an anomaly in modern Greece, and excited far more universal condemnation than the worst murders and atrocities of the robber-bands. The traditional element of klephtism was entirely absent from it, and the base ingratitude of the chief culprit roused general indignation.

The father of the victim, the Rev. Mr. Leeves, had originally gone to Greece, likewise immediately after the War of Independence, as Missionary for the Bible So-

ciety, and with his family had lived for two or three years on this business in Maina and the southern part of the Peloponnesus. Thence he migrated to Athens, where he was appointed chaplain to the British Legation, and in course of time bought, like so many others, a property, and built a house on it, in the north of Eubœa. Here his family made themselves much beloved for their attention to the needs of the surrounding villagers. On the death of the Rev. Mr. Leeves, his son succeeded to this property, and, marrying an English lady, brought his bride back to Greece, resolving to settle permanently in their home at Kastaniotissa. With the best intentions no doubt, but not very judiciously, they treated all around them not only with kindness but familiarity. Democratic though the Greeks are amongst themselves, it has been noticed that they constantly misapprehend such a course on the part of strangers, and the present formed no exception to the rule. Mr. Leeves, in particular, showed especial interest in the priest's son, promising to pay for his education at the University of Athens; and, though little above the rank of a peasant, had often invited him to dine at his table.

One evening, unfortunately, the silver lately brought from England was displayed at dessert, and Mr. Leeves also incautiously spoke of the money he had with him for the improvement of the estate. The temptation proved too great; and the young man, with four associates, at once planned a robbery. Three kept watch below, whilst he and another climbed the balcony leading to the bedroom, of which the windows were thoughtlessly, and in full confidence, left open. Here he murdered the husband and wife, although it was said that he originally intended only to steal the plate and money; but to avoid discovery he killed both his benefactors.

As in many another instance, he was the one to sob and weep most bitterly at their funeral, and for some time no suspicion lighted on him. When at last arrested, the remarkable point was that his own poor old father, the priest, contributed more than all else to his condemnation. Thoroughly convinced of his son's innocence, he asked to be admitted to him in prison. There he remained for an hour, and on coming out his countenance is said to have betrayed the truth. But also, with Spartan courage and Roman virtue, he exclaimed, "Alas! alas! my son has done it."

The Greek Government on this occasion behaved remarkably well, sending a special Commission to try the culprits, at the request of the English Minister, allowing Mr. Locock, (the attaché,) and Mr. Merlin, (the Vice-Consul,) to pursue investigations; and, finally, they had the priest's son and one of his companions executed at the village adjoining the scene of the murder.

Shortly after all these events, but especially after Mlle. Boudouris' capture, the Government, seeing that the evil had grown beyond all endurance, and that it was impossible to conceal how it originated in the opening of the prisons and the encouragement to lawless characters given in 1854, set seriously to work, and by degrees effectually cleared Greece of all these brigand bands. A few stray robbers now and then might be heard of, but the prevailing state of security may be judged from these tours made in their fastnesses, when three mounted gendarmes were deemed sufficient by the Minister of War to ensure our safety. Our own people never carried fire-arms, and in a previous excursion to the Peloponnesus (to which reference is often made), as likewise in this one to Eubœa, we had only one gendarme on foot, merely to avoid quarrels between our *agoyiates*

and any villagers who might be rude or disagreeable. So unnecessary, however, did even this precaution prove, that in various shorter excursions, and even in the last to Delphi, we had no escort of any kind, nor a single weapon of defence amongst our whole party.

It was at this period of restored tranquillity that we passed three summers on Mount Pentelicus, when Sir Thomas Wyse, according to his habit, previously told the Minister of Foreign Affairs that such was his intention, based on the Governmental statement of perfect security. The Minister accepted the responsibility, merely saying, at the same time, that he should like to station a guard there during the whole period of our stay on the mountain. Accordingly, eight or ten gendarmes were encamped outside our house, with strict orders from the War Office never to let the British Minister out of their sight. Wherever we went, however much we wandered, one of their number followed us like a shadow. We knew there was really no danger, and nothing could be more disagreeable than the sensation of being thus under surveillance,—making one sympathise in some measure with Napoleon at St. Helena,—but Sir Thomas Wyse scrupulously refused to interfere with Government orders, and we had to make up our minds to accept the care with a good grace, and the annoyance as a small penalty for the charms of the bracing air, and the absence of the dust and intolerable heat of Athens.

Nobody could behave better than the men themselves; the respect, courtesy, and quiet demeanour of these gendarmes were always beyond praise, during our experience of three summers. Of their fidelity, no one ever entertained the slightest doubt; indeed, at that period, the Korophylakes were as much above suspicion as the Irish Constabulary have ever proved themselves.

The Revolution of 1862, and the interregnum which followed, appear first to have disturbed this blissful state of things,—for, about that time we first again hear of a robber-band in the Peloponnesus, which during the ten or twelve previous years had been singularly free from this infliction. The invasion of Crete, however, gave brigandage its last impulse, when the opening of the prisons and the iniquities of 1854 were repeated, producing far worse consequences than even then occurred. M. Sotiropoulos and others were carried off, and the immediate vicinity of Athens was rendered more unsafe than at any previous epoch. To M. Sotiropoulos we are indebted for the instructive account of his capture, the mode of life and code by which these outlaws govern themselves, and his book is well worth the perusal of every one interested in this subject.

It would seem as if the Greek Government had now at last grown ashamed of this national disgrace, and intended seriously to suppress it. M. Deligeorges, the late Prime Minister, in a statement dated the 30th November, 1870, declares that by vigorous exertions—as on a former occasion,—Greece has been freed from every brigand, and security completely restored. Let us hope that such acceptable news may be borne out by certain results,—but, above all, that the trial about to take place at Athens may not be prejudiced by local misrepresentations and antagonisms; that the singular and apparently inexplicable fact of an Englishman being alone selected for accusation may not prove to be a pandering to some national vanity; and that, at least, nothing may occur which may even give the semblance of a failure of justice on the part of a Greek tribunal.

W. M. WYSE.

Feb. 1871.

CHAPTER I.

BŒOTIA.

DEPARTURE FROM PENTELICUS—MARATHON—RHAMNUS AND THE AMPHIARÆUM—OROPÒ.

October 7.—At half-past 9 A.M., we started from our humble but most enjoyable hermitage on Pentelicus,* well deserving the name I have given it,—Ἡσυχία—from its delightful tranquillity during our three months' sojourn there, and the rescue it has afforded from the busy idleness of Athens.

Of our party were, besides W—— and myself, Miss Grocott and Mr. Digby, both of whom had accompanied us in our Peloponnesian excursion, and were eager to resume the campaign on new territory. This time we adopted a different arrangement, more from a desire to try an experiment than from much confidence in its success. Instead of engaging a courier, and contracting with him at a fixed sum per day, we took our own cook, Sarmis — our own horses, "Boz" and "Comfort," with the coachman to look after them,—a servant, Nicolo, to attend and aid in seeing to the baggage, whilst as chief and superintendent came Spiro—the Spiro of our former journey—and who then acted as servant under Dimitri, the courier. He now furnished the beds, bedsteads, and table-service;—all, in fine, comprised in the canteen department, whilst Sarmis undertook the culinary portion, and started to-day with an immense pro-

* See Introduction, p. 24.

vision of galantines, tongues, hams, and beef, supported by a phalanx of casseroles and kettles,—in short a small *batterie de cuisine*, which I much fear will prove very cumbersome on the mountains. But the dignity of a *chef* must be upheld even there, and we were fain obliged to submit. He and Nicolo were attached to the baggage service, which was managed by ordinary agoyiates with so many mules and horses, and always went on straight to our destination, without in any way hampering our movements or checking our wanderings in search of antiquities or the picturesque.

Spiro and the coachman remained with us, in charge of the umbrellas, shawls, coats, cloaks, guides, and sketch-books in oil-skin covers, besides the provender for the horses and a variety of odds and ends. We had Leake as our Magnus Apollo, Vischer, Mure, Herodotus, Æschylus, and Pausanias, and, in addition, an abundant supply of gutta-percha coverlets, cord, gimlets, and hammers, of which our tour in the Peloponnesus had taught us the value in the wretched lodgings one encounters on these expeditions.

Our programme, so far, was to start between 7 and 8 A.M., to lunch at midday, when the horses need rest, in some rural spot under spreading trees or by the side of brooks or fountains,—if to be found,—and to dine on arrival in the evening, which, from the shortness of daylight at this season, and the sudden nightfall in Greece, ought not now to be later than 6 P.M.

According to my usual custom, I had given the Minister of Foreign Affairs notice, a few days previously, of my intention to make this tour. He stated that the country was now quite safe, which I knew to be the exact truth; still, as I was anxious to travel through the valleys and ravines of Helicon,—the former fastnesses of Daveli and

his band,—he requested me, this time, to take an escort of three mounted gendarmes. These had arrived the previous evening, and had fraternised with the guard of ten others who had been encamped outside our house ever since we came to the mountain last June.

Fully equipped, we mustered before the door, the weather promising most favourably, and the baggage, under command of Nicolo, was sent on in front. It had been settled that the establishment was to move back to Athens, and have the Legation ready for the winter, and for Lord Stratford's expected visit on our return,—so we now said farewell to Pentelicus for this year, and followed down by the Castel,* along the pathway on the side of the hill, leading into the plain at the head of the Mesogaion. Hymettus formed a dignified termination to our right, and Alopeki, in the line of flourishing olives below, reminded us once more of Demosthenes. In a short time we found ourselves in a sort of shrubbery, with the ordinary accompaniment of a young plantation of firs, refreshing sight and smell by their vivid green and their bracing, wholesome scent on the morning air, such as we have so often enjoyed in our early six o'clock walks here on Pentelicus. At our side were the dry beds of torrents, and above them the rocks, cheating us every moment by their stratification into the idea that we had reached some ancient Hellenic fortification, which it required Spiro's repeated assurance that it was "all nature," *πάντα φυσικά*, to make us disbelieve.

In about an hour and three-quarters we arrived at the site of ancient Gargettus, near which these appearances are very conspicuous, and then fell in upon an excellent public road, broad and perfectly well made. It had just

* One of the large houses left in an unfinished state by the Duchesse de Plaisance.

been finished, and was to go on, we were informed, to Marathon.

A little further we descried a triumphal arch, composed of evergreens, on the most approved Athenian model, with rose-wreaths and flowers depending therefrom. For whom? or why? proved a most perplexing problem. We were the only inhabitants of any position in the whole district, but for a cavalcade of English, and above all for the English Minister, such a display was impossible. The mystery, however, was soon solved. The Queen had passed by only a short time previously. We concluded that she had possibly come to inspect the new works before the return of the King from Germany, and the surrender of her power as Regent; but, a little later, we learned that she had gone on to the convent of Daoud, whither we too were bound, there intending to pass the day. We reached the convent at a quarter before one, and found a quantity of horses picketed in front of the building, under the olives and other trees, with a numerous retinue either talking loudly, or lying asleep beneath their shade. The Queen had her tent pitched there, and was then engaged, with her *dames d'honneur* and cavaliers, at luncheon. It was her fête-day, and she had come out to enjoy it here, away from salutes and doxologies.

Fixing our encampment in a hollow at a respectful distance, we proceeded to visit the church and convent. Our Hegoumenos of Pentelicus met us on the way, radiant and miraculously clean. Daoud is the mother convent of which Pentelicus is only the *metoki*, but the mother, as at Ithome, being more exposed to brigands and other visitations (pirates are said to have reduced it to its present state), has yielded to the daughter. Pentelicus is now the residence, and this ruin—for it is little

more—is only visited occasionally under such pressure as the present. And yet I do not know whether it is not preferable; at least more conventual. It lies in a dell, not a valley, shut in by mountains, or rather hills, on either side, with a tolerable number of trees on very varied ground, giving it a most picturesque and secluded character; though perhaps just the thing, an ordinary καλόγερος (kalogeros) would like to avoid.

The convent is much on the common plan—a square court with cells around, but the walls are high, and had four strong towers, evidencing insecurity and necessity for caution and defence. The arches are pointed, early Frank, or under Turkish influence. The church lies in the centre, but is approached externally, as it extends to the front wall, and its plan is somewhat different from the majority of Greek churches. It presents an irregular figure, with the ordinary number of cupolas and semi-cupolas round the principal central dome, very conspicuous on the outside. The front, instead of the usual gable or pediment, has a square advancing tower, surmounted by a domed roof. Inside, the angular form of the building is repeated in the ornamentation—especially the entablature above the pillars. The internal arches have a semi-Turkish character, but their general aspect is Byzantine in the high and heavy capital over the slender pillar. The zigzag ornament is also preserved, while many of the columns have a strong reminiscence of Roman, and even retain awkward attempts at Ionic, evincing the low fall of art at the time of its construction. The masonry is nothing more than clumsy rubble. The out-offices make a better show than in most of the Greek convents, though at present they are in a very ruinous state. Over one of the side-doors we saw a fragment of coarse sculpture—probably some small sepulchral

monument—but no other was noticeable; adjoining were a series of arches forming perhaps the arcades of the court.

We left Daoud at a quarter past 2; the Queen not yet on the move. Her suite were amusing themselves at the innocent game of ninepins, whilst Her Majesty rested under the trees. She did not invite or ask any questions about us, and on our side we took good care not to intrude.

We now proceeded towards the opening of the plain, down the steep sides of Arbaleki, and at a quarter past 4, passed a mount with stone substructions and a small stream, and again, fifteen minutes later, another brook. Keeping to the left of Pikermi, instead of going round the mountain spurs of Pentelicus, we followed this line in preference, because it brought us more directly down on the plain of Marathon.

On our way we were shown the spot where the encounter took place last year between the gendarmes and the brigands, in which fourteen or sixteen of the latter were slain. Their grave lay amidst the brushwood by the side of the stream, with some loose stones thrown over it, but without any cross or inscription, and surrounded by bleak-looking hills.

In a short time, we descended to the plain, leaving marshy ground to our right, and hugging the base of the hills, offspurs from Arbaleki. In a curve to the left, Vranà lay before us, and we further distinguished Xylokerata, Daphne, and Elephanourni, with the tower of Souli, where we were to sleep, one and a quarter hour distant. Here, turning out of our road to the tumulus, we galloped across the lately ploughed-up ground, and riding up its side, dismounted to make some sketches at the summit.

The tumulus is made of a reddish sort of clay, not very

like the rest of the plain, and is a good deal broken down at the top. Attempts have been made at excavation, and it no longer forms a cone, though it resembles a truncated one just sufficiently to preserve its old appearance towards the sea. It is about seventy feet high, and is covered with low brushwood mingled with loose stones. Miss Grocott and Mr. Digby went in search of "arrow-heads," while W. and I were busy sketching, but they only succeeded in finding five. Though the sky was clear, it blew pretty sharply on this summit, and we therefore thought it wiser not to tarry.

Leaving the tumulus we passed the Charadros, flowing from Marathona, and seeming to spread out a good deal at various points. The evening was growing chill and damp from the marshy ground, and we hastened on to Souli.

In one hour and a quarter we saw that village on an eminence to the left, and soon after dark, about six o'clock, we reached the Tower of Souli, standing on a rocky projection a short distance from the plain, the marsh coming up to its very base. This is the property of Colonel Scarlatto Soutzo, who is endeavouring to drain and improve it, which explains the canals and trenches seen from time to time through the high reeds on the lower ground. The tower is an old Frankish one, applied to the purposes of habitation. A modern dwelling, no larger than a lodge, stands near. The intervening space is filled up by out-offices of all kinds, both for domestic and farming uses. We found our servants waiting, not being able to get into the house, cook and all, helplessly in the courtyard. The man in charge would not admit them, though they had come provided with an order from the proprietor; for he said that the *epistates*, or steward, had gone to Athens in the morning and taken away the key

in his pocket. At length, seeing that we must be admitted, he discovered the necessary means of opening, and we entered, to find all the rooms ready prepared for us.

The house was suffocating, with the close malaria atmosphere of the marsh, of which the ladies complained, not without reason, and the mosquitoes abounded even at this season. It must be dreadfully unhealthy in summer and autumn, though cold enough in winter; to guard against which a large stock of fire-wood had been collected, and there was a good-sized stove in every room. A piano and other furniture showed signs of residence on the part of the owner, and Colonel Soutzo seemed to study the drainage scientifically. On the drawing-room table lay a French work on the subject, and a good thermometer hung upon the wall, a thing rarely seen in any Greek house. At nine, we retired to rest, and slept soundly after the first day's journey, which generally proves the most fatiguing for travellers.

October 8.—Whilst breakfast was preparing I went out to sketch, and ascended the square tower by an outward staircase. At half past eight we started in the direction of Rhamnus.

After riding up hill and down dale for some time on leaving the plain of Marathon, we arrived at one of the numerous valleys along this coast, and at ten o'clock reached a hillock commanding a lovely view of the sea through a deep ravine. On the left of the pathway, amidst the brushwood, the substructions of a temple were plainly discernible, and on ascending amongst the ruins we distinctly made out the platform, and, apparently, part of the cella. The angular wall, south-east, is of the third order, in six regular courses, but not always vertically or equally divided, being sometimes in large, and some-

times in small, masses. Portions of the capitals lie about, of rather coarse work, and the pillars are Doric. Two half-excavated seats are also visible, curiously hollowed out, and have inscriptions of the same description, but of comparatively recent character.

To the left or west—

ΣΩΣΤΡΑΤΟΣ
ΑΝΕΘΚΕΝ,

and to the right or east, in the same character and arrangement—

ΝΕΜΕΣΙ
ΣΩΣΤΡΑ.

The meaning of which is sufficiently obvious.

Leaving our horses, we proceeded on foot by a steep descent to the bottom of the valley, near the shore, and soon came to the walls of an Hellenic *φρούριον*, or fortress, built on an eminence overhanging the sea. The sun was so intense that it prevented our delaying, but we could not sufficiently admire the beautiful and truly Greek position of both fortress and temple,—the white marble of the latter peeping through the bright green foliage right above the deep blue waters, and on projections which must have overtopped all surrounding buildings.

Scrambling with difficulty up through the thick, stiff, brambly brushwood with which the place still abounds, and which well justifies its name of Rhamnus or Bramble, we made our way into the interior of the ruin through openings in the walls. These are, also, of the third order of Greek masonry, in regular courses irregularly divided, and broken down by time and vegetation. The platform embraced by these walls is considerable, and the side next the sea is very steep, almost sheer down to the

water's edge. A ravine runs round to the north, full of fragments of pottery, as if the place had been fully inhabited to a late period. From this fortress one obtains a magnificent view of the whole coast towards Marathon. The line sinks in here, so that an enemy could easily be perceived. Returning to our horses, we noticed a side or postern door, built in the usual manner, being very narrow and slightly inclined, the outer wall projecting on the left.

Hence our journey continued through these highlands, various villages appearing in the distance, and after a tedious ride, relieved by occasional glimpses of the sea through the thick evergreen brushwood, we arrived at Grammatikò about three o'clock. It was so late, said the Agoyiates, that they doubted whether we could reach even Kalamos,—near which lies the Amphiaræum,—before dark, and, of course, strongly urged our remaining here. A council was held, and we decided, despite their advice, to push on at all risks by the shortest road to Kalamos, three hours distant, and then take our chance for the night. We first stopped for luncheon, near an old square Hellenic tower, apparently isolated, and whilst the table was preparing, I examined it. It has lost some of its height and its second floor, has no roof, and is much broken down on one side, but the masonry is very solid, rough inside the doorway, with a slight projection, and the courses of the third order are similar to those at Rhamnus.

The wind was very high, but we soon resumed our ride, the country at first being most uninteresting. After a while it improved, and at one moment we could see Pentelicus and Parnes. Stretching between them lay a richly wooded tract which Miss Grocott pointed out as the property of Mr. Finlay. There, on the scattered and

timbered hillocks of that neighbourhood, amongst those rural recesses, geographers place Aphidnæ,* the retreat to which Helen was carried off by Theseus, and ultimately pursued and recovered by her brothers Castor and Pollux.

Our road ran through a mountainous district of brushwood, very rough too, and every moment becoming more so, whilst our impatience to reach Kalamos was not gratified until after dark, near seven o'clock. But even here our troubles did not end, for stopping near a *café* in the village, where much noise and uproar was going on, our guide announced that lodgings were almost impossible to be had. Again a council was held. Oropò, where M. Paparigopoulos had offered us his own house, was only one hour and a half further on, by a far better road than what we had just passed, it was said, and therefore, the discomforts of this place being evident to all, we unanimously decided on bravely pushing forward, notwithstanding the darkness. Unfortunately this plan involved giving up a visit to the Amphiaræum, but there seemed no alternative, and so we took a local guide to help our own, and started at once.

In about half-an-hour we came to the bed of a

* This place we later visited, from Pentelicus, stopping for the night at Mr. Finlay's house, Leotia, and ascending the hill of Aphidnæ, which is covered with fine timber, next day. It was celebrated not only as Helen's retreat, but also as the birthplace of Tyrtæus, the poet, and of Harmodius and Aristogeiton. The locality is well described by Mr. A. de Vere in his "Sketches of Greece and Turkey," vol. i. page 189, where he says, that "it is magnificently situated on the summit of a hill, crowned with an oval platform of almost architectural regularity," and "must always have remained among the most important of Athenian fortresses." From Aphidnæ we rode to Deceleia, the fortress held by the Spartans, B.C. 413, for ten years during the Peloponnesian war, and from which they annually laid waste the plain of Attica, ultimately taking possession of the city itself. The rock is most precipitous, and commands magnificent views, in which the Acropolis, fourteen miles distant, is one of the main features. Deceleia stands close to Tatoï, Gen. Soutzo's house, where we passed the night, returning to Pentelicus through Kephisia, on the following evening.—ED.

mountain stream, and then got into a shrubbery of high brushwood, the pathway showing white and chalky, and the night sufficiently clear to enable us to grope our way tolerably well. Still, it was much rougher than Spiro had promised, the ground often rising into steep hills, and the trees now and then thickening and closing us into utter darkness. At length it seemed impossible to proceed: the branch of a tree lay so low across the road, that no one could pass it on horseback. Ladies, guides, and all, were obliged to dismount; and how the horses were got across it ever remained to us a mystery. Once on foot, we thought it wiser to continue so until out of this dilemma; and for half-an-hour the whole party walked, though with the greatest difficulty, jumping from one loose stone to another over the rough and dislocated pathway, in complete and entire darkness. After half-an-hour of this sort of wearisome effort, we at last, to our joy, emerged from this copse-like labyrinth. The night was still bright in the open country; gleams of the sea showed to our right, with a fine plain before us; and soon the twinkling of lights, as if from a village, announced the approaching end of this day's fatiguing journey.

In another half hour we had reached, at a short distance from the village of Oropò, the hospitable house of M. Paparigopoulos, Russian Colonel-General, to which he had invited us before leaving Athens. He was here himself, waiting for us at the door, and at once conducted us, with lights and all manner of civilities, up a rude outer staircase, to a central *salon*, round which were distributed our sleeping apartments. We also found here Mr. Webster, who had come a few days previously with M. de Montherot and Mr. Strickland, and had remained behind in order to make a survey of the

property. On the table lay a huge map of the Paparigopoulos estate, with all manner of instruments, drawing articles, and professional books on this subject. It was ten o'clock, and we were at once called to the supper prepared by M. Paparigopoulos, which was most acceptable after our day's labours. All retired to rest as speedily as possible.

October 9.—Thinking it too far to Tanagra, both for men and horses, after yesterday's fatigues, and wishing much not to omit the Amphiaræum, we willingly accepted M. Paparigopoulos' kind invitation to remain at Oropò, and arranged to make our short excursion to that site this morning. It was happily, therefore, not necessary to rise quite so early ; still all were astir betimes.

M. Paparigopoulos had spoken to me last night about some pieces of sculpture he had found near here, and he now took me to see them before breakfast. He described this neighbourhood as covered with pottery, and full of traces and blocks of constructions in various directions. The sculpture is now carefully preserved by him in a cellar, and is an interesting bas-relief. It represents a chariot drawn by four horses, rearing in a very tumultuous and spirited manner—two figures in the chariot, one a hero, heroically wearing nothing but his helmet, accompanied by a genius, or messenger of the gods, on his right. The hero leans backward, as if fearful and anxious to stop his horses ; whilst the genius bends forward, pointing with her right hand to something below. The execution of the horses is good, but the rest below the conception. M. Paparigopoulos explained it as Amphiaraus cursing the gods, confounding him, no doubt, with his Theban fellow-chief, Kapareus. It is

Amphiaraus, certainly; but at the moment of his descending with his chariot, at the place called *Arma*, ἅρμα. The story is well told. The Government desired to have it removed to Athens, but M. Paparigopoulos thinks, and not without reason, that it is more interesting here *in situ* and in the vicinity of the scene. Some fragments lie in the courtyard—a pillar, with an inscription of very recent character; and others of still smaller interest.

Immediately after breakfast we started for the Amphiaræum, accompanied by Mr. Webster, along the same road we had travelled last night. The difficulties looked, of course, much less by daylight; yet it was very rough in the wood, and, moreover, at one point we discovered that the pathway led right beside a steep precipice for a considerable distance, so that, had we diverged only a few feet on one side, the consequences might have been most fatal.

In one hour and a half we arrived at the stream we had passed coming out of Kalamos, and, turning up to the right, soon reached the spot we were in search of. There was still some water in the torrent-bed, and it overflows largely in the winter. It is shut in closely on both sides, in some places, by perpendicular limestone blocks; but as we approached the site of the Amphiaræum, the banks opened out beside the stream. A low slip of land lies to the north, with higher ground above, covered with small trees. The lower platform, offering a good reddish soil, was ploughed up; the upper is supported and bounded by substructions, large portions of which are visible amid the brushwood towards the east, from which point the stream flows through a romantic, narrow, and well-wooded gorge. On the other, the western side, the torrent continues its course through

another deeply-broken and dark ravine, with perpendicular ledges of rock jutting out. Their colossal limestone stratification, in huge, regular masses, vertically divided, is to be with difficulty distinguished from regular Hellenic masonry. I had a discussion on one of the most prominent with Mr. Webster, who could scarcely be persuaded, except on close examination, to believe them natural. Opposite to the north-east is a deep natural cavern, with rocks rising perpendicularly from the torrent. No place could be better fitted for the story of Amphiaraus and his disappearance through the earth—a fine subject for poet or painter.

We examined the stones which have been dug up; nearly all have inscriptions, but none of great antiquity. They have been copied and published by Mr. Newton. Some lie together on the lower platform, others on the upper, in the stream, and on the opposite bank. The stadium was probably near the upper platform, which I conjecture to have been the acropolis; and a quantity of pottery is found on both. In the bed of this stream, and half covered by rubbish, lies a statue, which was formerly on the bank. After some trouble, by the efforts of Mr. Webster and the unwilling aid of our agoyiates, we brushed away enough to enable us to judge of its merits. It was a mutilated fragment of a female figure, not worth all the exertions it had cost us. The views from all these heights are magnificent, especially from the upper platform, which must have been the acropolis.

Having carefully examined and made sketches of the place, and lunched beside the stream, we resumed our ride homewards to Oropò. Before re-entering on M. Paparigopoulos' property, there was a noble view of the bay and the coast of Eubœa stretching far north, as we

descended from the heights. Instead of returning directly to the house, we took a pathway across the fields to the left, and riding up a high, steep ascent, found ourselves on an eminence overlooking the plain, and the Skala,* or port, on the beach below. This hill was joined to a lower one by a neck of land connecting both. On the highest point we found substructions and a kind of tomb, the ground being covered with pottery, as our host had informed us. From this point we obtained an excellent view of M. Paparigopoulos' fine estate, which extends for nine miles, abounding in pasture and arable land, wood, water, lime, and mineral treasures of various kinds, according to Mr. Webster's account. He is much advanced in his negotiations for purchase, which are not for himself, but for a number of capitalists, whose aid he says he can command.† M. Paparigopoulos and his family can but seldom come here, and therefore the resources of the estate are not fully developed. We spent the evening in conversation of various kinds, and retiring early to bed, proposed to start betimes in the morning, so as to reach Thebes to-morrow evening.

* Every landing-place in Greece is called the "Skala," and the town or village it belongs to is generally situated a mile or two inland; a precaution adopted formerly for protection against pirates and sudden invasion. It was to this spot that Mr. F. Noel came from Eubœa last year to assist in the negotiations with the brigands.—ED.

† These negotiations, we believe, came to no definite result.

CHAPTER II.

SYKAMINÒ—TANAGRA AND THEBES.

October 10.—Whilst waiting for breakfast, I walked out to the Skala, the morning being lovely and the sea beautifully bright and sparkling, but I could perceive no substructions of an ancient mole, though doubtless this has always been the port of Oropò, situated about one hour or three miles further inland. There is, however, a small church, dedicated to the Apostles, and half-a-dozen houses.

At nine o'clock, Spiro and the horses being ready, we mounted our gallant steeds, as fresh as ever from yesterday's repose—for we had used other horses in our ride to the Amphiaræum—and we set off in the best spirits. The whole population of the Skala had assembled in the courtyard to witness our departure, and amongst them was an important personage, a Macedonian Palikari, in all his chains, arms, ornaments, and accoutrements, including a watch of the Tomkins fashion, and a tobacco-box adorned with sgraffiato representations. I could not exactly discover his position or profession, but found him always at our side, showing off his heroic personal habiliments, and caressing his whiskers with evident affection; a regular sample of savage dandyism. Warmly thanking M. Paparigopoulos for his kindness and hospitality, we took the road to Tanagra, accompanied so far by Mr. Webster. The track led through the lowland, gradually rising to small uplands, covered as usual with evergreen brushwood. On our left

towards the mountains, and about one hour distant, we could perceive the modern village of Oropò,* built probably on the site of the ancient town. From this onwards the road became more varied and wild, though it still led over very gentle declivities. At length, issuing from a deep, wooded, and rock-enclosed valley, the windings of the Asopus met us, here very shallow, with large stretches of sand now and then on either side, although the stream itself remained quite clear. To our right, after a half-hour's ride, stood the village of Sykaminò,† indicated at a distance by its two or three ruinous old churches, of apparently very fair Byzantine architecture. Thence onwards the route led through a flatter champaign country, wooded with forest trees, principally of vallonea oak, and occasional wild olives,—with the ordinary amount of prinari brushwood—which we later heard was the property of a Frenchman, M. de La Pierre.

At a quarter past eleven we reached Tanagra, and crossing a small stream fell in at once with the substructions of the ancient city walls, which were easily traced for a considerable distance. Large fragments remain, although they are all very low, and they left a large space available for the town within. This enclosure is now arable land, and is mixed with an immense quantity of pottery.

Leaving our horses to rest, we toiled up the ascent on foot, through the ploughed ground, first to the theatre and then to the highest point, the former acropolis, which as usual rises abruptly from the plain beneath, on the east and west. On the side looking south, the theatre is distinctly traceable, several of the seats remaining, the substructions of the *scene* being very observable, although low

* This was the village where the brigands and their prisoners passed so many days last year, and were visited by Col. Theagenes and Mr. F. Noel.

† The fatal spot where the encounter with the troops took place last spring, and where our countrymen were killed by the Arvanatakis.—Ed.

and covered by earth. Abutments on each side follow the hollow of the theatre, completing it where it was not supported by the hill. A portion of a capital and the upper shaft of a pillar lay near, but so mutilated that it became difficult to say to what order they belonged. Coming down from the acropolis we lingered for some time on the steps and seats of the theatre, to enjoy the magnificent view which now opened before us. The plain lay beneath, dotted with olives and bay trees, whilst beyond rose the mountain range of Eubœa, the high peak of Mount Delphi towering proudly above its companions, the whole looking admirable in the wonderful purple haze in which we now beheld it. It was a noble view to be seen from any theatre, and we would gladly have enjoyed it longer. But Spiro soon called to luncheon, and we had to make our way to the village near, where the commissariat had been established.

Whilst we were engaged at our meal, all the population of the place came round us. Some of the younger women were handsome, but peculiar. All had remarkably fine teeth, which showed very much, and gave them a sort of savage expression, especially as their mouths are long and chins square. Their eyebrows were all much arched and joined; precisely the character, in short, drawn by Anacreon. They appeared stouter, but had quite as hard-worked a skin as other Greeks. Being Albanians, they all wore the Albanian dress,—the head and hair being altogether in this fashion,—and contrary to their ordinary habits they all seemed pleased,—the younger ones highly amused at our curiosity. The boys, too, were rather a fine race, thoroughly Albanian, and at the same time very playful. Mr. Webster now left us to return to Oropò, which he insisted on doing quite alone, without guide or servant, and speaking not a

word of any language but English. It seemed rather a venture, but with the customary self-reliance of Englishmen he made nothing of it, saying that he had been travelling in this way much of late, both here and in Eubœa, and trusted confidently to his compass and memory.

Turning our heads towards Thebes, we soon entered on the upper level of a great stretch of plain, with the high ridge of Ptoum and the mountains which divide it from the small lake of Hylice on the right, whilst on our left still ran the distant spurs and offshoots of our old Attic friend, Mount Parnes. Here and there traces of arable cultivation, and also of pasturage, though feeble, were visible; but there were no divisions of land, no trees, villages, or habitations of men; the richest soil, magnificent alluvium, but no hands to give it fair play. At last coming to the more open country from the higher ground we had been traversing, at a spot where we descended by the dry bed of a torrent into the plain, a full view of the middle portion burst upon us. The low offshoots of Ptoum shut in one side, whilst a line of uplands stretched to our left, behind one of which Thebes lay hid. The western outline was formed by the grand broken lines of Helicon, Zagora, and the distant peaks of Parnassus. Though the day was rapidly declining, and the sun very low, I could not resist halting and sketching this noble scene. Little time, however, could be afforded, and we hastened on over the same description of fertile but uncultivated land to Thebes, where, despite all our exertions, we did not arrive until dark.

We approached the town by a suburb, a small and noisy village on a height, with a good supply of water below, which we later found was the Greek village of St. Theodore. Thence we entered Thebes, winding a little

round the base of the hill on which it is situated, and soon after arrived at Colonel Theagenes' house, in the gateway and courtyard of which there was a crowd to receive us. Foremost amongst them was M. Theagenes himself, who came up before I could dismount, and after many hearty "shake-hands" brought us up his stone stairs to a comfortable house, where Madame Theagenes was waiting to welcome us. We had been expected the day before, and our non-arrival caused surprise, but the report of our Rhamnus day soon explained everything. Glyko and coffee was at once served—a custom we had learned to value in the Peloponnesus as most refreshing to the tired traveller—and we were then shown our rooms preparatory to dinner. The house was newly built, after the disaster of the earthquake, and showed signs of improvement on the older one, although the woodwork was unpainted, coarse, and clumsy. Colonel Theagenes complained that all their artisans had gone to Athens in consequence of the extensive building going on there of late, and it was no easy matter now to finish anything in Thebes. The post had just arrived, and brought us a packet of letters from Athens, amongst others some from Lord and Lady Stratford, stating that they could not leave Constantinople until the end of the month, so that we had full time for the continuation of our journey.

Dinner was soon served in a dining-room hung with some family portraits, and one of Catherine II.; for M. Theagenes insisted on entertaining us himself, and would not even allow our servants to take any share of the trouble. The variety of dishes was perfectly wonderful, composed of lamb, fowl, and turkey, with puddings and sweets *à la Turque*, though all was served in European style, and, considering the difficulties, singularly well. The famous Theban melons proved excellent, and the

grapes tolerably good, and of extraordinary size, but the wine of the country, in spite of Bacchus, did not in any way merit even "favourable mention."

Our host further entertained us by a lively and interesting conversation during all the time of our repast. He speaks French and Italian,—having been educated at Pisa,—remarkably well, understands ancient Greek, and has some notions of archæology; is an humble, independent, courageous man, as his life, both political and military, proves, and of the most cheerful, obliging character. He gave us a full account of the earthquake,*

* This earthquake occurred towards the end of August, 1853. The centre was at Thebes, which suffered excessively; but it was also severely felt at Athens, although only the end of the vibrations were said to reach that distance,—forty miles. The French expressed this by the phrase, "*tremblement de terre par consentement*," against which, however, every one protested, as "*consentement*," in the literal translation of *consent*, was altogether absent from Athenian minds. The first shock took place at 10 a.m., and was so violent at Athens, that it made the walls shake, the floors heave as if in small waves, the bells ring; and the noise was like that of a large park of artillery passing rapidly underneath the house. Several other shocks followed immediately; and during the six or seven weeks, which is the ordinary duration of such violent volcanic convulsions, two or three slight earthquakes were the daily average. The earth, too, continued in a state of constant tremor or vibration, more distinctly felt when reposing on a sofa or lying quietly in bed. At length, one night towards the end of October, a large party had assembled at the British Legation, and were congratulating each other on the presumed termination of this uncomfortable condition of *terra*—no longer, in our opinion, *firma*—when the room began to shake, and a shock of considerable length and violence ensued. That night, no less than fifteen were counted by Athenians; not only the earth, but the very marble pavement, vibrating in the intervals perceptibly, and no one could think of retiring to rest. Fortunately, however, this ended that volcanic period, and no such serious visitation has since fallen upon Athens. Singularly enough the antiquities were in nowise injured, although marble window-sills at the British Legation were split in two, and the walls cracked in sundry places; not even the pediment of the Arch of Hadrian, which holds together as by a thread, was moved. It must, therefore, be inferred that Athens has been visited by far worse earthquakes, in order to account for the marks of volcanic effect visible in the Temple of Theseus and other ancient buildings.

It seems certain, too, that some violent earthquake occurs, at least every second or third year, in some portion of the volcanic belt of Greece. That of Corinth, by which the town was destroyed, happened a few years after this one at Thebes; another at Vostizza, in 1861, caused severe injury there, and the one at Santa Maura took place quite recently. The most remarkable fact in

the severe loss he had experienced, and the difficulty of rebuilding his present house. The ceilings we found were made of wood covered with canvas, exactly like that which it had been deemed better to adopt in the drawing-room ceiling of our Legation, after the same earthquake, in order to guard against such calamities in the future. Thence he diverged to the state of the markets, production, industry, brigandage, conduct of the Government and police, but without violence or malignity, and was resigned, gay, and judicious. His lady, too, had the natural good-breeding and dignified bearing of unsophisticated Greeks. Being rather tired after the day's ride, all were glad to retire early, and prepare for the morrow's further labours.

October 11.—Up and out at an early hour, I went with Colonel Theagenes to the gate and fountain of Dirke, but was surprised at its insignificant appearance, the small supply of water, and the ugly women washing at it. However, I reserve it and the other antiquities for more minute observation on our return. During the walk, I had a good deal of conversation on Greek topics in the same tone as last night; Colonel Theagenes speaking to me frankly, on all matters, as is his wont. On the way back, I visited the Hellenic school.

This, like all Hellenic schools, is a small building, yet quite adequate for its purpose, and has been hired by the Demos; but there are not many pupils. A dispute had lately taken place with the Government as to a third master, which they refused to allow, but as the inhabitants had subscribed amongst themselves, it was to be hoped all would go on more encouragingly. The same

the Theban earthquake concerned the family of Col. Theagenes, as will be seen further on. His wife was buried under the ruins of their house for twenty-four hours, from which position she was extricated, not only alive, but not much the worse for the catastrophe! Their twin children, only lately born, were killed in their cradle by a beam which fell upon them.—ED.

course of study and subject is pursued as in other schools of this class, but apparently there is not so much progress here as in many other places I have visited. They devote themselves principally to Greek, and, when I entered, were reading from the ordinary Chrestomathia, one passage at a time, which they then translated into modern Greek. The master gave me an account of the position in which they had been, with "many compliments to the English minister for the interest displayed," and ended by hoping they would now prosper better. Wishing to go to the Demotic school, Colonel Theagenes said it was not worth my while, as it was far from being in a satisfactory condition.

On returning to the house, all the authorities of Thebes came to pay me a visit, after which ceremony we took leave of our kind host and hostess, and started for Platæa, accompanied by a brother-in-law of Colonel Theagenes a paredros of the Demos, a good-humoured stout man, of plump Bœotian dimensions, exaggerated to some degree by the size of his fustanella.

Leaving Thebes by the Turkish aqueduct, we reached in about two hours the fountain at the south-west extremity of the platform whereon Platæa stands, the village of Kokla, under Cithæron, being on our left. Here we dismounted, and after a brief inspection of the walls, which are not very old, although bearing traces of occasional cyclopic, we ascended to the ancient site on foot, and there lingered for a considerable time. Leake in hand, we examined the topography, the line of walls, from which the battle-field of Leuctra, six miles' distant, is plainly seen, and the city platform, including some ruins, marked by two churches also now in a state of dilapidation, finally walking over the whole site of the town, which is profusely covered with remains of pottery. Luncheon was

now prepared, and two hours passed rapidly in studying our guide-books and sketching various points.

At two o'clock we again started, and riding forward to the plain of Leuctra, ascended a tumular hill to the south-west, which commands a full view of the surrounding country. The whole plain lay beneath us; to the west ran a great hollow between Helicon and a low undulating range further north, on one of the heights of which the modern town of Thespiæ was discernible; to the south-east stood Kokla, and further east again the ancient Platæa, so that every point of interest was embraced from this eminence. We then noticed a hole of considerable circumference, evidently made by excavators, and some appearance of large stones, but no sign of a trophy, as I had been led to expect. The base of a statue, or trophy, with the name of Epaminondas, had, I was assured, been found here, but neither our "learned Theban" nor our guides could enlighten us; on being pressed, they stated that it had been removed, but the fact was that they knew nothing whatsoever on the matter. So we could only give play to our imagination and meditations as we continued our route to Thespiæ, which we reached at dusk, by a very steep ascent. There was the utmost difficulty in obtaining tolerable lodgings, and after examining several houses near the schoolmaster's, we were obliged to be content with the first we had seen.

October 12.—Our party were up early in the hope of a speedy start, proposing to climb to the summit of Helicon, called Kriopigadi, excited by the accounts and theory of Vischer, who differs from most authors on the subject, and there fixes the Hippocrene, instead of placing it at the Panagia Makariotissa, like Leake and all others. But delays must always be calculated on in the morning's packing, and finding it impossible to be off quite so soon

as we had expected, I walked down the steep side of the acropolis-like hill on which the town stands, and, passing the ravine and torrent-bed, soon reached the pretty little church of St. Charalambros, repaired in 1855, or, it were more correct to say, rebuilt. St. Charalambros is the patron saint of this locality, and greatly invoked as a protector against plague and miasma, one much required no doubt in the villages on the plain and in the surrounding neighbourhood. The church is not what Leake saw, nor as he saw it, and the paintings he mentions do not exist, or are not to be seen. Outside the church are several interesting fragments of sculpture, some recently dug up: all, with the exception of the last, built into the wall of the church. At the northern entrance are: 1. A man and horse, very like, in style and composition, the frieze of the Parthenon, though of coarser type and execution. 2. Another horseman, inferior to the last. 3. A fine ante-finial fleuron ornament. 4. A Winged Victory lying against the northern wall, about six feet high, and in Parian marble. It is of much more robust and massive character, workmanship, and proportions than those of the Athenian Temple of Victory, and is a high alt-relief rather than a statue. There were also some inscriptions. The ladies wishing on my report to see the church and sculptures, we returned there at eight o'clock, accompanied this time by the paredros of the village, who showed us the portrait, or *eikon*, of St. Charalambros, but repainted, and not as Leake describes it.

At a quarter before nine, taking leave of the paredros, we set off for Helicon, through vineyards and over an undulating country. Our agoyiates pulled many fine bunches of grapes, of excellent flavour, which had been left in these vineyards, declaring at the same time that the vintage this year in Bœotia "had been better than ever

known," and that wine would soon be thirty lepta the oke, or about threepence the bottle. At a quarter past nine the village of Nea Panagia was reached, and in a moment all its population turned out to gaze on the strangers, headed by the Didaskalos, or schoolmaster. Their amusement and edification were great at seeing us take out Leake, and especially when W. read it aloud to us on horseback. Soon, however, the sympathy of the Didaskalos was acquired; for, recognising some of the Greek names, he quickly discovered it was a description of the neighbourhood, and added all the information in his possession as to the site of Ascra and the fountain of Aganippe. We visited the small church of St. Blasios.* the patron saint of all this side of Helicon, but saw nothing remarkable, beyond a few inscriptions built into the walls.

According to the advice of the Didaskalos, we now continued our road for about ten minutes to a precipitous, rough hill on our right, called the Hill of Palaia Panagia, one mass of stones, fragments of walls, and débris of all kinds. At its base is a ruined church, Κοίμησις τῆς παναγίας, or Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, also full of fragments, of no importance, and on the top of a high and steep rock, to the north-west, an old Frank tower still stands. We ascended the hill, where the wind blew fiercely and cold, and from this position saw, right opposite us, the Acropolis of Ascra, still sur-

* It is curious to find this essentially Eastern saint much venerated in England before the Reformation. He was bishop of Sebaste, in Armenia, A.D. 316, and is said to have suffered martyrdom by having had his flesh torn off with iron combs, such as are used for combing wool. For this reason he was chosen by the English wool-combers as their patron saint, and his feast was observed in all the woollen manufactories of the midland districts with peculiar honour. Those who took part in the processions were called Blazers, and it is asserted that the phrase we see in old books, "as drunk as Blazers," originated in the onvivia lities common on those occasions.—Ed.

mounted by the Hellenic tower described by Leake as very perfect, and mentioned by Pausanias as the only remains of Ascra, even in his day. The aspect of the hill, round, bald, and bleak, without tree or herbage, as if swept by winter storms and scorched by summer suns, seems fully to justify the invective of Hesiod. In the valley below, which has traces of cultivation, and is tolerably deep, flows a small winding brook met by another, near which we were told was the fountain of Aganippe. Helicon rises boldly, and closes the view to the right, whilst Cithæron sweeps off in lower lines to the left.

Descending from the height with difficulty, by a very rough and precipitate pathway leading zigzag from the rock to the northern valley, we continued our route to the brook. In its neighbourhood we came upon an encampment of Vlachs, in their usual huts of sticks and leaves loosely thrown together, and numbering about sixty men, women, and children : a wild, savage-looking race, but courteous enough when spoken to. They had just come down from Helicon, they said, and were going on to Attica, to Kaiseriani, for the winter ; apparently, part of the detachment we annually meet encamped, with their flocks and dogs, in our rides near Athens, on the banks of the dry torrent-bed of the Eridanus. Our Theban friend looked on them with less indulgence, saying they were of those who protected and harboured Daveli and Karabeliki and other brigands, and by their aid and sympathy kept up that state of things in the country ; no doubt he was right, though whether with regard to these special men or not, it were more difficult to say.

On reaching the brook our cavalcade stopped, and, oozing out of the soft, low ground, from amongst tall

reeds and wild plants, we were shown a little well or spring as the celebrated fountain; a swampy-looking prosaic spot, not at all answering our poetic notions of a poetic scene, and the very contrast in every particular to Castalia. To the east, no rock, hill, or eminence gave a background, or importance of any kind to the site; a little way towards the west, it is true, the banks of the stream grew somewhat higher and more rocky, and, perhaps, ultimately may have made a better figure, under the shadow and nearer roots of Mount Helicon. We drank, however, of the water—which was of excellent quality—in the hope of catching inspiration, and gathered some "maiden-hair," growing luxuriantly around it, as a memorial, but there was no further poetic attraction sufficient to detain us long. Some shaped stone blocks in the torrent-bed suggested constructions, though whether of old or recent date there were no means of ascertaining.

It was now near twelve o'clock, and we proceeded hence up the valley, through low brushwood of lentisk and myrtle, towards the church of Hagios Nicolàos, and soon reached an open space, gracefully undulated, on one of the higher eminences of which stood the church in question, with a few outer buildings, forming a small hamlet around. The heights of Helicon rose above, in many parts well wooded, although the lower portion had only a covering of brushwood; but, the whole, shut in by the surrounding hills and mountains, formed a pretty retired valley. Leake writes of it as "well-wooded;" and so it probably was in his time, but much has since disappeared. Still, there are remains of noble timber; some fine walnut-trees of great age, old olives with their knotted trunks, and planes, all indicating its former silvan magnificence. While the horses were resting we

made a sketch of the valley and visited the church, which contains nothing striking, except the inscriptions on one of the pillars, that seem to justify Leake's identification of this spot with the Grove of the Muses.

At a quarter past twelve we were again *en route* for Kriopigadi, the second summit of Helicon, and now immediately above us. Here, too, we took leave of our Theban paredros, who returned to his native town. The road was rough, but not so bad as represented; the day, too, was magnificent, bright and fresh, with a brilliant sun, slightly clouded sky, and a fine, wholesome, pine-scented mountain breeze. At every step of our zigzag path, the views in front and rear became more beautiful. The great plain, or double platform, of Bœotia stretched far away on one side, with all its bounding and intermediate mountain ranges and famous sites, each with its historic recollections, vividly mapped before us, and on the other rose the distant summits of Parnassus, towering amidst its clouds, high up over Helicon and its accessories. After passing through a shrubbery of pines, hazel, and arbutus, and catching glimpses of this scenery at every second step, our agoyiates suddenly stopped on a sort of platform, at the base of the highest point, and Spiro announced that we ought here to lunch. Indignantly objecting, we urged continuing the ascent to Kriopigadi, and that there we could all repose more satisfactorily. But they said it was impossible, the horses could not go further without rest, it was upwards of 1000 feet above us, the road was most difficult, and towards the end we should have to scramble on hands and feet up the almost perpendicular face of the rock. Above all the day was so advanced that we should have no daylight left to get down to the convent of Panagia Makariotissa, and should have to pass the night in the

open air, as there was neither village nor house in all that neighbourhood. This was serious, and required immediate council, the result of which was that, though mistrusting all reports of agoyiates, who know nothing of hours and distances except in the rudest forms, and, undeterred by dangers or difficulties of road, which, seen from our point of observation, appeared not very formidable, yet, considering the lateness of the hour (then one o'clock), the sudden and early nightfall, and the absolute absence of lodging or shelter, we decided, sorely against our will, to give up the Kriopigadi, and hasten onwards after luncheon. The view thence would, of course, have been all-embracing, at once instructive and enchanting, but our chief attraction was the double historic or mythic glory ascribed to it by Vischer, of its having been not only the sanctuary of Zeus, which was certain, but also the locality of the true Hippocrene, which is doubtful. At all events, it would have been foolish to risk the ascent under these circumstances, and we took the wiser course of proceeding to the Panagia Makariotissa, our destination for the night.

Having finished our frugal repast under the fine branching firs and other trees beneath which we had halted, and determined, although deprived of the Kriopigadi, still to explore something, we selected a guide from amongst our agoyiates, a smart young fellow, and with his assistance penetrated through the wood, and succeeded in climbing up to a point whence we had a magnificent view; the gulf of Corinth and both its shores on the one side, Bœotia and Eubœa on the other. And a noble range it was, including the sparkling blue channel with Mount Cyllene and the Peloponnesian hills beyond, whilst the northern horizon was bounded by Mount Delphi in Eubœa, Pentelicus, Parnes, and Cithæron,

—Platæa, Thespiæ, and even Thebes, distinctly visible below them.

We lingered at this delightful spot until so late as half-past three, when all re-mounted for Makariotissa. There were lovely glimpses, as we now began to descend, of the southern slope of Helicon, and then full views of the most glorious description, first of the opposite shore, and later of both. Beginning with Geranion and its sheer headlands, which form the arms of the bay of Livadostro,* the eye ran on to the whole line of the Achæan mountains, Cyllene with its bright summits over-topping all, and crossing the glassy waters of the gulf—placid like the face of a lake in the sunny haze of declining day, and studded with small islands—it passed on to the grey rocks and broken ridges of Helicon, seen through the intermingled valonea oaks and splendid silver pines amidst which we were progressing. It was a panorama than which no finer can be imagined, set off, too, as it was, by a calm soft sunset, a young moon, and Venus rising in peculiar brightness.

We passed through wild silvan glades and stony dells, beneath huge crags and savage woods, which would have been chosen by any painter for haunts of brigands and bandits. And by such they have been much frequented of late years, in fact we found ourselves in one of Daveli's strongholds. Our agoyiates were more than usually tranquil, but on my noticing their silence they com-

* Livadostro was one of those towns which was utterly destroyed by the Turks during the Greek Revolution. It is recorded, that an English ship of war, sailing up the Gulf of Corinth at that time, the captain and officers landed here only to find a heap of ruins, and the place completely deserted. But one living being remained, a little girl about two years old, unable to speak, or give any account of herself. It could only be conjectured that she was the child of rich parents, from her handsome little dress. The captain carried her to his ship, named her Livadostra, and, assigning her to a lady's care at Malta, she was there brought up, and ultimately married an Englishman.—Ed.

menced a klephtic song, a τραγοῦδι κλεφτικὸν. It was given in three divisions—strophe, antistrophe, and epode—the same verse ending for the most part with the heroic name they celebrated, the famous Christo Daveli. He it was who had carried off Mlle. Boudouris, and after wandering in these very spots, had finally been slain, with fourteen or fifteen of his companions, at Daulis, by the inhabitants of that side of Parnassus, the Arachovites, and even the monks of St. Luke and Jerusalem, aiding the police and soldiery. The chaunt was melancholy, but exciting enough, rather of an elegiac character, and was thrown into a picturesque dramatic form, describing the occupations of a brigand life and of a brigand band. It was composed and sung with gusto, showing that the sympathy had not yet quite died out. Our gendarmes observed that one of the party, a young fellow who sang it with peculiar spirit and *amore*, had been with Daveli, against which he protested with all his force. It might have been a mere random imputation, but he became silent, and did not sing the rest of the way. Coming to an open space in the middle of these rocky heights, where, if ever there had been trees, they had with few exceptions been thoroughly cleared away,—a spot enclosed by bare crags projecting forward in huge grey masses,—we found in the centre a well and trough for watering horses. This was another of Daveli's haunts,* and, on the rocks near, the gendarmes pointed out to us where he had cut off the ears and noses of some villagers, inhabitants of Dobrena, on the gulf beneath.

We here met our baggage, which had lost its way—and no wonder, in these wild regions—and therefore waited without much regret to let it pass. It was a romantic spot to tarry in, and from an opening in the rocks the

* The brigands are always sure to be traced near wells and springs.

view of Thisbe, on a plain beside the gulf, with the range of the Achæan mountains beyond, was truly admirable.

Resuming our route before long, we arrived, at about six o'clock, just as night set in, at the convent of Panagia Makariotissa. On turning a sharp angle in the descent, it opened upon us gradually, with its fortified or high walled court enclosing the domed church in the centre; its buttressed walls, barred windows, and tall, obeliscal cypresses, rising from a scanty, meagre garden in front; the whole overtopped by a high ridge of rocks right behind.

As we approached nearer, we could perceive a small spring slowly oozing into two wooden troughs near, and at the opposite side of the stony road, a ruinous tank in the wall or parapet, covered with dirty weeds; this, we were now informed, was the famed fountain. The great majority of writers, Leake and Finlay included, decide that this must be Hippocrene. Though the night was exquisite, and the young moon and stars shone gloriously, and the waters had thus all the advantage of their beams, it was impossible to get up our imaginations to the proper faith. At dinner, however, we began to change our minds; the water was so perfect that it could be no other, and declaring that if it was not, it at least ought to be the Hippocrene, we felt ready to challenge any rival.

On entering the convent and seeing our lodgings for the night, we were dismayed with the wretched appearance of everything. With difficulty, we climbed up the old stone steps to the customary balcony, and from thence crept into what appeared to be intended for the reception room: a dismal, dirty dungeon, roof and rafters above, windows unglazed at the side, the walls black, no

trace of furniture, and the whole dark and dreary. Further within was a smaller room, just large enough for a kind of fixed platform or table, on which was to be placed a bed. This was to be my apartment, the ladies having similar but larger ones. I preferred, however, having my bedstead as well as bed. On getting into it later, I could not help laughing at the arrangement, for it felt exactly as if I had been served up for dinner in form.

Before retiring to what I much doubted would be rest, I walked outside the court-yard, to see the comet, which was still in all its fierce beauty over a great part of the heavens, desirous to observe how it would combine with the moon and stars. I was struck with the glorious sight, and stood some moments gazing on it with wonder and admiration. Finding myself close to the fountain of Hippocrene, I drank of its clear water, and washed my hands in it, and then returned with fresh delight to gaze on the comet and magnificent celestial display before me, and could not help exclaiming in my enthusiasm—How glorious! adding in Greek, *εἶναι καλὸς*. I had not perceived that at my elbow stood a young Greek, who had followed me from the convent, and had watched my proceedings with curiosity and attention. Looking up in my face, he now asked in question-wise, "Is it indeed well?" interpreting my remark to have applied to the comet. "Do you not see yourself that it is beautiful?" I replied, but this did not quite satisfy him, and he went on questioning me further, as to whether "it,"—never mentioning the comet by name—was not to bring pestilence or famine. It was now clear that he had taken me for a kind of astrologer or soothsayer, and had made out in his mind that I had been performing lustrations and incantations, and other diabolical ceremonies at the foun-

tain in order to put myself in a fit state to divine the meaning of the terrible stranger. Then having satisfied myself after close and repeated examination, I had exclaimed, *ἔιναι καλὸς*, which he interpreted into "all's right," — to his comfort and consolation. On this hint he spoke, and I continued questioning him, until I got back into the convent, and the doors were shut behind us.

CHAPTER III.

FOUNTAIN OF HIPPOCRENE—THISBE AND MOUNT HELICON.

October 13.—All were astir by half-past five, but as breakfast could not be had for a considerable while, I examined the church meantime, and found it peculiarly clean, unlike the rest of the building.

Double eagles surround the base of the dome, and beneath them is a line of saints in evident resemblance to the Gothic. Our Saviour forms the central figure, stern and mild at the same time, of true spiritual nature, and the Christian character of beauty. The Assumption is also represented, slightly deviating from the ordinary mode of Eastern treatment. The Blessed Virgin lies on her deathbed, surrounded by the Apostles, very much according to the arrangement of Italian painters. From her mouth proceeds, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit," whilst our Lord descends in an oval-shaped nimbus in order to receive her. From beneath the bed the Devil is seen issuing in search of her soul, when an angel appears to defend her, and drives him off. The Annunciation is likewise treated in an especial manner, being apparently represented as taking place in a public street, the buildings having arches, and the roofs not unlike those of modern houses. A whole series of Scriptural and other subjects are, as usual, painted on the higher portion of the Iconostasis. The large painting of our Saviour on the lower part seems to have preserved the

old character of drapery, the folds being thrown in perfectly classic forms, resembling the ancient statues, and the lights are made by golden lines on the colours, which are also very good. The church is said by the monks to be about seventy years old. The cupola is much injured and defaced, although clean and evidently repaired. Its more or less dilapidated state is attributed to the Turks, who used it as a magazine during their possession. The entrance had two outer seats, such as we had seen at Ithome and elsewhere.

On quitting the church I made a closer examination of the fountain, which I measured to be about fifty paces from the gate. It issues from two pipes, one laid towards the road and the other to the convent, both leading into wooden troughs made out of the trunks of trees, one for drinking purposes and the other for horses. The mountain, bleak and thinly wooded, forms a sort of wall above. The tank I had noticed last night opposite to the fountain, receives its water, thence to be distributed for the irrigation of the garden and olives below, and finally it is allowed to flow into the bed of the torrent near. The summer having been very dry, there was little water at the fountain, and that in the reservoir looked stagnant and uninviting. The stones of the garden-wall were small, scarcely any of them large, and none had any likeness to Hellenic or any other old construction ; nor was there trace even of Turkish ornaments, such as one often meets near fountains and springs. It might of course have been otherwise formerly, but now no ancient remains exist in the vicinity.

At half-past nine, we left the convent and proceeded towards the valley, where are situated Dobrena and Kakosia, the ancient Thisbe. The pathway led down declivities, and through many foldings, looking into each

other, over a very bad road, with a torrent-bed running towards the valley to our right. The vegetation was not so florid as yesterday afternoon; the trees ceased, and relapsed into a brushwood of lentisk, prinari, and cistus. Their vivid greens, however, contrasted very beautifully with the red and grey lines of the limestone formation, which became most striking, troubled, and irregular as we approached the valley beneath. This valley lies in a hollow between Helicon and a series of smaller sloping hills, above which peeps the sea, and it apparently possesses a fine soil, for most part under cultivation.

We arrived at the first fountain outside Dobrena at half-past ten, and there stopped to water the horses. The bed of the torrent runs close to the well, which is one much in use, as may be seen from the marks of the ropes visible on its stone sides, employed to draw the buckets to the top. A young peasant was standing near, and on being questioned, he called it the "Kaloiéro Pigádi," or Monks' Fountain, and the torrent or river-bed, the "Allogopóda Pigádi," or "Horse Hoof Well," which two names identify it with the Hippocrene pretensions and character of Makariotissa.

In about ten minutes after quitting Dobrena, we reached the ruins of Thisbe, where a low ledge or platform of rock, pierced with many holes or caverns, stood before us. The Demarch came forward at once to meet us, and to offer to act as cicerone, which we willingly accepted. Two churches seemed almost composed of ancient fragments, one having a basement of large square blocks and a cornice of pure Doric simplicity, with a few columns inside,—not, however, of any importance. The Demarch then conducted us to the walls, where an Hellenic tower is very conspicuous. The door is worth noticing for the usual impost of one piece, very thick,

and bevelled like those at Messene. The upper part has been built successively over the first repairs, and well put together. It is of small rubble, and seemingly Turkish or Frank, whilst in the interior is an arch made by late hands, and destined clearly to support a floor.

The walls run at a right angle from the tower to the west, and at an oblique one to the north-east. They are amongst the most perfect I have ever seen. Leake calls them of the fourth order; the usual Emplecton on a fine scale. Formed of huge blocks of different sizes, some over eight feet, they are put together without cement,—the lines not always perpendicular, and occasionally even at considerable angles,—several feet thick, and filled up with rubble of the stone of the country. There was a gateway at about seventy paces from the tower, and further on another tower of angular shape. Four or five courses of these walls are preserved and go round the platform, which rises above the neighbourhood like those of Etruscan towns, though not so high.

Going down from this elevation, we examined the rough rock whereon it is built, and which contains many natural perforations—the holes we had noticed from a distance—converted into tombs of all sizes and forms, some well preserved. Entering one, the ceiling of which was depressed or flat, I found two sarcophagi at the side, under round arches, the ornaments broken, and all of very coarse execution, as were also its proportions. The Demarch informed us that these holes were to be found all round the acropolis hill, which lay to the north, and which seemed to be the case, looking from where we stood. Judging from the state of these caverns, blackened by smoke, they are no doubt much used by shepherds.

We now returned to the town below the Hagia Triada,

and visiting that church, found there some bas-reliefs, but of the coarsest workmanship and design. The horsemen have the clumsiest of hands and feet, but, above all, the attitude of the horses themselves is most peculiar, the two hind legs being in motion, whilst the front ones are perpendicularly still. A female figure is also similarly barbarous, and the few inscriptions are recent, and have been already copied. Moving on to another church, that of Hagios Karalambros, we passed the yard of a peasant who possesses a *stele* with a long inscription — too long to note down. It was covered up with faggots, which he partially removed for our inspection. At the entrance of St. Karalambros we noticed another specimen of barbaric composition. The door itself was semi-Turkish, but with a boar painted above—white on black—and the date 1856, at each side of which was a buttress against the wall. On the right, a coarse figure of a Byzantine emperor was cut on an ancient *stele*, chiselled away to make room for him. His head lay under a Gothic arch, whilst his feet were fitted into the moulding below, with sharp-pointed shoes, now broken off. The Doctor, educated at Athens, came forward and informed me in French that this was Thisbe, foundress of the city, and that I should find her sister at the other side. A female figure was doubtless to be seen, but probably it was the emperor's wife or sister. Other horsemen appeared here, too, with an altar as an heroic token; and a long inscription near, of the time of Trajan, records that the person in whose honour these tablets were erected had made many improvements at Thisbe "out of his own pocket." These horsemen tablets are sepulchral, and appear very recent, about the third or fourth century, though some are much earlier.

This terminated our bas-reliefs—πολλὰ ἀγάλματα, as the

Demarch called them—and he now spoke to us of curious heaps of shells on the hill going up to the walls. Following him thither, we did find it covered with their *débris*. The Demarch asked me humbly whether they had been washed up by the sea or kept here in store, and I thought the latter supposition the most probable. They are of the same description as those discovered in the Theatre of Herodes Atticus, at Athens, and are the remains of the fish used in dyeing.* We gathered some, for the whole earth is strewed with them, and it is a pity to see them thus exposed.

Whilst making a sketch near this point, I had some conversation with the Demarch. He informed me that the melons and grapes of Thisbe are excellent, and vineyards abound all around. There are five hundred inhabitants, or sixty families, in the town, a Demotic school for boys, but not for girls, a tribunal, and health office, and the population are chiefly Albanian; this the costume of the women at once indicated. From the first moment of approaching the place, however, we noticed the prevalence of the true Greek type. A man had met us just outside the town who had the broad, low forehead, regularly enchased eyes, straight nose and peculiar upper lip, with his mouth turned slightly downwards at the corners, which gives so much boldness and melancholy to the old Hellenic face, and his hair, covered with a low cap, was brushed out at the sides. Even the costume was classical, consisting of the white tunic or fustanella, open at his sleeves and chest, but girt in at the waist, a sheep-

* This shellfish "produced the rich purple or crimson, known to antiquity as the Tyrian dye."—'Excursion to Peloponnesus,' vol. i. p. 54: and in the note of same page, "These purple shellfish were also to be found of good quality, and in large quantities, in the Crissæan Gulf, immedfately opposite the chief Achæan Phœnician cities."— ED.

skin thrown over his shoulders, and his stockings covered by the gaiters or greaves. He came striding manfully along, his locks flowing back, and only confined by the low *pilos*-looking fez. A boy in the crowd was very like him, the mouth in particular being of the same character, and it seemed to be the type of the village. The women too had much the same kind of beauty, though not such as I should have selected in illustration of its old reputation.

The Demarch said that Vathy, the port of Thisbe, was three-quarters of an hour distant, and had still a large number of pigeons in the rocks, to justify the Homeric epithet, of which he was quite aware. They were, he said, πλῆθος—or "in abundance." We at first thought of riding down there, but the plain looked very hot, the road was said to be tedious, and we could see Vathy in the distance from a point on the road to Kurkura, so we prudently resolved to rest at Thisbe, under the tower: the only shady spot to be seen far or near. The Demarch complained greatly of the dearth of water; they had no rivers, and only five wells, which often caused great distress in dry seasons, and he asked if I had ever heard of want of water in former times. To supply all such deficiency, he presented us with a fine melon and magnificent grapes, fully worthy of his previous eulogiums, and of course, with the Doctor who had joined him, was invited to remain and share our modest luncheon.

Having taken leave of this civil Demarch, we left Thisbe by the road round its acropolis, so that we could closely see the many holes noticed from below, in the white limestone rocks to the south. The sun was here intense and the road execrable, growing worse each moment as we wound up the ascent. In many places the slaty and limestone splinters were thrown up per-

pendicularly, as from some violent commotion of nature, whilst behind rose the summits of Palaiovouni, Karapongi, and Jeretzi. We soon reached the point whence spread before us the promised view of the coast; Vathy, lying between two headlands, with some remarkable islands near, followed by the long range of Geranion, ending in a bluff or rather sharp promontory, with the shores of the Peloponnesus on the opposite side. I counted five ranges of hills rising one above the other. The valley where Thisbe stands is a clearly defined hollow, shut out from the sea by a high though sloping ridge, which sufficiently accounts for its want of water. The only river to be heard of is one beyond Dobrena, said to come from Palaiopanagia. A young Thisbiote whom we met called it the Megalopotamo, or "Great River,"—and when I asked him why, he shrugged his shoulders with a smile, merely remarking that it was always dry in summer.

The sun was most powerful, especially in the hollows into which we were thrown from time to time, and the ladies were so completely overcome by the heat, that we had to dismount and seek for a little shade beneath the scanty brushwood before they felt able to proceed. Recovering by degrees, we resumed our route, the road becoming, if possible, worse, right along the edge of a shelving rock. A man coming down the hill, with a long piece of timber trailing behind, so frightened Mr. Digby's horse that it almost fell over into the abyss, and with difficulty we prevailed on the offender to stop and allow us to pass.

After a time the road began to descend; Palaiovouni right before us. By a gradual winding pathway we reached a small platform, and by a similar route, several times crossing and re-crossing torrent-beds now dry,

came to another plain in the centre of which was a well,—a welcome sight for our thirsty horses. We were here at the foot of Palaiovouni, the chief summit or κορυφὴ of Helicon; Kriopigadi forming the second, and Zagora the third. The character of the mountain is here very peculiar. The disintegration of limestone has produced a large quantity of loose gravel, which has come down like an avalanche amongst the black firs. In many parts it has cleared away whole masses, and left only detached trees, in other places great clumps, and in others again, a large extent of wood. The contrasts are very striking, the forms of the rock generally round, though considerably broken in the highest ridge, and with the grassy valley beneath, it makes a very original landscape.

We passed a little ploughed land, but far more pasturage, and soon came again to a well in a green spot, not unlike the last. There were sundry murmurings between our agoyiates and gendarmes as to these wells being amongst Daveli's favourite quarters, substantiating my theory that one certain plan of catching these brigand bands would be to watch and surround all such mountain springs in the neighbourhood of their known haunts. Neither man nor beast can live without water, and they could thus easily be traced by any one who knows the country. The road still descended, until we reached a lower plain, where, situated on a pretty upland, and still in the heights of Helicon, we came at half-past five to the Albanian village of Kurkura.

The chief man of the village, with all the villagers, came out to meet us, and at once offered us the use of his house for the night, promising to find quarters for all our train. It was a newly-built, clean, comfortable dwelling, and the proprietor but lately married. His

wife met us at the door, in a rich Albanian dress, eclipsing everything we had seen at Thisbe, and all worked by her own hands. She wore a quantity of coins, the usual red apron, and long sleeves, most elaborately embroidered, which were very striking. Her head-dress, too, was beautiful, being a white kerchief, with embroidered ends, first forming a cap, and then hanging down behind. W—— had persuaded a woman at Thisbe to untie and show her how it was managed. Moreover, this bride was handsome, with black eyes and eyebrows, and jet black hair. They showed us all the civility in their power, and said they would have danced for us were it not so late; in fact, would gladly do anything to testify their joy at our stopping in their village.

October 14.—The morning looked lowering, and the clouds threatened rain, but as the day advanced, our apprehensions fortunately proved needless. Our lodging had been comfortable, for the rooms were very clean, yet there was no glass in the windows, which were only closed by wooden shutters. Those in the lower floor were strongly barred, a precaution, our host said, necessary against the brigands, of whom, especially Daveli, he spoke with apparent hatred and dread. The house consisted of two stories, the ground-floor being, as usual, appropriated to cattle, and the upper, approached by the outer stone steps common to all this class of Greek dwellings. Not only was there no glass, but the room had no fireplace, and must have been very cold in winter, from the high position of the village. Yet there were comfortable cupboards, evidently well stored; an English pistol hung upon the wall, the low ceiling had an engraving of Minerva pasted on it, and there were other engravings in the room, including "La Belle Espagnole." Mr. Digby slept at the end of another clump of build-

ings, apparently in a storeroom, from the quantity of grain amassed there. After breakfast, the proprietor took me to see the whole house, and I found a large hall or room going up to the top of the roof, with heaps of carpets stowed away in one corner, and a good fireplace at one side. This, he said, was their winter apartment, and the other their summer residence, which explained the different aspect of the two quarters. They work everything for themselves. All their dress is home made. The cotton is grown, spun, and woven here: not for sale, but altogether for their own use. We asked if they would sell some of their ornaments, but they could not think of it, and we had received the same answer to a similar question at Thisbe.

Our hostess also paid us another visit, more sumptuously attired than last night, and this time appearing in a yellow Hydriote shawl on her head. She wore a necklace of coins, amongst which we found French francs and Austrian zwanzigers in numbers. The tassels and crimson silk attached to the long plaits of hair falling down her back were more than ordinarily massive, and had cost 5*l.*, bought at Thebes; but she had manufactured the necklace, and wrought all the embroidery of the costume, in the very best taste, herself. Nothing but these tassels, and a very few of the ornaments, she proudly said, had come from abroad. Though very shy, she showed no reluctance to stand for a hasty sketch, and her husband looked on approvingly and fully satisfied. Two excellent figures stood at the door as we left; one, spinning with a peculiar distaff, would have been a good model for a Moira or Parce,—a mixture of grace and severity, holding the distaff with one hand, and twining the thread with the other. The ancients combined this union admirably, and we know

what a favourite subject it became in Italian painting, thus treated by Michael Angelo and Raphael, and even in recent Italian sculpture.

About half-past nine o'clock, we took leave of our new friends, and started on our day's journey. 'Our first station was Stevenikò, a very picturesque spot, the ruins of an old church dedicated to the Taxiarch St. Michael, crowning a high cliff over the village, and commanding the narrow pass below. We had got back to the northern slope of Helicon, and stopped to enjoy the view. A fine open of the Bœotian plain stretched away to the north, Lake Copaïs lay in front, backed by a low range of hills, and the Adelphi of Eubœa closed the distant horizon. The next halt was at a place called Pongi, where a good rushing stream watered some gardens, and was used for two mills. We here turned to the right, off the direct road, and followed the course of the stream, according to Mr. Finlay's advice, and in a quarter of an hour reached a small secluded chapel, in a sparse group of trees, where we found the inscriptions he referred to, both on a *stele*, and inserted in the side wall and front of the church. Probably there were about eight or ten; none, however, of very high antiquity. The Βουλὴ and Δῆμος are often mentioned, but the name of the town does not seem to be designated. The *stele* contains the clearest; that on the church door is very difficult to decipher. A fragment of sculpture projected from the wall, like a lion's head or neck, and also a portion of an Ionic or Corinthian entablature, — not easy to say which.

Returning to Pongi, we continued our road through a country that was gradually changing from the beautiful Swiss character of the scenery in and near Kurkura, to ordinary Greek rock and brushwood. On the way

our gendarmes and agoyiates amused themselves discussing our host of last night, and told us, with pride, that he is the richest man in his village or neighbourhood. His chief wealth consists in flocks, of which he has considerable numbers in different sites on the mountains. The robbers—the λῃσταὶ—owed him a grudge, and attacked him; when, under compulsion of boiling oil, he had to deliver them up 6000 drachmas, or 440*l.* The marks of violence are still to be seen at his house, although he did not show them to me, and was silent about this story. Despite all this, he is still very well off. His house cost him between 200*l.* and 300*l.*, for work of all kinds is dear, and skilled labour excessive.*

As we rode on, I perceived that we were accompanied by a priest of Pongi, who pointed out the church with great zeal and animation. He was a curious figure, in his white tunic, black capote, and priest's cap, grown brown by use, and looking like that of a dancing dervish at Constantinople; a singular combination of priest and peasant together. He was going on to Hagios Joannes, or Hagios Giorgios, and, offering to show us the road, bounded along the rude pathway most actively.

We also met a few shepherds, who carried the crooked pastoral staff of Parnassus, different from that used at Pentelicus, where it is not only of another shape, but much longer, often measuring six or six and a half feet in length; they had the rustic distaffs, too, that we noticed at Kurkura, which are chiefly made by them, and our agoyiates very unceremoniously made them

* These houses are of the rudest construction, very deficient in carpentry-work especially, but substantially built. I observe a tendency to Turkish design, in the arches particularly, throughout Greece, not done intentionally, but from the natural leaning to copy what has been hitherto used.

present one to W——, as a souvenir of the mountain.

Having arrived at a mill-stream carried over a Turkish aqueduct, we stopped for luncheon under a few shady trees, and rested here for some little time. Soon after leaving this place, the first field of cotton came in view, and then Indian corn, or kalamboki. The peasants were busily employed in gathering in the harvest of both. The corn was laid out on the hill-side in three separate divisions; the first, consisting of the shell or outer husk, forms straw for beds, as in Italy; the second is given to the cattle, and the third reserved for human food. The fresh cotton heaps were piled so high that, at the distance, we mistook them for rows of white tents. The cotton looked very pretty bursting through the pods, from which it was picked by the women, then ranged in heaps by the men, and finally taken home for private use or foreign exportation. It seemed of very fair quality.

Yet, with this solitary exception, the impression produced by this day's ride was most melancholy. The very few inhabitants we had met; the immense quantity of ground untouched; the absence of wood after leaving Stevenikò; the monotonous brushwood; the bad roads; in fine the sensation of neglect, desertion, and depression which pervades all Bœotia, save the mountain districts we had just travelled through, was becoming quite oppressive, when, to my relief, Livadia unexpectedly came in sight, lying on two hills, spurs of Mount Helicon, with Parnassus rising boldly behind, its highest point immediately before us.

It was early in the day,—not more than four o'clock,—when on arriving at a turn in the road, about a mile outside the town, a large party was seen approaching, and

these proved to be the authorities, who had come out in full force to meet and welcome me; Eparch, Demarch, Deputy, and many others. Dismounting to speak and thank them for such a mark of civility, I accompanied them on foot, the ladies and Mr. Digby riding on beside us. It was the first time, they said, that an English Minister had come to Livadia, and very rarely even any other travellers. The population were evidently of the same opinion, for we could see them pouring out from every quarter, and by the time we reached the town, not only the streets were full, so that there was only a passage left for us in the centre, but every balcony and window was quite thronged with spectators. It lent a very animated aspect to the place, and was a sudden contrast to the solitude of our journey, but in the torn, travel-stained condition that even one day's mountain ride in Greece invariably entails, we did not feel in fit costume for such a triumphant entry. The ladies complained especially, for, "could they have anticipated such a reception, they might have provided accordingly and donned some regal dress before we had quitted the last mountain track."

Nothing, however, could be more cordial than the whole reception. The Eparch made many excuses, that his house was too small to offer us, but M. Paspali conducted us to his, where his wife was waiting to receive us. Daylight was still bright; therefore, after partaking of the welcome glukò and excellent coffee, we proposed at once to visit the gorge and cavern of Trophonius, our host acting as guide.

The way led through the streets and Turkish-like bazaar, from some points of which we had a good view of the plain below. From this height, it looked fairly cultivated, laid out for some distance in gardens, many

very luxuriant, but still having a malaria look, from swampy portions here and there visible. We now also found that we had seen the best aspect of the town just before entering it. Scattered over the two declivities above mentioned, there are but very few houses on that to the left, on which was the ancient town, whilst the greater portion is massed on the right hill, likewise crowned by a mediæval structure, with fortifications and towers, ascribed to the Catalans. The ground is brown, arid, and unwooded, out of which the houses rise in varied colours, making a most picturesque effect as you approach. The better class are apparently suburban and detached, but this quarter shows a curious combination of good new dwellings and large remains of barbarism. Just before entering Livadia we had met a good rushing mountain stream, with two mills at full work, and unfinished though these were, still the first sight reminded one of those semi-agricultural, semi-manufacturing villages, or hamlets, one so often meets in Germany. But close beside them the Turkish pavement still remains, neglected and dislocated. Some straight streets have been commenced in the town, and others are promised. There seemed no lack of inhabitants, at least to judge by the streets, but the stir of our arrival had, they said, brought a more than usual number abroad.

We passed through the new bazaar, arranged on the Turkish plan, but much wider, and by the new church, just risen above its foundations, built of grey marble and the ordinary stone of the country. It had been begun some time since, but had been stopped for want of funds, and will ultimately cost a large sum of money. The view from this point is now most picturesque and striking, and the Queen, when here last May, suggested

converting this into a square, before the church; but I doubt much whether it will be improved by Her Majesty's plan, which the Eparch intends to carry into effect.

The Hercyna flows—a fine large stream—to the left, over a rugged torrent-bed, crossed by a lofty old Turkish bridge, with a characteristic mill beyond, and as background the grey and red scored ridges and cliffs of the gorge of Trophonius. On arriving at this spot, our host pointed out the "Thaumata." They are in full keeping with the reputation of the place. A large pool, fully supplied by springs that bubble up with considerable strength, is the well of Memory—Mnemosyne; and another well, corresponding to that of Lethe, was said to exist close by. We searched for the same freshness of spring, however, in vain—a drop of water in a hole was all our guide could show; for "the rest," he said, "was always dry in summer." But the scenery here was magnificent. Stones, huge fragments of rocks, tumbled down together, hurled by the winter's waters, form a chaos testifying to the desolation produced by these fierce irruptions. These lay in numbers just under the cavern of Trophonius, which is inside of a straight face of rock, pierced with many holes. The particular one, supposed to be the entrance to the cave, is only a small orifice, although said to measure four feet; but it is very much choked up by sand. Just above it, in the rude rock, a few letters are traceable at intervals, but without any symptom of a plane surface or attempt to connect them together. I read clearly ΕΥΡΟΛΟΣ, at least I was told that the last letter was a Σ; but I could not discover its shape, and could barely see that it really was a letter. Our companions told us that Odysseus, the Palikari chief of such doubtful renown in the Revolu-

tion, had gone in; but he had advanced only a short way, owing to the foul air inside, and gave no distinct report on his return. The local theory is that this was the exodus or sortie, and that the entrance was from above, somewhere in the fortifications;—a question which can only be determined by some future excavations. There are many holes, both natural and artificial, in this face of the rock; a great number evidently ex-voto niches, such as are to be seen in other parts of Greece, as at the Pnyx, Daphne, Delphi and elsewhere. One of the largest is close to this opening alluded to; but there did not seem to be any other inscription.

High up, on the opposite face of the hill, is an open cavern, converted into a chapel, where service is celebrated once a year, on Saturday in Easter week; but why on that particular day, or what was its origin, I could not ascertain. The priest never fails, but the congregation is often very small, for the approach is full of peril, as in many places they can only pass by holding on to iron clamps let into the rock. Many Christians took refuge there during the stormy days of the War of Independence, thus saving themselves from annihilation by the Turks; and from gratitude the chapel is to this day kept in good repair. The gorge is very bare of trees, and closes grandly just behind the site of the oracle; but on the low ground, at its base, there is a little timber and one or two small farmhouses.

Night coming on, we returned to dinner; and later, I had much conversation with our host, who was communicative and intelligent. He was here during the Daveli and Karabaleki times, and familiar with all their doings and incidents. Daveli, he said, was young, not more than twenty-six; whilst Karabaleki, his second in command, was forty at least. The former always acted

in an open manner, whereas Karabaleki was secret—κρυτὸ—and cautious. They behaved very well, every one said, to Mlle. Boudouris, who spent two months with them on Mount Helicon, and went home looking stouter and fresher than when she had left. Every civility was shown to her; and on leaving, Daveli made her a present of her mother's jewels, which he had taken from Chalcis, and also gave a present to her little brother and her brother-in-law, Dr. Kaleiopoulos, who was with her at the time. In speaking of himself, my host said he had been an *employé* of the Government; but finding he made no progress, and got no more pay than a common soldier, he became a lawyer, and is now doing very well.

The general want in the country is—hands and knowledge, and there are neither. Agriculture is at a very low ebb in this district, indeed everywhere, and not one-half produced or gathered that might be with a little more management. The principal produce here is cotton—daily increasing—and grain; but the wine is very indifferent. The Government allows the *Dime* to be paid here either in money or kind, but money payment is preferred, especially where the magazines are far apart—three miles being the proper distance between each. They all look, he said, to the Three Powers for direction. The English have abundant means; and if they could only be persuaded to interest themselves, all would yet be well. I remarked that in Europe there was a general impression that "strangers" were not looked on with favour, borne out very much by my own observation; but this he denied, saying that none were better received. The drainage of the Copais lake would reward any expenditure, any capital; many thousand stremata, or acres, would be gained for cultivation, which are now

only a source of loss. Not only is the ground covered by its waters, but the contiguous land rendered unfit for use. The Greek Government does nothing, nor intends to do anything. Speaking of education, I noticed, and he admitted, that there is no agricultural training given in any of the schools, except in the special model farm of Tiryns and Nauplia. He complained, too, of the immense army of officials everywhere. It was scarcely possible to pass a day without encountering hosts of them, ill-paid and ill-efficient.

CHAPTER IV

LIVADIA—RIDE TO THE MONASTERY OF ST. LUKE IN STIRI.

RISING early, I sallied forth quietly at seven, in order to sketch the cavern and gorge of Trophonius, but I did not escape observation, and was immediately met by the Eparch and all the authorities, one after the other, who insisted on accompanying me. They conducted me to a small enclosure of stones, which had formerly made a kind of receptacle for a well, of which the masonry is so far ancient that the blocks are decidedly not modern, but it looks as if recently put together. The spring did not seem very lively, though a small issue does exist. It is immediately close to the orifice of the cavern we noticed last night. The inhabitants, however, give it no more distinctive name than that of κρύο, or *cold*. The well of Mnemosyne is also enclosed by ancient masonry, and the Turkish bridge divides it from that of Lethe. Two women were washing clothes in it this morning. My sketch having become impossible, I postponed it to a later hour, and my guides politely offered to return after breakfast and show me through the schools.

Accordingly, I first visited the Demotic school, attended by 140 boys. The school-room was large and airy, arranged on the Lancastrian plan, and the instruction was given in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and religion. The first class were reading passages from the Scriptures when I arrived, and a little

boy of eight years old, in fustanella and goat-skin, gave the passage from the gospel, "What is the Law?" and "Love thy God with thy whole heart," with more emphasis and discrimination than I have commonly heard in Greek schools. A *cantilena*, substituted for conversation, is the rule in most others, which spares the trouble to master and pupil of making out or rendering the meaning. Where colour and emphasis are required, one must know where to place them, and this at once detects the reader's knowledge and feelings, or the contrary. It is a fault universal in all countries and schools, treated as a trifle, and yet the whole thing. This little boy read with more truth and discernment than all the literati I have heard read orations at Athens. Questions followed on sacred history—Abraham and Lot —addressed to others at my request, but the result was not successful. The first boy answered well, the others scarcely at all. They hardly knew who Abraham and Lot were, to the discomfiture of master and scholars. It almost looked as if the first had been a show boy, brought forward for the occasion.

The explanation is generally synoptical, not analytical, which gives words more than things; exercises the memory; more than reflection. Of this latter the master seems to have little conception. The fault lies in his education at Athens. He dictates, more than discovers, or allows the pupils to discover. The elliptical method is to a certain degree practised, but not so much in reference to thought as to phrase. The Lancastrian is still in use, and all the regimental part of it in full vigour. The classes are divided by boards, placed with the numbers at the end of each division, comprising a certain set of benches; the walls hung round with tables of reading and arithmetic on the most approved plans, and made use of by

the pupils; whilst the black board is in general operation for geographical and arithmetical lessons. In all these outward appliances, and the healthy, cleanly, and fresh character of the school-room itself, there is no perceptible difference between this and the best country schools in England or Ireland.

The discipline was founded on the same system. It was shown to me from the beginning. On entering, the boys were ranged on either side, and then saluted the master *à la militaire*—the hand to head—on passing by, with much precision and promptness. The master, standing on his pulpit, gave the signal with his bell; each class then defiled to its place, indicated by its board. Arrived there, comes a second signal for prayer; a short one is said by the master, and repeated by the boys, who all cross themselves devoutly. This was followed to-day by "God save the King," not in parts, but unison, and rather false in note and expression; for, be it said, the Greeks have no natural ear for music. A second hymn came next, in praise of the Queen, who is here, as elsewhere throughout Greece, treated as co-sovereign, an idea that is industriously encouraged by the authorities; οἱ βασιλεῖς, as the Greek papers now always call their Majesties. After these proceedings begins school proper.

All this is good, and well enough executed, but I could not see that the singing extended further. Drawing is not thought of, neither are agricultural, mechanical, or domestic arts. The sphere of study does not go beyond, as I have said, reading, writing, arithmetic, and some feeble geography. No lessons on objects, or anything approaching to them, are thought of. Language has all their care, even to minuteness. The practice of grammar is constant in every school throughout the country, and

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its effects are already seen amongst the people. Dialects are somewhat preserved, but foreign words are disappearing—Turkish first, and then Italian. The children, as well as masters, delight in grammatical victories, and pursue their verbs through all their ramifications with keenness and pleasure. Instead of the former Romaic grammar, the ancient is adopted as the foundation—rendered more simple, it is true, and become more palatable now by a late edict of the Ministers of Instruction, striking out the verbs in -μι, the dual number, and some other of the minor distinctions between the two. This branch of study, well taken care of and ardently pursued, is signally successful. No inspection could bring about more.

The writing, too, was creditable, but not so bold as it ought to be, nor so clear and practical. On my inquiring why they had not adopted the order of the Ministry to substitute the handwriting of the best MSS. of the 12th and 13th centuries for the present, the master pleaded that he had not received any of the copies promised, and admitted, with the authorities who accompanied me, that it required much reform. In fact, in most cases all modern Greek writing is simply a mass of complication and confusion, some of the letters being merely foisted from our European, or falsified, and ought, as the language is, to be purified.

The boys looked healthy and sound, though far from being distinguished by beauty or intelligence of *trait;* they are not, however, heavy in build, as I found to be the case with many of the adult population. In size, heaviness, and want of ear, the old proverb, Βοιώτιος ὗς Βοιώτιον οὖς, still seems to hold good with their parents. The "crasso sub aëre nati" must feel it, as well as their predecessors.

From this we went to the girls' school, also roomy, well ventilated, and tolerably clean. Light and air are seldom wanting in any of these schools; yet they are generally situated in the middle of towns, and not always eligibly placed. This one is in a by-lane, approached up craggy ascents and through broken-down houses, left in this state since the Revolution—now more than thirty years ago! Almost universally, the approaches and neighbourhood are insufficiently cared for. The schoolmistress was in her pulpit at the head of the school, one girl beside her, and the others at the side of the room. Her bell sounded the signal, and they marched to their places, decorously, accurately, and modestly. They were all remarkably clean—no rags, and many well-dressed, for they were of all grades, some the daughters of the first people in the town. All go to the Demotikon, because,—1, there are no private schools; 2, no convents; and 3, little disposition or talent for private instruction. Hence, democracy and equality grow up with the physical and mental development. All start equal. This is no violation of national habits, but a sure preserver of the equality now reigning. It is here in the nature of things, and its consequences are greater than imagined upon the whole of social existence.

A prayer was recited by the little girl standing beside the mistress, repeated by the others, who made the sign of the Cross very devoutly, and then followed the two hymns, precisely as in the boys' school. The expression of "God save the King" is entirely lost, and no other music, that I could hear of, is taught, although one is told at Athens that instruction in singing is universal. The usual programme was in operation—reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography; but of the latter only the

merest elements. Religious instruction is principally derived from Scripture lessons, with explanations and additions to make the meaning clear, but sparingly used, merely to support without paraphrasing the sentence. The book they were reading was a selection from the Proverbs of Solomon. The reading was quick and facile, so also the grammar. I asked if the reader understood what she read, and was answered, yes; but on pushing the matter myself, I was not surprised to find that neither she nor any of the others in the class comprehended anything of the matter, either of the general meaning of the sentence, or special of the word. The point stopped at was in describing the comparative happiness of the righteous poor and the wicked rich—the words ἐστραμμένον χείλεα—false or twisted of lip, double dealing. The child had no idea of either the phrase itself, or the meaning of the writer. The schoolmaster, who is married to the mistress, came in, and flying to her aid, tried to give an explanation, but from the children's countenances it seemed to produce no result, and probably the book was beyond their age and capacity. I wished to inquire further, but the next batch brought up did not look more promising, and those behind seemed even worse,—so I asked for the needlework. Some good embroidery was produced by one of the girls, of intelligent countenance and good manners; then more, worked in gold and silver,—for caps, slippers, fezzes, tobacco-pouches, and purses, all remarkably well done; girl after girl pressing forward with great eagerness, desirous to show her work. Had I encouraged them, the whole school would have come forward. The Eparch, in his Bœotian good-humour, smiled and observed, "This is their feminine glory and peculiarity." "And a good one it is," I observed, "well worthy of a principal

place in girls' education." Pity it is not exercised further, and girls employed in learning household and other domestic matters, so defective in Greece. There was plain needlework also, of various kinds; in short, in this branch, one had nothing but praise to bestow.

The writing, too, was both creditable and careful, and I asked leave to take away a sample; whereupon Euphrosyne Photiade tore out two pages at once from her copy-book and presented them to me, one from the ὑπόδειγμα, or sample, and the other from dictation. The substance of the first was a short description of the expedition of Thrasybulus to expel the Thirty Tyrants, in which it is especially mentioned that he was assisted by the Thebans,—interesting to these Bœotians,—and the other was a passage from Scripture; both of copper-plate precision and clearness, and far superior to the boys', but much too feeble and minute, although here the old character was adopted.

The mistress told us there were about sixty girls, none above fourteen years of age, coming from the neighbourhood, as well as from Livadia itself, and they all attend and pay very regularly. The schoolmaster is a solid, heavy-looking man, and his wife, much on the same scale, was educated at the Arsakion, or Philopaideutiki,—the institute for female teachers in Athens. There is no inspection beyond that of the Eparch.

The next visit was to the Hellenic school; decidedly below the average, and comprising only two, instead of the ordinary three classes. It is attended by not more than forty pupils, divided in two small rooms, low and not very well ventilated, arranged with a pulpit and desks, like the Demotic. They were reading when I entered from the usual Chrestomathia, or selections, the "Dream of Lucian." The exercises consisted in trans-

lating, one might almost say paraphrasing, it into modern Greek; little more than loosening the ranks, and diluting the compactness of the ancient into the feebleness of the modern. It was well understood, however, and accurately rendered, showing a fair elementary knowledge of the subject and the writer. The parsing was equally good, evincing great quickness and rapidity in following out the grammar, though with no display of refined critical acumen. The reading itself had the common sing-song defect, with little regard to stops, either complete or partial. The Germans count one, two, three, four, according to comma, semi-colon, colon, or full stop, and have the reason why explained to them. Few people have more to learn in this respect, or can learn it better when they like, than the Greeks. When going away, the master made me an allocution in choice Hellenic, thanking me for the honour done him by the representative of such a nation as Great Britain, their protector, and great supporter of Hellenic studies. "It was one of the proudest days of his life, and he would remember it to his tomb."

Having finished the schools, I asked about the manufactories, of which I had been told there were three. One appears to have been quite mythical; the second, an establishment for dyeing in scarlet—κόκκινος,—was believed in by the Eparch, but on consultation with the Doctor and others, it was found to have expired, the proprietor having failed; and the third was merely a washing or bleaching establishment, situated on the Hercyna. Thither we proceeded. It was nothing more than a small common house perched over the rocky torrent-bed, through which the water flows with much power, unlike most other Greek rivers, during the whole year. A rickety wooden ladder led to the balcony,

whence we looked down into a hole beneath, and witnessed the most simple of operations, in what is here dignified by the title of manufactory. The waters rush into this hole with force, whirling round and round any number of goatskin capotes that may be thrown in—we counted ten or twelve,—and when left there for some hours, they are simply taken up and dried. Half-a-dozen in this state were hanging on the railing and in the adjacent passage, but there was no room specially appropriated to them, and above all, no workmen. The operation performs itself—*se fait:* still the owner makes by it 8000 drachmas per annum, as well he may, charging three or four drachmas for the washing of each capote. Nothing can be more rude and primitive. It is on a par with the village washing. And yet this, with such water power as the Hercyna furnishes in summer and winter, in the heart of the town itself, is the whole manufacturing glory of Livadia.

I learned, however, that the water, which does so little in the town, is of more service in the neighbourhood, feeding the gardens which stretch from the base of the hills some distance into the plain, and, with the poplars, cypresses, melon beds, vegetables, and fresh fruits, make, as I have already stated, a good green border to the arid rocks of sullen red and grey on which the town stands, but which at the same time gives a false idea of general culture. This "marvel of verdure," as the inhabitants call it, is soon cut short. So also at Damascus, Thebes, and Athens. The διέξοδος ὑδάτων, on which Scripture so much insists, is wanting. Intelligent patriots admit this, and say that far more might be made of the advantage. What becomes of it afterwards here—whether it is let loose to breed marsh-fever and malaria, I could not ascertain.

I next inquired for the prison, but there was none. They send all their prisoners to Athens. And to what a prison!—the Medrissi.. Why not to Thebes? only a day's journey distant. They did not even admit that they had a provisional or temporary one, and I suspect that a house, ill-secured, was the sum total of their wardship. Perhaps this may be some eulogium; little crime does not need prisons, but ignorance and apathy also neglects them. They possibly just have a "lock-up" house, but so bad that they preferred keeping its secrets to themselves. In tribunals they are equally economical; an *εἰρηνοδίκειον* only, but one, as they said, not worth seeing. Yet here are lawyers, a host of them—apparently flourishing; more than enough even for an Athenian court of justice. But there is a great deal of law in Greece, out of court; counsels, documents, contracts, notarial and other. Law on a par with our attorneyship is an indispensable article of life, as has always been the case, in Greece.

There is only one hospital, too, and that for contagious diseases, although it is called a military one; but it is not exclusively confined to the military, every one suffering from endemic or infectious disorders being taken in. There were few sick at that moment; not more than 20.

Yet Livadia is far from healthy; in a retreating hollow of the mountains, shut in by high rocky chains on either side, with a deep gorge opening on it, swampy ground below, subject to rain and inundation, and no sanitary precaution or defence, it must be, as a matter of course, the seat of periodical fever. And so it is. This season, they complain of having had more than their usual share; and what else can be expected, without any precautionary prudence, and no cure of the evil when it

does appear? Generally, along all this Bœotian plain, one is on the edge of a great marsh, fetid with malaria, and, as a general rule, exposure to the malady can be calculated by the lower or higher elevation above the swampy ground. Yet this is not an invariable rule. Rhion, on the Corinthian Gulf, situated on the level of the sea, encircled on the land side by a swamp, used as a prison, and as a Greek prison—with all that word suggests of close packing, bad living, and the most limited practice of washing—although close to the water, and periodically scourged by intermittent fever, has this year been capriciously exempt. Nor is there much local disease there, and scarcely any deaths. This I learned lately from Dr. Treiber, Chief Surgeon to the Army, who, however, does not profess to account for the mystery, πολλαὶ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμόνων, and of none more than of Æsculapius.

Livadia, a principal place under Frank and Turkish domination for its strategical advantages, and of sufficient importance to give a name to the province, still holds remembrance of and pretension to its former position. It reckons itself not always second to Thebes, and, at all events, before the rest of Bœotia, which well it may. Yet no one comes from Thebes there, whilst many go thence to Thebes. The position is no longer of more than provincial moment. For the present, it merely gathers and prepares the produce of Parnassus and Locris; but with the opening of ports along the northern shore of the Corinthian Gulf, and the roads, which may possibly be made later, the stream of supply will principally flow in that direction. As an inland station for traffic, it is idle to think of it, until a proper road to Thebes is opened. It is now counted as eleven hours distant, though the Queen, we were told, made it in

three, with fresh horses, cantering royally the whole way, as is her wont, and is the manner in which she sees the country. Now there is only a mere track; but nothing would be easier than direct communication, for it is a perfect level the whole distance, and not more than 33 English miles from Thebes. But in winter it is now impassable. Flood and swamp cut off all intercourse for months, as effectually as they formerly did the Frank chivalry.

Yet there is some stirring of the dry bones, and building up of ruins. Besides those suburban dwellings I noticed on entering Livadia, I saw many new houses begun, and some lately finished—solid rather than elegant. In the woodwork the slight advance of civilisation is principally observable. Nothing can be more helplessly rude. The doors do not shut, no windows keep close—all is raw and harsh; they have the worst tools and the worst wood, knotted and gnarled, justifying Pliny's sneer at the forests of Parnassus and Eubœa. Of paint, too, there is an epidemic horror. In many houses there is no attempt at it; and when attempted, it is of the worst quality, and never renewed. But in this Livadia is hardly behind Spezzia, Hydra, and I might almost add Athens, despite all their marble halls and staircases. The locksmith work is not better. Locks and bolts are fixtures, and do not meet their fit places in the doors. In a word, like the M.P. by whom an opposition member was addressed as the "learned gentleman who is totally ignorant," one may say that the skilled labour of this country is altogether unskilled. The inhabitants account for it by the draft of all hands worth the drawing to Athens, leaving nothing but the most inferior behind. This is no doubt true; and there is, besides, a high premium from scarcity. Masons and

carpenters get wages out of all proportion with the means of livelihood, even when there is no special pressure; but common labourers do not receive more than at Athens, for even during the harvest and vintage they are seldom paid more than three drachmas per day. Skilled labour is the expense, and this runs through all its branches. Hands, hands, hands! is the cry everywhere, yet I see no one putting their finger on the reason why there are no hands, much less proposing a remedy. Oriental fatalism clings to them. "Sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper." Just the reason that it *is*, is sufficient reason that it should *be*.

The day was lowering, with occasional sweeps of rain, still I was determined to carry off a sketch of the wonderful gorge of Trophonius, and finally succeeded, despite these gusts—menaces of worse—and the numberless black pigs snorting and sniffing in hosts all the way up the defile before me. Had I needed encouragement, I should have found it in the delicacy and courtesy of my accompanying friends, in and out of fustanella, who, to their honour be it said, were an example to many a country with far loftier pretensions to good breeding, pointing out and burrowing out everything they thought could interest me; helping me over torrent and broken-up inscription, clearing away rubbish and turning aside water, and, withal, chatty and gay without a shade of the impertinent or intrusive, stopping short just at the proper point. While sketching, not one looked over me, and none spoke above their breath, as if there were something in the exercise of the arts, no matter how executed, which commanded and instinctively obtained their respect.

Returning to our host's house, the weather still looked black and thundering towards Parnassus and Helicon.

"Ἐχάλωσε ὁ καιρὸς," said our guides, forebodingly—in other words, "The season has broken up," in which I inwardly felt many reasons to agree. Everything, however, was ready for departure, and some gleams of blue appearing at that moment, we decided on moving on as far as the convent of St. Luke in Stiri, instead of taking the road by Skripu and Chæronea. Looking up at the sky, the decision seemed rather desperate; but this time, as on so many others, fortune proved favourable to the brave.

Bidding a cordial farewell to our friends and cicerones, and warmly thanking our obliging host and hostess, we left Livadia at half-past eleven o'clock, and took a north-westerly direction towards Distomo—Parnassus right in front, and Helicon stretching off to the left of our road.

The first part of our journey lay through an extensive valley, shut in by Helicon and its outlying spurs to the south, its offshoots forming a chain towards Parnassus on the north. The whole of this tract was overgrown by a thick brushwood of lentisk, agnus castus, myrtle, and above all, prinari, with a winding pathway worn through it by successive foot and horse travellers. No house, no village, no symptom of habitation or culture, humanity or production, was to be seen for miles. The monotony of desertion and neglect spread everywhere. But the brilliancy and sharpness of the green, the shining glossy leaves of rich perennials, the sparkling drops of rain still further heightening their freshness, broken only by the black turfy footway, speaking of the richest mould, made a striking foreground to the glorious mountain framework beyond. Parnassus, cloven into three great independent ranges, shifting into new forms with every change of cloud and colour, with Helicon, more

detailed and characteristic, at our side, were now our companions for several hours. By degrees, a north wind rising, the clouds rose too, like curtains—changed their character, and went drifting off to the west. The effects altered over Parnassus. The great central mass, which stood in huge proportions right upwards from the valley, like an enormous Ehrenbreitstein, was almost lost in mist and rain when we first set out. We saw little of it except its base, and, at a great height, large masses of black rock, rising here and there above the darkness. At length the sun began to peep, but was too weak to make its way through the mist. It lay entirely hid. Not so its rays. Down they poured in their splendour at times, in warm haze from behind the solid-looking clouds —and they always look solid in these skies—on the rough flanks of the mountain, everywhere marking the giant anatomy with vigorous light and shade. It was a succession of new creations; of other mountains on a mighty scale.

After some hours' travelling we came to a large platform, or to a projecting mass, rising abruptly on our right: two rocks, detached from each other, with a cave in the first, called the "Rock of the Raven." All day long we observed, coming from Parnassus, and Arachova particularly, parties on horse and foot, as if hastening to a fair. They were coming down with their produce to Livadia. A large number of them made halt at the fountain of this place, and we stopped too,—sketched the rock with the cave, and climbed up to the brow by a rugged brushwood-covered ascent. Hard by stood a small house, a station for soldiers; for this in late years has been the focus of brigandage in this neighbourhood. The rock rises ruggedly, and is crowned by remains of Greek foundations, difficult to distinguish

from the stratification. I got up, however, sufficiently near to examine and convince myself that they were not natural: true Hellenic; the fourth order of construction. Probably it was one of the many mountain φρούρια,—the name they still bear,—to watch and guard the entry into Phocis. Rain coming on we had to return, and sat down to lunch in a sheltered spot near the fountain. When the shower had cleared away, we were all again on horseback, bound for Distomo. No reliance as to hours or distance can be implicitly placed on agoyiate or courier information or calculation. There was no watch but our own in the party, and no notion of time. Our former agoyiate on Helicon could not even tell the hours on the watch. He only judged by the day; but that varying much at different periods of the year, his only cry was always, "We must save the light."

Passing over a valley covered with brushwood, and a desert of men and houses, like those we traversed earlier in the day, we soon entered a pass called the Στενὸ—or the Strait—a gorge, with high mountains on either side, and a rough torrent-bed below. The road as usual ran in a very narrow line, sometimes varied along the side of the mountain with patches of Turkish pavement, broken up, or slippery to a degree that made it perilous to ride along them. The valley was black with lentisk and prinari, and the mountains dotted with clumps of the same, or single wild olives. Beyond, rose towering a monstrous rough-ribbed wall; the grand perpendicular, precipitous flanks of one of the Parnassus subdivisions, still crossed at different intervals with flashes of white clouds, or solid, steady, gloomy masses, resting on the hollows, behind which the Muses might very well be imagined. The prevailing solemn, grey, and splintery ridges of

this most noble king of Hellenic mountains continued powerfully to affect the imagination with the sense of gravity and inaccessible majesty. Emerging, after about half an hour, from Stenò, our mountain difficulties gradually lessened; the rock fell into declivities, and then to broken valleys, diversified occasionally by those isolated precipitous or tumular rocks which suggest, and are often the sites of, small provincial holds or fastnesses, or the acropolis—where pottery is found below—of vanished ancient villages.

We now found ourselves on an elevated platform of a light, limestone, oxydised soil, covered with a profusion of prinari, but which at length yielded, at intervals, to olives and arable cultivation. A fierce wind gradually rose, which, like the Tourment, our horses were not very willing to encounter. Journeying on over this high ground, we saw still higher to our right—with finally a stretch of apparently good houses—the village of Distomo. But as the day was advanced, and we were as desirous as the agoyiates to reach St. Luke before night, we left it someway to the right, though conscious that on the long and bare hill above it, were the ruins of the Acropolis of Ambryssus. Moreover, we should have liked to test with our own eyes how far the apparently excessive eulogy of Pausanias was well founded. On leaving Distomo behind, we kept still on the height, and soon passed by a narrow mountain ridge-like road along the flank of the chain prolonged from Distomo to the south. In a little time the mountains came closer, and our path, up and down, nearer to the edge of the precipice. But at every step it seemed to be improving, and at length wore the appearance of a well-cared-for drive through an English park. A large semicircle of mountains swept to the east and south-east,

totally bare, of the usual melancholy stone grey, whence came sweeping gusts of north wind,* which gave new sensations of gloom and severity, well in harmony with a mountain wilderness. Below, however, the valley, formed of the detritus of ages, was rich and diligently cultivated. Arable alternated with pasture, divided by trees and hedges. Houses sparkled behind cypresses and poplars, and villages now and then peeped over gentle uplands, or from sharp spurs projected from the incumbent mountains.

The pathway now stepped into a close hedgework of evergreens, and rose again to new and more elevated eminences. At length a fragment of ancient Hellenic construction met us, a good portion of angular work of the fourth order, well preserved, and immediately over an angle of the mountain, with a precipitous descent right beneath. It was surmounted by a cross, and intended to mark the nearer precincts of the convent. In a few minutes more we saw the domes and buildings of the convent itself, some new, the greater part old, on the flank of an otherwise bare hill, directly below us. We at once urged on our steeds, but found high walls, dead silence, and no entrance. Our first idea was that the baggage and its gendarme had not arrived, and that the community were for the most part absent. But after coasting the other two sides with similar results, we at length reached the point where stood the Hegoumenos, with the community in a body, ready drawn up to receive us. Dismounting from horseback, we cordially shook hands with the Hegoumenos and the other heads, and listening

* For the effects of wind in this neighbourhood, see the passage in the Hellenika, v. i. c. iv. p. 17-18. The accidents there narrated, as well as the notice of the brushwood, would account for the substitution of πελτάσται, instead of ὅπλιται in predatory warfare, so common in later Greek history.

to the usual speech of welcome and congratulation, we were at once conducted to our apartments, and presented with excellent glukò and coffee; after which we were discreetly left to make our own distribution of the rooms, and to take a little rest.

CHAPTER V.

MONASTERY OF ST. LUKE IN STIRI.

In the short interval before dinner we proposed to visit the church, but the arrangement of our apartments was not quite such an easy affair. The Hegoumenos had most politely yielded us his own. The ladies had the largest room, and mine was not far distant; but panes of glass were wanting in the windows, and the doors did not shut. However, an abundance of carpets, of Arachova manufacture, were quickly produced;—our provision of cord, gimlets, and other such trifles came into play, and before long a skilful contrivance of curtains and *portières* seemed to promise the effectual exclusion of wind and weather. Meantime the storm was every moment increasing into a hurricane. The approach to these cells, up a half-brokendown ladder-sort of staircase, and a kind of ante-room, with the rooms abovementioned, formed our "apartment." In the Abbot's room, spacious enough, a map of Greece constituted the sole ornament. On the table were five or six publications of ecclesiastical music, and an Italian lamp, whilst low divans made a bed by night with the aid of Arachova carpets, and a sofa all the day—and sometimes a very dangerous one, too. There also lay on the table a well-executed portrait of the Hegoumenos, in pencil, framed in common deal, which we later learned had been made by Reitschel some years ago, when on a

visit here with Thiersch for several days, to make studies for the decoration and painting of the repaired Greek-Russian Church at Athens. This floor was boarded (but mine was stone), the walls were whitewashed, and a shelf, a silver watch, and a little cupboard, with half a dozen books of most commonplace kind, completed the furniture. But the edition of the Septuagint, published some years ago by the Greek Church at Athens, was conspicuous in the collection. By aid of the Arachovas we made the stone floor and broken windows tolerably comfortable; still it was a poor *gîte*, though better than many a richer one.

At length we proceeded to the church. Everywhere, every way striking, was the first effect. The front dimly seen, looked like that of St. Mark at Venice—all is unchanged, as at its foundation. It is as early as the twelfth century. The legend runs, that a holy hermit—the word is ὅσιος, not ἅγιος—Loukas of Stiris, who had retired into these wilds, prophesied to the Byzantine Emperor Romanus various successes in war, in acknowledgment of which he built the Μονὴ and church. In this district the achievement was great, though communications were better and more frequent, and hands more numerous and skilful than now. The whole of the old arrangement, therefore, is visible;—an undoubted exemplar of the old forms and appliances, now as then in the same Christian use. The entry is by the great central door. Then comes the vestibule or narthex, with vaulted roof and mosaics; the entrance to the church proper; the choir and transept, if so to be called; the iconostasis, with bema, diaconicon, and protasis. The choir is crowned by a lofty cupola, supported by arches; the church has a second story, or gallery, around, and sustained on arches; allotted, as at Constantinople, to a separate

service, though not to the women, and therefore cannot properly be named the "gynaikion." The whole character, assimilated to Sta. Sophia and to St. Mark by the Hegoumenos, is inspired by a similar spirit, but much more resembles specifically the Russian church at Athens, Ἅγιος Νικοδήμος, in its original state.

It has been, and is still clothed and floored with marble, or marbles, but all so dim and dark, and perhaps dirty, that they make a solemn rather than a brilliant effect. The cupola, or τρύλλα (the old Greek word, still used by the monks), is all mosaic, as well as a great deal of the minor arches of the church, and is well lit by windows around, many of which are now shut up, and plastered over with vile tracery by way of imitation. Saints, stiff and architectural, stand between. The dusky light of lamps, struggling ineffectually against the day, gloomy with wind, storm, and rainy cloud, and the hour—nearly six—with all those colossal and austere men of the elder time standing bolt upright side by side around, the effect heightened by the great head of the Saviour, looking down, with face and hand of blessing, from the centre of the vault above, lit by the last pale gleams of the tempestuous evening, together with the low voices and mysterious lingering odours of incense, were singularly impressive, and to be laid up by the side of a similar twilight visit to the Franciscan church and tomb of Maximilian at Innspruck. The day dying altogether, and the thin wax tapers being feeble against the rapid night then overwhelming us, dinner-time, too, approaching, we were compelled to retire.

The Hegoumenos dined with us; his expectation, and our invite: I should rather say "pic-nic'd," for he sent in a contribution of bread, wine, and grapes. The bread was dark, the wine sour, despite the resin, though he said, it

had next to nothing of that mixture, but the grapes were fine. He spoke no language but Greek; so much the better —for it gave the frame as well as the picture; one half, at least, in these countries and natures. He thought otherwise, and laid great stress, then and later, on foreign languages, thinking with Charles V. a language was a man—and more; that, if not the most important, it was at least one of the most important parts of all education. How could it be expected they should know anything when they could not communicate with the rest of Europe? "They had no ways, by-roads, ports, or language, for getting at strangers." But he was to be compassionated. His profession was the Church, but also arms: he had served in the revolutionary war, wounded Turks, and killed some, too, and had been wounded himself, pointing to his arm; had received the medal;—"certainly, to be sure, he had fought,"—and seemed to look as if he would again, "against the oppressor;" but as to literature and learning, it was only four or five years ago since he had learned to write and read:—as strange an avowal for the head of an ecclesiastical establishment as that of Canaris, who, when Prime Minister, told me, with great candour, that he was "totally unlettered,"—ὅλως ἀγράμματος.

This Hegoumenos was about fifty years of age, and ten more in appearance, and by this admission confirmed what I heard from Misael, Archbishop of Patras, namely, that half the clergy only could read and write, and many of that half scarcely do even so much.

With all this, he was not so completely out of the world, even in that wild part, as he set forth. He went sometimes to Athens, and brought back lights. This was not so difficult a task; he rode off to Livadia, then to Thebes, then by Cassia to the capital. No passage exists round Helicon, without difficulty, danger,

and time. Had they a road, he might get to the sea, and if the Austrian steamer would now and then touch along that coast, it would be a great blessing, double all their produce, and enable all the neighbourhood to profit. They must now take everything to Delphi or Livadia. I asked if the port was good, and a road easy to be made? "The port opposite to Anticyra is capital, now as it was in all times, and the distance from the convent only two hours, or six miles down to the plain." Why have they not made a road then? "Because we have no funds, and the Government will give none—and there are no people in the way to make it. We must bring them from elsewhere. There are difficulties—serious—but the returns would be great." "With all this, the people cross their arms," I answered, "and do nothing. Why does not the Government make the road and impose a tax afterwards, according to the amount of benefit?" This never occurred to our Hegoumenos; and no wonder—it does not to the Government itself.

I asked him if the monks worked—*propriâ manu*—for there were differences in different convents. Some worked always, and some never. Some kaloyers were mere ploughmen; others, like the Megaspileon fraternity, scarcely scratched their gardens, all their farms and villages being hired out. "They worked," he said, "but not so much *propriâ manu* as by direction. They did not plough, it would not be decorous; but pruned olives, planted vines, took care of bees, were always out and about. When we arrived, the community were at their work. The whole of the valley, and a great deal more, belonged to them. From personal labour and superintendence they had made it what it was. They were poor notwithstanding. They had a large tract, and several

metokis, some in Greece,—at Patras, and other parts of the Peloponnesus; some were as far as Wallachia; hence, half their monks—about fifty or sixty—were abroad. Their whole returns did not amount to more than 1500*l.* a year (it may be double), and they are borne down by debt for repairs of the church and other matters. They had to borrow at high interest, and pay as they could."

Then came the exactions of brigands; and—quite as bad—of the King's troops, the Irregulars. When Daveli's gang was in vigour in that neighbourhood, they were not secure from his irruption and plunder any one day. There was no remedy. Pay or suffer was the motto. If no money or provisions were forthcoming for his troop, goats, lambs, kids, sheep, cattle, were seized *ad libitum*, or, from vengeance, destroyed. Even life and person were insecure.* Their walls were strong and high. It was well enough behind these, but they had to work the day in the fields, and were thus forced to venture out. They never did so without a misgiving that before night any or all might be victims! "Did the Government give no aid?" I asked. "Aid!" he replied, contemptuously. "Oh, yes; aid certainly, but the aid was worse than the foe. Nothing could be worse, we thought, than the Klephts, till we had those amongst us who were sent to drive them off. They came in here, sat down as masters in our best rooms, ordered everything, took everything, abused everything, and paid for nothing; but when they had sated themselves, eaten, drunk, and smoked, lolling with crossed arms, they, in a lisping voice, asked

* This region from Delphi to Chalcis was always notorious for brigandage. The philosopher Menedemus sends the wife of Alexinos safe. Τὴν γυναῖκα παραπέμψας ἐκ Δελφῶν ἕως Χαλκίδος, ἐυλαβουμένην κλωπείας τε καὶ τὰς καθ' ὁδὸν λῃστείας.—Diog. Laert. l. ii., c. xviii., s. xii.

us, 'Where are your brigands?' but took care never to go out against them, and reported that the fear was exaggerated, and they were not to be found. We lost greatly every way by this assistance—in quiet, property, and goods. The brigands did not touch us whilst the soldiers were here; but they were no sooner gone—and we were glad enough to get rid of them—than the robbers came down on us again. The Klepht evil was a chance—this was a certainty. We might meet the one, the other was always by our side. We could not be worse friends. The Government in the meantime made parade of suppressing and clearing off lawless brigandage. Any one who whispered the truth, and showed grounds for it, was denounced and punished. We know all the secret orders given, when a certain 'Anglos,' a Smith (he could not make out the pronunciation of the Anglo-Celtic* names, but was quite up to the identity), was travelling;—what pains to make a show to him of order and security! Poor Lasespiades was well punished for letting the secret out."

He then went into the whole of that silly and nefarious proceeding; with the particulars of which he was as familiar and correctly informed as if he had lived at Athens, or, I should rather say, Thebes. The whole was a sham and falsehood, as we have right good reason to know, from beginning to end.

* This refers to Mr. Smith O'Brien, who came to Athens during the interval between his being permitted to leave Australia and to return to Ireland. Becoming violently Philhellenic and devoted to the Greek Government, he would not believe in the existence of brigandage or any of the evils so much complained of. Finally he made a tour in the interior, when orders were sent to all the authorities to hide all defects, and to take the utmost precaution to prevent his being captured by the robbers, who abounded in the districts he intended to travel through. On his return to Athens he published a letter eulogising the state of the country, and denying the grievances alluded to, but unluckily a secret report of the authorities got into the papers at the same time, and revealed the systematic deceit which had been practised on him.—ED.

I asked how felt the villages and countrymen? "How should they feel, but opposed to these marauders? They robbed and murdered right and left. But there was no hearty aid, no system, no proper or sustained direction from Government or officials. The people were left at the mercy of these roving criminals. No one had head or authority enough to get them to co-operate in a common action; the moment they did, matters changed. See how the Arachovites finished Daveli — for they did it much more than the Government. The spirit of the people is excellent, but the Government do not know it, or don't care to know." I asked if there was any law or regulation to require and organise their co-operation, or to compensate for individual injuries by general communal taxation. "Nothing of the kind; there was some years ago a law of that nature, but it was abrogated or allowed to die out. Now, all is quiet, and likely to continue so." This, I observed, was the time to put all in order, and this law amongst others; to which he vehemently nodded his head. He laughed at the idea of duping the people on these matters; the only people duped are distant foreign Powers.

We talked of Greek convents and their rule,—"their only one," I observed. "That of St. Basil," he said, "for men and women, from which there is no change or divergence." "But St. Anthony," I said, "who preceded St. Basil, was the true code-giver." "St. Basil brought it more into written rule. Hospitality was a general duty, and literature sometimes, sometimes agriculture, sometimes both, became their occupation; but the first, very little of late. The 'Holy Mount'—Athos,—was indeed an exception; but *there* they had libraries, quiet, protection, and means." "Quiet certainly," we added, "for the feminine sex was excluded; though there were

exceptions, when Lady Stratford de Redcliffe, for instance, was admitted with her daughters, and joy-bells rang for them,—the first ladies seen there since a Russian Princess, some centuries ago." "So much the better," said our Hegoumenos, who on this occasion did the πεφωτισμένος—"why not? God says, man and woman were made for each other, and I do not see it is right to separate them. How would the world continue if such were the case?" I don't know whether this is as monastic as it is "orthodox." The Hegoumenos did not seem to think he was saying anything extraordinary. He was rather a new light on other matters too. The new Russian church, or old one repaired by the Russians, at Athens, was spoken of. He knew nothing of it, but he knew that he did not particularly like the people about it. To be sure, he felt, with all Greeks, gratitude to one of the "benefactor Powers;" but he did not like all their hypocrisy. He did not like them with their heads bowed down and long lank hair carefully brought to each side, and humble mien, and hands crossed,—and here he imitated them very graphically. "I hate all this, it is hypocrisy, and Christ always hated hypocrisy. Can't a man be good and pious without all this cant?" I asked how the monks got on with the inhabitants? "Perfectly;" the Arachovites and others were an earnest, healthy, laborious race; the women tall and robust, who did more than the men; worked at every thing, and worked well, walked to any distance, and were always fresh, and never ill. They it was who managed the house, farm, everything, and stood out best against seasons, robbers, and losses, never despairing, always struggling to the last. They, and all the people about, were a very different race from what I saw at Athens. Indeed, he doubted whether the last were Greeks. For the most

part they had little to do with the Independence or the fighting. How could it be expected that such men should care much for those who had? I asked how came it that the heads of the Greek convents were not members of the Synod? He said he might have been one, by becoming a Bishop, but he did not wish it. He did not like the life, he wished to remain as he was. But as to that, the Greek Abbots ranked above or before many of the Bishops. Their dignity was marked, even in their dress. His was particularly splendid. He should like me to have seen it: and he proceeded to describe minutely each part. They had their crown, and their mandua. The whole was so rich, it was requisite to take care of it. He had it locked up near the church. On grand days it was taken out and worn. On those occasions he had the Pastoral Staff and the Metropolitan crown, heavy from the enamels which it contained, and was seated, even when Bishops were present, on the episcopal throne.

I asked him, did he know many of the Synod at Athens, or other clergy? "Some," he replied; "Pharmakides, an excellent man, and first-rate writer, who, like himself, might have been a Bishop, but preferred to stay where he was. It was a sort of banishment to be sent from the capital into the country sees; and he was, besides, what few are, less clerical than literary. And Misael, Archbishop of Patras, was an excellent scholar, and a kindly man, whom he loved greatly and esteemed."

This and other similar talk lasted through dinner, which on his part was meagre. He did not eat meat on Friday; and although some of us had fasting fare, he would not share it with us. Instead, he had a dish of "eight-footed polypus," cooked up into a mash, a horrid mess! even to look on—washed down by the resinous acid wine, and followed by black bread and

grapes. Αὔριον, "to-morrow," was the significant word with which he took his meal—of course calculating on our stay as a certainty. After tea, and consultation, and reading-up of Leake, Vischer, and Pausanias, we were glad to get to bed at a little after nine, the wind still howling through the whole building dreadfully—"From the north," it was said, for our consolation, which is supposed to keep off, and does so elsewhere, clouds and rain. I was tired enough to fall in a moment to sleep.

October 16, *Saturday.*—Called at six. I rose at once; but the carpet-curtain could not be pulled up, down, or aside, without having furious mountain whirlwinds through the broken panes rushing in upon me. The morning seemed worse than the evening, and all prophetic of a bitter cold ride. Lighting my candle, I dressed, and coming out, met the Hegoumenos peeping out of a room at the side, who informed me, much to my dismay, that it had been raining during the night, was still raining, might rain all day and all to-morrow, and for any other number of days consecutively.

Going down the rickety staircase into the court and cloisters, his report was sadly confirmed. I strolled into the church, and then to breakfast, where all were in great perturbation at the news. Here we were at the extreme limit of our excursion; no way of escaping, no return, short cut, or retreat. By Livadia, a day or two of rain would overflow, if not the plain, at least the treacherous, small, swampy rills and pools called rivers, and render a passage—without risking the mischances of the Frank chivalry—impossible; by the roots of Helicon, into Bœotia, there was no road at all practicable, and no house; by water, no steamer touches at Anticyra or the opposite shore, and we should have to go to Delphi, six hours' ride, to catch the Austrian; but even that did not

come by till Thursday. No consolation came from the monks, true Orientals. When we asked about the weather, they replied with sang-froid, "How should we know? the weather is in the hands of God."—"What is your experience?"—"It rains here sometimes one day, sometimes sixteen; sometimes with wind, sometimes without; sometimes in summer, and often in spring and autumn, but oftener still in winter." And so left us to our inductive reason. The "ainschallah" of a Turkish Bey when asked, "Shall we soon arrive?" was not more provoking.

After much consultation, and many projects, which ended in nothing definitive, like most such consultations, we left all to Providence, like the monks, and despairing of improvement in the weather,—the rain continuing, and the clouds collecting in huge rolling black masses, charged with storm and inundation, on the mountains, so as to hide the nearest of them from our view,—we went down to the church to examine it more minutely. It well deserved it. The Hegoumenos and half the monks flocked in to help us.

The first thing which strikes one, as contrasted with Santa Sophia, is the height of elevation proportionate to the plan. There is a double story round, and, in the usual way, on arches; a sort of transept, and a lofty cupola. This has all more of a Latin than a Byzantine look. Santa Sophia is broad and spreads out, its dome low and flat—a *tour de force*. It does not resemble the Sepulchre or Monopteral, as at Jerusalem, but comes nigh the idea of a modern cupola, one-third the breadth to the height. The windows here are all around the dome, however, instead of lighting it from above. The effect of this is not good, for the lines of their frames are curved and oblique, and give the appearance of falling

inward. The quantity of light, too, must have been excessive—suggested or demanded, no doubt, by the mosaic decoration with which it was sumptuously clothed. The ground is of gold, on which the isolated figures of the saints stand out boldly and clearly.

The entablature which supports the cupola is ornamented with the regular Hellenic *fleuron*, clumsily executed, but the principle preserved. The windows around are headed with little ornament. The porches and side aisles, if so they can be called, are round-arched, as usual beyond the semi-circle, and the ornamentation is plain.

The mosaics are for the most part well maintained, especially at the sides; some pieces have fallen, which show the nature of the work: gold ground, with other colours thereon, as shown by pieces given to us, of glass, with thin leaf of gold, covered again with glass or talc.

The design and execution of the decoration is most interesting. Tolerably simple, and of good taste, the elements are very perceptibly Hellenic—more so than in the Roman works of a much earlier period. This is attributable, as now in Athens, to local causes and influences. I found numerous combinations of the Byzantine and late Roman. The *fleuron*—mindful of vegetable or floral origin—branches out into a great variety of luxuriance, but in its midst the old architectural ornament is prevalent. This at times distinctly becomes the fleur-de-lis. Have the Crusaders copied from it? or does it explain better than "Bees" or "Lance Heads" the origin of the French "Fleur de lis?" would be worth while inquiring. Here it is universal, and appears the ornament κατ' ἐξοχὴν. The iconostasis is not remarkable for its sculpture, its carving being poor and recent, and

the bema is miserable. The ἁγία τράπεζα, or altar, is bare and wretched—had no cloth, no ornament, no propriety. A cross or crucifix of wood, with the figure painted on, but so as to appear sculptured, was placed upon it, whilst over the altar hung a scarlet sort of canopy, such as is seen at San Ambrogio, at Milan, and of which the attendant monk gave us much the same explanation.

There was no rood-loft, in the ordinary sense, nor cross thereon. The ornamentation of the supporting entablature is, however, worth notice. Amongst other ornaments are large projecting bosses, sufficiently barbarous, but interesting as the suggesters of those which are to be seen so often on Turkish and Saracenic gates, and which probably were borrowed from the Greeks—like those of the Gate of Sion at Jerusalem, they certainly being borrowed from the exaggeration of the rosettes and other foliaged ornaments of the Hellenic, modified by the late Roman. The Saxon element may be detected in the Gothic; but a difference exists in each variety of this ornament. In the Turkish, it is the military, assuming the form of a cannon-ball,—corded; in the Byzantine, a bud; whilst the Gothic is rich and expansive, with various diversities of the flower. The Gothic bosses are, however, not indicative of the rise, but decline of art,—lavished with pretension, often like pendants, without reference to their origin or application.

The walls and pavement of St. Luke are all marble of various hues; red and grey predominate, but from long neglect and force of time they are dull now; where not broken and heavy, the original brightness is striking in imperial brocaded gorgeousness.

The paintings, I had expected, would have corresponded, but they are recent. The most interesting are those of the iconostasis, of which the Panagia, Our

Saviour, St. John the Baptist, and St. Luke himself, are ascribed, and properly so, to a certain Michael Damaskenos—or from Damascus—and are the most curious. They have all been so much, and the three first so coarsely, repainted, that there is no coming to a conclusion as to the details, and one must stop at the design. They all differ from the true and *serré* Byzantine, and bear much the same relation to it as early German art to Italian; clumsy in proportions, particularly the extremities, such as the hands—especially of the Panagia, to the right—and are far behind the Greek in dignity and purity of expression. The canon has evidently been lost in a sort of naturalism—perhaps some such revolution as that between the early Umbrian school and Giotto. It is odd, however, to find this in a Damascene.

This is further borne out by the divergence in design. Our Saviour, though preserving the colour and attitude *de rigueur* in the Byzantine, has a more vulgar and less grave physiognomy. The Panagia, or Blessed Virgin, is treated altogether differently from the accepted tradition, especially in reference to the Child, and of which type there are examples in other parts of the church. In general, the Blessed Virgin, in an architectural or statuesque form, stands or sits facing the spectator; the Divine Infant held before,—the face turned in the same direction,—is in the attitude of blessing, "liturgically." All this has a meaning—it is the why the painting is there at all. Treated independently, as very soon it was in the Italian or German schools, the whole becomes an ordinary subject for the painter, to be dealt with, and is dealt with accordingly, and, of course, all sort of liberties taken with form, attitude, costume, and expression. Compare the Greek Madonna, as rendered even by Hesse, in his elegant translation, with the Madonna della

Seggiola, the perfection of naturalism, and the reckless mannerism of Carlo Maratta, Sasso Ferrato, Luca Giordano, and Baroccio. They belong not to the one society —I might say, to the one religion. Salvator Rosa had full right to complain.

The Panagia and Child are here detached from the church and congregation, with which they have no link, and are about an action of their own or the painter's. The Child is turned, contortedly, to the left of the painting, as if directed to some one without or beyond—a trick, as so often in Italian art, to admit a display of anatomy, and pedantic affectation of drawing, much better dispensed with, for it is a display only of grotesque ignorance. The expression of the face is neither one thing nor the other. It has lost altogether the hieratic, and not attained the natural. So also the Panagia, especially the head. It has the Greek type as far as general contour; the oval rather approaching the full-moon beauty of orientalism and plumpness than the ascetic calmness and spirituality of Greek Byzantine art. The eyes are of the Byzantine wide-open type, instead of the almond-shaped Egyptian and Asiatic; but the mouth, losing all its grand fulness—the glory of old Hellenic art, never wholly lost in Byzantine, as it is not in actual living Greek nature—is squeezed up into a prettiness which reaches the pettiness and primness of the most thorough French pastoral school. The colour of the dress, however, and the accustomed stars, are all retained with scrupulosity. It is an odd junction of discordant elements.

The Baptist is apparently from another hand. The traditional attitude, colour, and physiognomy—the usual green leanness, as befits feeding on locusts and wild honey—are here visible. He holds a head in a platter,

in his hand—*his* head, as intended to signify his decollation—a very infantine and blundering application of symbolism, but which is not confined to him, and which accounts also for the head-carrying, even without the legend, in the pictures of St. Denis. The St. Barnabas carrying his own flayed skin, in the Duomo at Milan, brings this very naïf phraseology very far down in art, and Sant' Agatha is a still more flagrant example. There is another curious instance, too, of this tendency. St. John here has wings, and of good size and strength, which hang down perpendicularly from his shoulders—a confusion, obviously Greek, between ἄγγελος, in the sense of Angel and Messenger; he is here in his precursor character. I do not think I have seen it elsewhere, but the Hegoumenos and others said it was common. The carrying of the head I have noticed more than once at Athens, and I think elsewhere.

The fourth painting is a full-length of the Blessed Luke, ὅσιος Λούκας—not a portrait, of course, of the saint, but of the monk or hermit, or the conception of the day. The face is venerable, but not emaciated nor pale; the colour reasonably good, hair not very long, nor beard quite so full as in the Basils and Gregorius, and other hermits of the deserts, such as St. Anthony, St. Hilary, and above all St. Pachomius. He has a long dark tunic,—torn,—a purplish mantle tied at the collar, and then linked rather fantastically in one point only. In his left hand he holds a scroll, on which is a sentence ascribed to the saint, for I observed reference to it in other places, and the purport of it was that excess of food was the mother of all licentiousness. This is the traditional form, traditional arrangement, and is seen in the representations of Our Saviour and of all the saints. In his right, is, I think, a chaplet. The crozier is in the

form of a T. The figure has little of the ascetic; not the rigid perpendicular attitude of most of the Greek saints. It is also remarkable for the whole tone being somewhat rich and Venetian, the background warm brown, and all the rest browns, or more or less crimsons and cognate colours. It may have been often restored, and possibly by Venetians or other Italian artists. There is no doubt, I believe, of its being a work of Michael Damascenus.

CHAPTER VI.

MONASTERY OF ST. LUKE, IN STIRI (*continued*).

WE next proceeded to the second church, for to the principal one a second appears to have been attached, not in a right line, but at the portion of the old church which answers to the protasis. First, however, our guides brought us to one of the aisles on the left, and there pointed out where once were placed the coffin and remains of the saint. It was a very modest receptacle, now a cenotaph, nothing but a plain slab in the wall, and that very small. I asked what had become of the body. "Taken away." "By whom?" "In time of the Franks." "But by whom?" "Why, by a certain Pope—one Pope," was the answer, the whole contempt being expressed in the reluctant shrug of the shoulder and tone of the voice. "Such is the tradition;"—in short, that it had been removed to Rome. I asked "How many years ago?" "About 600," they believed. The indignation and hate were as fresh as yesterday.

The Hegoumenos then pointed to an unfinished fresco, over the head of the monument, representing the death of the Saint, with some of the Greek saints around. "Who could have done this?" "It was an artist—Ἄγγλος—an Englishman," he would have it;—who had remained here some days, and having got so far in painting as this, was obliged to stop, his colours having been exhausted; but he promised to come back some day and finish it. This

was ten years ago, and he has not yet returned. There is an attempt to produce something of the old Greek, with modern arrangement, in the painting; but, evidently, the style and thought are new, and there is the uncertainty and timidity of a modern groping his way between the two manners and characters; I doubt whether Greek Byzantine suffers eclecticism or modernising more than the Hellenic. The colour, too, is feeble and Italian-like. He evidently did not know what he was about.

In going into the second church, we stopped in what seemed to be the narthex, and in a small chamber or division walled off, to the right, were shown a great number of architectural fragments on the floor, *débris* of the adjoining church, when it had to undergo repairs. The King, the Hegoumenos told us, when passing through, had commanded they should be collected and carefully preserved. Others, also, were kept in the narthex itself. They are of all kinds, and deserve to be observed and preserved. Nowhere have I seen so easily remarkable the various styles, their contact, combination, and modification by each other. We met, on a frieze, the combination of the acanthus with a species of bud intermingled, but at considerable distance, and awkwardly put together; the honeysuckle, under complicated modifications, in which the flower principle or vegetable organism is made subordinate or secondary to the geometrical—just the transition from the Hellenic to the Byzantine, and preparatory to the Saracenic; the fleuron modified with tongue and egg-ornament, the galoche reduced to network, the Greek double-meander not yet lost, so specifically Hellenic, and so rarely seen even in the Roman works.

These, and many others I had not the time to examine, show great synchronism in decoration, which we gene-

rally look on as consecutive; sometimes at considerable distances. We found also in architecture some facts—shafts, capitals, and mouldings,—generally classed according to different ages and countries, here nearly of the same period. The general characteristics are what we see in the earliest Lombard and Rhenane buildings—not forgetting Romaic. Heavy, unfluted pillars, overtopped by capitals too heavy; first possibly by capitals which did not belong to the shafts, and afterwards by capitals formed later, and overloaded with a network of ornament, foliage, symbols, and allegories.

But sometimes there is even a Doric severity, not expected, or occasionally almost an approach to the Gothic, not in the foliation only, but in the proportions,—with an adherence sometimes to the strict Hellenic or Roman Ionic, in a heavy incumbent weight of arch, with a very thin shaft to support it. This we found afterwards further borne out by the mouldings of the windows in the galleries above, and in another place by a decided Gothic pointed arch, which, however, may have been of a later period.

In another portion of the same vestibule we saw still richer carved decorations, that might have vied with anything of the Gothic for floridity, though always under the regulation of the linear or geometrical principle; a marked distinction, which, whilst it gives lucidity, entails aridity, and checks abundance and invention. It is more in harmony, however, with the whole of Hellenic art, which, within narrow limits, showed great ingenuity, but was always intelligible. In this exists a check on the pictorial tendency and organism so noted in the Gothic. This decoration, too, was usually lavished on parts of the building not very near the eye; it covered beams of stone which crossed

from pillar to pillar, and were intended to support the arches. Such, at least, was the position in which we saw them in the smaller church, visited later; some had not been replaced, and lay in the passage near. In this small chapel, or closet, at the end of the narthex, were also many paintings of saints on the walls, greatly defaced, principally the heads, and supposed to have been done by the Turks. The dresses, semi-clerical, were curious; one of these habits being in squares, like a chess-board. The Greek Church in this particular is fantastic. It indulges *ad libitum* in all sorts of patterns and colours; crosses usually predominate, and perhaps these squares might be so pressed into the service; but they are not so precise and symbolical in colours and seasons as the Latins, each priest, it would seem, being allowed to choose colours and pattern, if not form, as he pleases.

This adjoining church, suffering much from injuries of time and men, has been put under repair. The cupola and great portion of the walls are restored in much too modern a fashion. The walls are cleared of saints and painting by whitewash; but the general form, and even the pillars, windows, and some other details, are preserved. The abominable intermixture of bastard Italian, however, intervenes. At four points at the base of the cupola, and face to face, they have had the vandalism to stick plaster-of-Paris pigeons—*bonâ fide* such, not symbolic or heraldic—meant to represent the Holy Spirit. Other villanies of the same complexion occur up and down. There does not seem to be the least idea of restoring all in harmony; for the inmates have clearly neither taste, feeling, knowledge, zeal, nor liberality. The more to be regretted, with the fragments they have retained and preserved.

Several of the pillars, with their capitals, still stand in

their places, defining the plan, which is not unlike that of the other church; at all events quite as much Latin as Greek. The cross supports are also, in some instances, still *in situ*. The capitals all differ: here the artist luxuriates. They are rich, more than profuse, but covering only, not evolving a hidden principle, seem made more by rule than inspiration. This is in perfect analogy with the other mental produce of the age, one of criticism, eclecticism, and copyism, rather than of creation, refusion, or poetry. Soul is wanting to stir the old elements into new combinations of life.

All this ornamentation is made more intelligible by being picked out on blue or red grounds—in some places gilt. This reappears also in other decorations. Doubtless a common Byzantine practice, superseded by the richer material of marble (parti-coloured, the Roman passion) and mosaic, where there were means to justify the spirit of vanity and ostentation, but at the same time a true Hellenic tradition,—never probably extinct—as we see by the Parthenon and Temple of Athena at Ægina; as they had copied or drawn the idea from Egypt and Phœnicia. It is odd, however, to meet it here, clearly written and repeated as well as preserved by the present holders.

Throughout there is a passion, and, sometimes, true feeling, for colour application. This ornamental painting, the various marbles with which the church is cased, —jasper, a sort of porphyry, brescia, and mosaic,— to say nothing of paintings, both mural and tabular, prove this. Even in the communication of light it is hardly forgotten. Circular window-holes in plates of marble, caused by want of glass, and afterwards modified into various other patterns, were introduced by Turks and Moors, especially in Barbary, and afterwards copied in various parts of the East. In countries where

even now glass is little used, and indifference to air is universal, the idea answered well. It were difficult to say whether it was intended to produce gloom; but if not intended, it still produced it here. The effect is clear and tranquillising. In many places, where the plate of marble is very thin and veined, the sun comes through beautifully clouded in rich amber, shedding a dim religious light, which might have suggested the painted window. This kind is found generally where little light is needed, as, for instance, in the side-galleries of this church. Where it comes in full flow and is most required is on the cupola: a totally different æsthetic principle from that in St. Peter's, where the dimness and duskiness on the cupola add much to its mysterious profundity, the more remarkable as not being the characteristic of the rest of the church, or of Italian churches, no more than of Italian mind, in general. The monks kept their thin plates covered, and opened them only to visitors, calling special attention to the golden gorgeous effect. So also with some portions of brescia, which they would confound with scagliola.

With all this expenditure of ornament, the structure for it is wretched. Outside as well as inside, parti-colours, red as well as black bricks, brick as well as stone, marbles ingrafted here and there, give a marvellous life and mellowness, not lowered but improved by the additional stains of age, and contrast favourably with the Quaker grey and cold, monotonous brown and green of the best of our northern churches. But masonry, as such, the mere *technik*, must have degenerated even more completely and universally than all else. The whole building is in a rickety dislocated state, not the effect of earthquake or storm, or of slow but sure wearing time, but of original unworkmanlike art and execution.

Hardly a door, window, or pillar is in its right place, few lines are drawn true, and the whole is put clumsily and carelessly together. How it contrasts with and illustrates the old and new Hellenic constructions! Years, earthquakes, wars, elements, and men have not shaken them a hair's breadth, in many buildings, from the truth and accuracy of their first place.

But there is no end of churches here; another subterraneous one, or crypt, is to be found under the principal. It is plain and solid, lightsome and dry, giving no idea of such structures in our northern clime. Here are two vast, plain sarcophagi,—without ornament, emblem, symbol, or name. Formerly there may have been the latter, for a small square space is seen at the head of one, which has been entirely chiselled over, and the inscription, once there, probably erased. Who, what, no tradition tells: in all likelihood an enemy;—not a Byzantine, not a Greek, local or immigrant;—an enemy, of course a Frank. Buchon sees in it the monument of the last Duke of Athens, slain in the fatal day near Orchomenos, with the great mass of the Frank chivalry, by the Catalans: a conjecture natural, but as difficult to verify as that accounting for the similar Soroi at the monastery of Daphne. Once a year in this place, there is a λειτουργία, "Liturgy," or a Μνημοσύνη, a trace perhaps of prayers or masses for the soul or souls of those there resting. The religious obligation may have remained and been observed, and political and religious hatred concealed, until it was forgotten and unknown, for whom.

The outside of the church is an inexhaustible treasure of colour and form,—picturesque, in spite of Mr. Ruskin, far more than architectural. Even the defects of the building in this latter respect, in reference to the former are

merits. The very supports or buttresses, clumsy as they are and almost needless, on the presumption of good masonry in the original construction, are wonderful additions to the picture, under the sharp lights and massive shades of Greece. If early, they are probably mere imitations from Sta. Sophia, where they were indispensable, without reference to cause. It is a step closer to the buttress and flying buttress, adopted on perhaps similar grounds;—an imitation, and then an embellishment, in cases where obviously not needed: a course visible in the history of Gothic, and indeed of all architectures.

Effort, however, is visible everywhere, to give effect to flat surfaces, and even lines. Besides these linger excrescences, and angles, and breaks, arising from cupolets and parecclesiæ. In the division outwardly as inwardly, stories are proclaimed by means of bands, not so much formed by marble or other fasciæ,—only an indicative kind of entablature going as it were through,—but by the management of the brick building, under new forms. The zigzag, so frequent later in our so-called Saxon and early Norman, is pressed universally into service; few of the masses that have not their courses so interrupted. The process is easy, by the angular disposition of bricks: they form a rich ornamentation, by wisely profiting of chiaroscuro, without help from colour: so also in the division of courses, by the insertion of smaller bricks, often stamped with letters or mere *capriccios*. All these suggestions are seized and carried to an infinite extent in the brickwork of Italy, the Low Countries, Germany, France, and England. The first idea is Roman-Byzantine. It is seen also, as well as colour, in the alternate red and yellow or black in Cairo, Damascus, Sienna, Florence, and particularly Venice. It has been adopted to its full

extent in modern Byzantine at Athens, in the restoration of St. Nicodemus, the Asylum for the Blind, and the Cathedral, sometimes formed as above by brick-work, sometimes painted, as in the latter. It is in the tradition and spirit of the genuine Byzantine.

Leaving the church and crypt, we visited the galleries, which recall Sta. Sophia, but no more. Far more narrow, they seem seldom used: for no congregation comes here, and they are not required for a monastic community. In consequence, they are much in want of repair, and now, though late, this has at last begun.

There is no belfry—nor bell, that I could hear. Instead, the usual monastic *Semantor*, or board-signal, is used. This forms a great contrast to the Grande Chartreuse. But the Greeks connect joy with bells, and their suppression by the Turks has now become habit. Infidels, and brute force, are habitually supposed hostile to their sounds. As an instance, see the feeling of the Giants, identified with the Moslem, in the opening canto of "Morgante Maggiore."

The church stands in the centre, and the cells of the monks are as usual around. Those towards the front form two stories: the upper is approached by a gallery supported on low arches in the ordinary style. These cells are for the most part low and confined,—rather khan-like. On the other sides of the court are offices, in a miserably neglected and dislocated state; some unroofed, and showing thorough apathy. Money is not in question, for the smallest sum would make them decent, but the perception is not Greek, least of all conventual Greek. The same is to be said of the pavement,—of all levels, and in utmost want of repair; the grass growing through the stones. In short the same neglect extends to everything.

We met, in passing through, an old woman in black, who presented a begging-box. This was a novelty, for one seldom sees beggars in Greece. I concluded that she had come to solicit for some chapel or church near, but found later that she was a καλογραῖα, or nun, who had found an asylum here, in the general suppression of convents. It does not appear quite canonical; besides the whole institution of nunneries lies under the worst repute in Greece.

Though more busy or less idle than the monks of Megaspileon, the few of this community whom I saw strolling about made no very favourable impression. No great uniformity even of habit seemed to exist,—blue or black, as the case might be, and pertinaciously dirty. Filth seems to have been considered in many countries a monastic virtue. The monks are here yellow from want of water and meat.

The rain continuing all day, with furious blasts and drifts of black angry clouds, we had no remedy after we retired but to shut ourselves up in our cells, and read or draw as best we could. W—— copied the portrait of the Hegoumenos, and got his signature, with evident satisfaction; that is, his Christian name and dignity —Isaiah, or as he wrote it, Ἡσαΐας, Ἡγούμενος of the Holy St. Luke. In this way, and reading Leake, Vischer, Mure, and Buchon, with frequent fixing and refixing of our plans, we contrived to get through the gloomy day.

The Hegoumenos again dined with us at our invitation. To-day he indulged in meat, eating, however, very little. Three long fasts in the year incapacitate and indispose for much flesh meat. For wine he preferred his own rosin-vinegar to our sherry. We had a good deal of conversation again, and he seemed more frank, at least in

appearance, even than yesterday. He saw all nations at St. Luke's with pleasure. He did not believe God so strictly insisted on smaller differences. English, French, Germans, all had their own way of seeing things. They were all Χριστιανοὶ (Christians), a great avowal, if real, —directly contrary to popular credence; the only Χριστιανοὶ in Greek eyes being the "Orthodox," that is, of the Greek church; others are only stages of more or less heathenism.—"Differences, of course, there were, and must be, but multiplied by the Church herself. Churchmen at the bottom of all—and of churchmen, principally monks—yes, monks were the originators and maintainers of all heresies." This appeared a degree of self-abnegation so new and startling, that we ventured to differ, but he was not to be turned aside from his conviction or purpose. He came back, with renewed assertion, to the dictum. He knew us to be English, and thought, perhaps, our tastes were in the line of entire indifferentism. He liked England. Englishmen told truth, and kept their promises. Was there not a great deal of religion in that?

We could not deny these verities, though thinking him a wonder amongst monks, or a diplomatist. Which? We had no means of judging, and probably never shall.

I asked him if he read much. "How should he?" he said. They have no books, and much labour, and know nothing. He again said that he knew only Greek. How should he read? In this, however, he added, he was not singular. Many were not better, even at Athens. Ask M. Pharmakydes, and others of his friends; they would say how little reading there was amongst the Greek clergy. He thought Government could make use of the convents to establish schools for the clergy; but it would require time. I told him what we found in that respect at

Megaspileon. He smiled, and said they were very rich. Here at St. Luke they had little but debts.

I asked, did they find many remains of ancient Stiris? It was situated partly in the valley below, and partly on their hill, which might have been the acropolis. "They continually found fragments of substruction and pottery," he said, "in the hill behind." I remarked some remains on entering. "That part," he said, "was old." "And another also, yesterday and to-day, on the right side of their church." That also was ancient, but he could not say what it was. They had found no inscriptions, coins, or fragments of sculpture. Probably all such things were long ago used in the construction of the convent. He described with unction the difficulties the royal founder had to contend with in bringing materials to such a height. That is possible, as to what was required for decoration, but for building they might be had by quarrying at the site. I could elicit nothing clear about their muniments or patents. I told him I had seen that of John at Megaspileon. "Yes, yes, signed in red." But he did not offer to show any, perhaps over-precaution, perhaps, more likely, he had none. The Hegoumenos took leave with the usual form of quietly placing his hand on his heart. A shrewd, choleric, not very well-tempered man, I should say, looking on his meagre, broken-up face, and hearing his somewhat hasty and harsh voice, but always courteous and obliging.

This ignorance and rudeness of which the Hegoumenos complained is, with notorious idleness, the besetting sin of all the Greek monasteries; all we have heard of or visited give much the same results. At Pentelicus, Mount Vurkano, St. Meletius, Makariotissa, Megaspileon, the same story. M—— tells me he once spent five or six days at Phanoromeni, in Salamis, in the Straits of

Megara, and had a good opportunity of judging. Few monks were there at a time; many being sent out in parties, or singly, to their metokis or farms, in Megaris and elsewhere. In Megaris they have a large extent of property. Those who remained behind did nothing. Not only could they not read or write, but they could not even read enough to celebrate the "Liturgy," and were obliged to hire a priest for the purpose. When he came they said matins and vespers, and assisted at church. In the interval they were allowed to say their prayers in their cells, that is, for the most part, not at all. No books, no library, of course, were visible. There was no common chest, and all the revenues and donations were divided amongst the monks.

He (M——) had been commissioned by —— to obtain a certain powder, said to be a remedy against hydrophobia, which they were in the habit of making up. The Prior called the monks together and said, "Here are 100 ounces required; let each monk make his portion," which they accordingly did, and brought the dose to the Prior. The Prior then received the payment from M——, and divided twenty lepta (about twopence) to each of the monks as his share. So with everything else. They all seem poor, but their proceeds are shared amongst their relations, and no one knows what becomes of the money. Government does not interfere.

Few really cultivate the soil. They superintend it, and live nearly as they like. Almost all are rich. Pentelicus has 2,000*l.* a-year,—they avow 1,500*l.*,—and Phanoromeni is richer. St. Luke admits 1,500*l.* per annum, and probably has twice as much. Megaspileon is known to possess between 30,000*l.* and 40,000*l.* a-year; 1,000,000 of drachmas in currants alone. The expenditure is next to nothing. They eat little, but have not

so good a reputation as to drinking. Some monks, not necessary to mention by name, were represented to me as very fond of wine, and often drunk, but it must also be said that popular opinion is not favourable, and these charges are easily circulated and greedily believed. Envy is at the bottom of all things Greek.

Their idleness and indolence is more visible, and their ignorance undisputed. Even at Mount Athos many of the conventuals never open a book, and their MSS. are concealed in cellars. A French traveller, there last year, told a friend of mine that he had to crawl through a sort of low door, or subterranean passage, into the "Library," and when there, it was almost impossible to find the books.

Even theology does not engage their attention; they are ignorant of their religion as of all things else. This is the shame and stain of the clergy generally,—indeed of all Greeks; some are superstitious, others infidels, but few know what they ought to profess—do not know their own tenets.

Some of the clergy—a few—are educated in Germany: most of these come back rationalists; some otherwise. One who stated on his return that the Greek Church had to believe all that the Latin Church believed, and more, was obliged to hide the idea, or he would have been denounced. And the Synod does not like to interfere, on the old principle of "*quieta ne moveto.*"

There is no fixed catechism, no instruction, no preaching, except on Sundays in Lent, and sometimes in Advent. The Synod exercises no control over discipline, either monastic or secular, though it might easily establish improvement in this respect.

Nor is there a proper ecclesiastical school. The Rizarion

seminary at Athens brings up students, not for the Church, but for Medicine or Law. They enter, although avowedly for the Church, with the idea of taking advantage of the teaching for these two professions, and frequently leave for them as soon as the term is completed. The course itself and learning is not ecclesiastical, but secular; the dress being the only clerical thing about these students. Its discipline is very loose, and a late revolt there showed the nakedness of the land. Many keep the gown, whilst editors of a paper for a time, or literary speculators.

In the University there are scarcely ten pupils in the Theological Faculty. The Professor—a laic—was accused of saying, "This is what I must teach you, but it is not what you are obliged to believe." However, there is now a new one, described by M. Rangabé as excellent.

As to laymen, for the most part they become unbelievers; if educated in France, from dissipation and bad reading, if in Germany, through German philosophy. Yet with this they have a pride about their Church and religion; it is at least a badge and symbol of nationality, first against the Turks, and then against the Latins. But the University and other institutions have deadened the religious sense notoriously, and nothing can be substituted. The *morale*, too, is naturally low, without scale or measure. There is not even the *point d'honneur*, as in Northern countries, to take its place. Greeks have no idea of it, no more than of the proper position of women. For both they substitute the French gloss. How false that was in France now appears, in many places and cases; one of the most uncourteous countries at present in the world.

CHAPTER VII.

DEPARTURE FROM THE MONASTERY—CHÆRONEA—ARRIVAL AT ORCHOMENOS.

October 17.—Up as usual at six, and with the candle as yesterday. It had been blowing and raining all night. Nicolo, however, reported some chance of its clearing off and the possibility of starting. By the time I was ready the rain had ceased some time; but the clouds, huge and gloomy, were drifting up from the opposite side, a wet point, and all were apprehensive we might have a repetition from that quarter to-day, the wind having changed from N. to S. Still, we ordered all preparations to be made.

In the interval of rain, and until breakfast was ready, I ran again through the church. All my impressions of yesterday were confirmed. It is very curious and interesting, as a book to study, for ecclesiologist, architect, and artist; but nothing remarkable for magnificence. It would hardly be noticed in Italy under this aspect. Compared for splendour to the *Certosa* at Parma, the distance is immeasurable. When everything was ready, some gleams of white, then of blue, and even a suspicion of sun, appeared to cheer us. All being complete, and the Hegoumenos having made many speeches about the μεγάλαι Δύναμεις προστατῖδες (Great Protecting Powers) and his eternal gratitude, we took leave of the community, old and young, assembled before the gates. Despite all

their defects, they made a much better impression than many other monks we had encountered for activity, good-nature, and intelligence.

We now took the road by which we had come, intending to pass by Distomo, to examine the walls of old Ambryssus, and by the Steno near Daulis or Davlia, a thriving modern village. Soon we found ourselves abreast of the small village of Stiri, the site of the earlier Stiris, on the flank of a bleak, stony mountain above the tabular land, tolerably well cultivated, over which we were travelling. I again remarked the profusion of prinari,* of which there is such special mention in Pausanias. Ahead of Distomo, but at the distance of at least a mile, we had to decide whether we should take that direction and by the Schiste, or on by Daulis. It would make an additional ride of three-quarters of an hour, besides the time necessary for examining and drawing. If so determined, we should sleep at Chæronea instead of pushing on to Skripù, as first proposed. No accommodation and much malaria being at Chæronea, we gave up again, reluctantly, the project of Distomo, reserving it for a later period. We started, therefore, for Chæronea, by much the same, indeed in some places absolutely the same, road we came from Livadia. Low brushwood-covered valleys, dry torrent-beds, bare, rough mountain spurs from Helicon and Parnassus on either side.

About half-past twelve o'clock we came abreast of Daulis, lying pleasantly on the side of a hill, beyond which, to the west, divided from us by a low ridge of rock, was the celebrated Schiste, or Triodos. Had we time, we could have reached it in half an hour. But the fear of Chæronea was before our eyes; so we contented our-

* Prinari—so often mentioned in Greek travels—is a kind of dwarf, prickly, evergreen oak.

selves with riding up to an eminence, from which a capital view is obtained. I made a sketch of Daulis, showing off its white houses in bright sun; and, behind, the magnificence of Parnassus, manyfolding, with streams of light and rolling billows of cloud alternating; the famed Triodos in the cloven road below. Poetry could not create out of her infinite stores a more intimately expressive and according scenery for the great opening scene of the drama of Œdipus.

Thence we proceeded to the east, over a still flatter country, with here and there square blocks, often in juxtaposition, marking remains of ancient substructions and sites, and soon arrived at St. Blasios, and then at another village farther in the level country.

Leake marks St. Blasios as the successor to a classic fortress on the opening of the plain. Many such must have been scattered here—πολίχνια, which as they degenerated from φρούρια took that designation, and at last sunk into mere τόποι, indications traditional and otherwise of ancient sites.

Reaching the field, and, soon after, the miserable village of Chæronea, we took up our position at the theatre, and there lunched, sitting on the lower steps and looking out on the plain, with the whole scene of that great disaster before us. It is full of gloom and mourning; the "dishonest victory" and its fatal and enduring results are recalled in every hue and line. Behind me rose up the rugged, craggy, sharp, flint-like, precipitous grey masses of the irregular acropolis, like so many others in Greece; so characteristic of the country; projections, forcibly jutting up, or running spurlike into the flat plain; fixed on as the tower of refuge, the σκοπιὰ of each incipient community, full of fears, wrongs, cruelties, retaliations, and sufferings, on their

first settling in warlike and hostile lands. Every line of it is full, even in its stillness and hardness, of some great primal agitation; a "mer de pierre" forcibly and fiercely stilled. Below me lay the scene of the "ultima vestigia" of free Greece—a great stretch of level, east and west, which ought to be like the plains of Sparta and Messenia, bursting over with milky fulness, the "lactea ubertas" of pasture and vegetation, but which, returning almost to a state of nature, through the cessation of the dwellings and labours of men, presents now a dreary waste, deviating at its extreme edge into swamp and marsh. All along, to the base of the mountains, are red and green streaks, marking alternately the dry and wet, the silent advances of morass and malaria on the cultivator.

The town, gradually sinking into the hamlet of Chæronea, is now broken into a few detached farm-houses, with a melancholy church; scattered by a sad-looking, struggling stream, and noticeable by a ruinous ancient fountain. The labours of the harvest were going on. I saw, in one of the largest of these insulated homesteads opposite, heaps of maize, on an extensive alona, waiting for threshing and sifting and other operations. But there was no crowd, no mirth, no shout, no laugh. All was still, and everything seemed done and borne with reluctance, an antithesis to the joyous harvest-home of a free industrious people, like our own, or to the traditional exuberant revel of Naples and Rome during the last days of their vintage. And, as if symbolic, a noble close,—though dimly seen, and lost as soon as seen in cloud and mist,—to all this Slough of Despond, this dismal level, towered the grand and mysterious heights and broken majesty of Parnassus; as if Greece, still, even in her prostration, showed a defying front to all changes of fortune.

And then came up, one after the other, all the succeeding histories born of this fatal field, stalking over the congenial scene, like so many Moirai or Destinies, and disappearing before or absorbed by their successor. Byzantine fiscal absolutism; Frank many-headed feudal tyranny; Ottoman sloth-oppressing and sloth-creating lethargy; each leaving worse what they had found bad, and at length surrendering the exhausted residuum to the Nemesis of the Revolution. There are many scenes in Greece which stir and teach,—none better or more profoundly than this. It is the end, as Marathon was the frontispiece of the great volume. Out of the nude sword, and out of the sword's rule, nothing of life and free-thinking and doing can come to a country. After this, Greece lived only a galvanic or borrowed life. Alexander conquered barbarians with barbarians. Hellenism was brought in to adorn his conquest. Hellas, however, had small share either in the victory or enjoyment. The whole of her after-history, even its best deeds, are only efforts how to die decorously. On this field, τέλος,—the end,—is written visibly. The inscription remains to this day.

I next examined the theatre, one of the very rudest in Greece, the rudeness of lost, not commencing, Art; rude in plan and execution. The rock is flinty, hard, and precipitous. It seems to have conquered the architect. He has accepted, not won, his position. The angle is much less open than in most others. Compare the complete opposite, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Epidaurus. The seats are very steep and narrow, allowing hardly any place for the feet. The one diazoma is peculiarly placed above. As usual, there are no traces of the *scene*, though some of flank-supporting extremities abutting on the *scene*. The multifarious applications of

Greek theatres, particularly in later times, explains this. At the same time it is not immediately on the plain, so as to allow reviews, as at Corinth, and perhaps at Sicyon. The platform is small, scarcely large enough for a retreating or retiring *stoa* against rain; and then comes a sharp descent to the plain.

What could have been the representations here?

> "Of Fate or Chance, or change in human life,
> High actions or high passions best describing."

No drama could surpass, in actors, import, or consequences, that enacted on the great stage at their feet. A wonderful accessory to the wonders of the *Eumenides* and the *Persæ* was the neighbourhood of the Areopagus and Salamis. The spectator felt a reality. But it was a closer and truer relationship here. An Hellenic audience—ten years after this fatal field—looking out beyond the scene, and listening to the lamentations of the Trojan captives, in *Hecuba*,—must have found themselves actors, not spectators,—the great Nemesis, the Ἀνάγκη, reversing the picture; and they now—as Troy had once been. There are stirrings-up of the *morale* of nations, as well as of individuals, beyond the grasp of modern drama. What a sham, the tawdry gettings-up of the best revivals of our historic dramas, compared with this! King John, even at Runnymede, would fall feebly on an English audience. The juxtaposition, not only of scene and representation, but of event and copy, is wanting. The Greeks had this often, but at no time before was a Nation the great victim. It was not ideal, or even mythic—their stern day-history: the hero, not a demi-god, but something more—a People.

I found it difficult to break from this scene and reflections; they affected me powerfully. At length we

rode down to what they called the village ; the detached cottages or cabins below ;—more truly houses, for Southerners have little of either of the former. Here we stopped at the fountain. Ancient walls and blocks, and the shaft of a pillar, were lying in the water, which—so indicative of Oriental nonchalance or of malaria, common here—was allowed to follow its own lazy will, and creep or stagnate at pleasure. The water was not good—how could it be, in such a fat plethoric soil ? We rode round to the church, where is what they call θρὸνος Πλουτάρχου, which we, without much discrimination, call the *Throne*, —not *Seat* or *Chair*,—of Plutarch ; true, every throne is a seat, but every seat is not a throne. Ancients and moderns use the word for a simple chair ; a relic of the old heroic and Homeric application of the word and thing. Crossing through a low door, we found, as I anticipated, a sort of marble chair, of late date, Roman or Byzantine ; very different from the Attic δίφρος. It is higher than most of the kind ; mediæval in that respect, and hollowed out for the back. Even the mouldings of the supports are commonplace, and do not venture on animate decoration of lion or eagle. Probably it was a church-seat of priest or Bishop in Byzantine, or of an official in Roman, times. Of course Plutarch, who is reputed a schoolmaster, had little to say to it, and the story is an invention, probably of schoolmasters. He is, in right of birth, the *genius loci* of the place, and their territorial intelligence or Divinity. I can easily understand the inspiration which the field before him must have awakened in such a mind. It were hard to resist the freedom-breathing regrets and missions of his Lives and Morals gazing upon it. Tradition gratefully retains him and his memory, even with such an instrument as this chair. He does his part at Chæronea, as Nero at

Rome, and Solomon in Palestine. If we examined a little deeper, perhaps we should find it said that he had also hewed out the theatre.

We now proceeded in a north-easterly direction to the celebrated Lion, and in about ten minutes reached a jutting extremity of the hill, at the base of which, not far from the road, was a pit, not long opened, in which, amidst fragments and stifling brushwood, lay the admirable Head. Without so "curiously" considering it as most travellers do, and deciphering the expression, (as such do who profess to see in the celebrated "Demos" the multiform character of the Athenians,) here are broadly written the mingled feelings naturally presumed to have been universal amongst the Hellenic patriots of the day at this overwhelming national calamity,—courage fruitless, indignation and wrath grandly mixed with despair. It is impossible, taking your stand behind the colossal fragment, and looking out on the battle-plain beyond, forming the sinister background and commentary, not to feel deeply impressed with something more than the ordinary rendering of the animal. It is obviously symbolic, for it was a monument to the memory of the fallen Thebans; to determined valour, unbending love of freedom, but also to a struggle successless as it was brave. It may have been the design of the sculptor to have translated the purpose into his stone. The grand and simple of the best Greek art is at least conspicuous, and with that is easily combined the noble and natural feelings just noticed. The lion head in itself has something characteristic of such emotions; there is boldness and melancholy combined. The mouth is very broadly and deeply made out, without grimace, and all the other features are in solemn and strong accord. I have seldom seen so

much passion and power, so subdued by the conditions of a high and generous nature. The head lies apart, turned upwards. It is uninjured, owing to the large and massive treatment. We counted the other portions of the statue lying about, but for the most part very difficult to distinguish or combine, owing to their depth in the soil, or the interfering brushwood. I could not say whether there was sufficient to complete the statue. The most remarkable, after the head, is a portion of the back.

I was sorry to see progress already made towards defacing the head. It is covered with names scratched over it, happily Greek, not, as usual, English; there were none of the latter that I could see. We could hear nothing on the spot of the usual story of its excavation and destruction by Odysseus, although there seems little doubt of its truth. Nor does it look as if separated by powder, not being in splinters, but in large masses. These, possibly, were put artificially together originally, for it is hollow, and seems to have been made so, like many bronzes, for the sake of lightness in the execution and construction. It is much to be desired that it may be protected against any future wrong, for it is the finest elegy extant in marble, and belongs to an epoch and a hand while Greece was yet great in arts and in arms: the end of her greatness, rather than the beginning of her decline.

This tumulus-monument of the Thebans, with the village and acropolis of Chæronea, serves as a starting point to determine the order of battle and subsequent movements of the two armies. Vischer gives a tolerably clear and interesting account of both; Leake is nearly silent. Further down, under the grey stony hills opposite, lay the Macedonians. Their position is designated

by a tumulus also, raised by Philip, instead of a trophy, after the fight.

Evening setting in fast, and the road being doubtful, we now took local guides and passed on to the north-east of the plain. The first portion was easy, though one ran a risk of getting entangled in watercourses and irrigation channels. Soon we came abreast of the tumulus of Philip, between two villages, but very visible even at a great distance; island-like, pointing conewise up from the plain. It is a curious contrast; the Macedonian monument is still fresh, the Theban tumulus and lion both in ruins.

Later we arrived at Romaika, a small village in the midst of these swamps, not without an agreeable intermixture of trees. At the entrance of the village stood the church, where M. Rangabé said I should find the archaic statue, or bas-relief of which he spoke. It was now dark, but with light enough to discover in the churchyard an upright sort of stele, or tablet rather, upon which was sculptured in low relief, almost flat, a remarkable figure,—an aged man leaning on a knotted staff with one hand, and holding in the other a tettix or a locust. I should think, probably the latter. The whole gives the idea of the early Pan, before he was degraded into a goatherd, and then into a goat. At his feet is a dog raising his head, a race of Greek small greyhounds, of which we saw one at Thisbe. The whole seems a dedicatory representation of the rural protecting deity—the primitive Pan of the locality. The expression of the head is entirely diverse from that of the ordinary Pans. It is intellectual, mild, and reflective; more philosophic than physical; bending down towards the earth; the attitude we now often see amongst modern Greek shepherds. The drapery is stiff, without

sentiment of folds; a long loose pallium, and a fillet, I think, round the head. The whole is very archaic,—the eye especially,—in the character of the Egyptian and early Athenian coins, considerably anterior to Ægina. The tablet is circumscribed by entablature and base, both early Doric; but nothing, that I could see, on the sides or back.

Resuming our journey, the way every moment became more difficult in the hazy twilight. At first we had the advantage of an intelligible track. I observed, at the side, deep dykes, running in right line from east to west, possibly to carry off the overflowings of the Cephissus, with which they run parallel. In some places these were protected on each side, besides, by high banks. There was no water now, apparently, in any. Perhaps they may be the remains of ancient Minyan civilisation, or even of Turkish. Most likely successive races took advantage of a very old drainage, of which this is only part, and the καταβόθρα the chief outlet. War, enmity, depopulation, neglect, have led, after each, to their present state. In many places rubbish has fallen in and nearly stopped them up, rendering them comparatively useless. Hercules, contrary to his usual character and mission in antiquity—the drainer and reclaimer of land, as well as subduer and suppressor of wild beasts and other nuisances, tyrants included,—is accused of having, animated by Theban patriotism, been the first to break up this civilisation, and by stopping the καταβόθρα on one side and the dykes on the other, to have let the Cephissus flow over the rich pasturage territory from which, Caïus and Gribas-like, he first abstracted their cattle, and thus to have put an end to the supremacy of Orchomenus. The legend is, probably, the event, under a reversed aspect. The disaster probably followed, instead of having caused, the

extinction of the Orchomenian power, or they may have been combined, and what had at first been temporary stratagem, having finally answered its purpose, may have settled down to the normal condition of the country. We trace its continuance through history, from Hellene to Byzantine, Byzantine to Frank, and both to Turk and Greek, nor is there much likelihood of its yielding to any new regenerator from oriental soil. The new Hercules, to repair the folly and crime of the first, must come from the North. John Bull & Co. is the only hero to put down the hydra, or to send him, manacled, out of the territory.

Proceeding, the road became more complicated. Tufts of bulrushes, lentisk, agnus castus, oleander, nourished by morass, alternated with green plots, plashes of water, and rank pools. Our guides shouted and leaped wildly, through and out of them, with defying laughter. In that dank and dull air,—a white miasma, hot and damp at the same time, covering the whole, and those black dun mountains rising sullenly by our side,—I could have fancied them the dæmons, in the classic sense, of the place, on whose savage rest we had impudently intruded. It was an easier task for them to lead than for us to follow, but our horses, always more prudent and reflective at close of day, came slowly but safely through the obstacles, and instinctively shunned the inviting green spots which often tempted them. We struggled through this ambiguous pass, loaded no doubt with fever, and from which there could have been no extrication till daylight without our guides, and rendered doubly gloomy too from the incumbent range of hills close around.

At length, our men a-head cried out, "Skripù on our left," and in about half an hour we found ourselves near its lights, but on the right bank of the Cephissus. How

were we to cross? It was a sluggish, fat, treacherous, dark-looking stream, which might not reach our horses' knees, or might swamp a whole host of cavalry. We were relieved from the dilemma by a Turkish bridge, which led the high road directly into the village, but, being above the ordinary height and sharpness and slipperiness, and without parapets, we thought it more prudent to dismount. Crossing in all safety, after threading the half-gardens and half-streets or lanes of the village, we crept gradually up to a little height above, to the convent, where a cheerful light was held out to direct us. Passing through the sounding portal into the courtyard, filled with our people and baggage, which had arrived before us, we were led to the new building just erected, into two tolerably clean-looking chambers.

Here, after the usual visit and salute from the Hegoumenos and his brethren, I was honoured by the attendance of the Demarch, who came to pay his respects and proffer his services. And both were hearty and sincere, which cannot be so boldly said of his betters. He was a man of about the vigorous but tempered age of fifty, with a sharp, intelligent, but frank countenance, voluble and superabundant in talk, wearing fustanella and sheepskin,—a fit representative of the Skripù Demos, demotic himself, but not without a pleasing cast of civilisation. He soon told me all his history, hopes, fears, wishes, and complaints. His father had been killed fighting for Greece, in Bœotia, against the Turks in 1826. He was then too young for an ἀγωνιστής, but was a true son of his country.

Skripù deserved a better fate than Government gave it; but Government cared no more for it than if still Turkish. The population drew out a miserable life of it between inundation and fever. It was wasting or

running away. Government gave promises; and once or twice sent down a man to look at them, and get back as fast as he could to Athens. But there it ended—they heard nothing more of it: fever and inundation paid their annual visit, and ruin went on. He had heard, indeed, of some grubbing up at the other end of Lake Copaïs last year, but was this, even if successful, just? why should they not begin here? In the meantime, taxes were rigorously demanded and regularly paid. He saw no hope but in God, but he saw no signs yet of His intervening. What they wanted was a man who would come down and examine and report honestly, and a Government which would take his advice. I did not much admire his political economy, whatever I might think of his patriotism, and I told him the work, to be at all undertaken, should be undertaken at both ends, certainly at the other end,* and that room being made for the waters there, they could not long continue to trouble them here. He remained silent, evidently still thinking that Skripù should have the preference. I was too much amused at this thoroughly classic trait of the old spirit of autocracy to disturb it, and got him successively on Livadia and Thebes, both of which he treated as became a Minyan, and as if some Hercules had broken down his bounds and carried off his cattle to the hated rival the day before. After a good deal of pleasant talk of the kind, and going with him, as if I had been an Orchomenian myself, in his wrath at the apathy of the Government, we broke up with his promising to act as my guide, or anything else, the next morning.

* Schemes for the drainage of Lake Copaïs were often proposed to the Greek Government by foreigners, but always rejected, in order to keep the undertaking in their own hands, without ever doing anything. Shortly after this period, Mr. Webster, the surveyor mentioned in these pages, made a proposal of this kind to the Government through Sir Thomas Wyse, but it was not accepted, and French companies also did the same, with the same result.—Ed.

Dining, and grateful at having got so well out of that dismal Serbonian bog, which nought but dire necessity, Chæronea, and its hovels could have induced us to risk, we all retired to rest. No traveller who is wise, and has days at his disposal, will imitate such an adventure. Dr. Treiber counselled us not to stay here a night, and here we were, not only sleeping above the swamp, but passing through it at the very hour in which its poisons are most active. It was the worst step in our journey, and the last I should have wished to take.

CHAPTER VIII.

ORCHOMENUS AND PETRA.

October 18.—In the interval before breakfast, I examined the convent and church. It stands at the base of the lower hill of the Acropolis, or of the ancient town, and is supposed to be on the site of the venerable temple of the Charites or Graces. Of the origin, nature, date, and ceremonial of that worship, much and mysterious has been written, little settled. I should wish to consider it as typical of an anthropomorphism or personification of civilisation. What the Muses were to intellect, the Graces were to the moral habits of ancient Greece. Odd to find both, under the heavy sky and on the fat clod-hopping soil of Bœotia—but Bœotia was first Phœnician. It was the story of Latin civilisation anticipated.

The convent is on the usual Greek conventual plan; a square with double story of cells and balconies outside, reached by rude stone staircases, the church in the centre, the whole shut up by high walls, and entered by a single arched portal. This is the ordinary form too of khan, albergo, hostelrie, hotel, seen in many towns in France, and from Chaucer's Tabard to our modern Bell and Savage, Swans with Two Necks, or Bull and Mouth, in England. The foundation dates from about the same period as that of "Blessed Luke"—the Hegoumenos insists upon a few years earlier, sufficient to give him chronological precedence. I had hoped to meet some

evidence of this inside—outside, though preserving the form, there is little—but was disappointed. It is a vile restoration of late times, picture and architecture corresponding: a bastard Italianism, of the clumsiest, in both. The only point worthy of notice is the wood-carving of the iconostasis,—most elaborate, and, though unfinished and coarse in execution, clever, and true to Byzantine inspiration in conception. The carver is a Theban, or from its neighbourhood, and the cost of the work 5000 drachmas, or 200*l.* In a part of the church they show two separate portions, in one of which they state was a round altar of considerable diameter, dedicated to the Charites, but there is no bas-relief nor inscription thereon; the style of moulding is particularly simple. Other fragments of pillars are near. Three figures scarcely perceptible, and apparently a funereal monument, were converted into the three Charites by the accompanying monk. Everything must be made to bear on its origin.

In front of the church is a statue, and circular stele or altar. The first, the statue, is remarkable. It is of the same style, character, and execution as that in the Theseum at Athens: a standing figure, with arms at the side, naked, and the head bound with a fillet. It is of the most archaic type, showing the peculiarity of early Greek sculpture and history; broad chest, narrow hips, and ill-shaped figure; the back much more accurate and pronounced;—meagre rather than sinewy. The head has the characteristic longitudinal cat-like eye, the forehead low, the mouth coarse, upper lip much longer than usual, indicating a portrait,—no ideal. Its merit is its simplicity, and particularly the nature and truth of its anatomy. The attitude is *obligé* and traditional, evidently Egyptian. The hair and fillet

in particular are curiously treated, and show art wavering between representation and symbolism. To express the separate Egyptian tresses, and at the same time the waving of the hair, the infantine expedient of cross-lines is adopted, but they are not kept at unequal and sufficient distances, being all pressed close, and crossed in some cases so as to make acute angles. The fillet is very systematically crossed at the back.

In a different place, immediately opposite, against the wall near the staircase leading to the upper cells, is a similar statue in two fragments, but unfortunately it wants the head. The same style and defects as in the preceding are here visible, but the anatomy of the back is much superior, and shows, not care only, but knowledge. Anacreon shows how much this was insisted on, and considered the superiority in this particular of the sculptor to the painter. The general execution is also better. They wished me to believe this to be an Apollo, but the portrait character of the first, and the similarity of attitude in both, though it may be something technical and characteristic, makes me believe them to be athletes. Near the first statue there is an altar to Artemis, with a long inscription curiously intermixed with stags having antlers of immense size. The work is rude, and the letters not very ancient.

At the other side of the church-portico stands, on a rude pedestal, as rude a statue, formerly full length, now a torso, the lower part being cut off. It represents Leo the Proto-Spatharius,—founder of the church. The ignorance of anatomy is as much disguised as a very clumsy suit of armour and its accompaniments could accomplish. The back is still worse, and shows how art must have degenerated before reaching Leo's day. Of the two extremes, childhood and old age, as set forth in

the athletes and in this, this is beyond comparison the worst.

The church was, for a long time, of some celebrity, and visited by emperors, bishops, and officials, of whom lists are preserved by inscriptions in raised, clumsy, semi-Gothic-looking letters on one side. I remarked in one that the church was dedicated to St. Peter, who is described, in attempted classic language, as the χορὲφορος of the Apostles, a favourite dedication, in this case adopted in odium of the Westerns. It now is called the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. The Hegoumenos, in reading it to me, which he did glibly—not so his companion, who attempted it afterwards—gave no commentary or explanation.

After breakfast we set out to visit the Treasury, as it is called, of Minyas. It lies at a little distance from the convent, towards the south, above the head of the village of Skripù, and on the declivity of the second rock of the early town or acropolis. An immense block is seen, as the lintel of a huge entrance, supported by two others, of white marble. It is buried, almost up to this lintel, in earth, and would no doubt, if excavated, to judge from the inclination of wall-surface on both sides, exhibit remains of a structure not unlike that of the Treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ. On the other side, which appears to have been the interior, the surface of this great mass is concave, and gives the segment of a considerable circle, of which it doubtless formed part, and at the same time shows an inclination of some degrees out of the perpendicular, evidently indicating the beehive or conical form seen in the Mycenæ and Spartan Hypogeia. The diameter can easily be determined from this concavity, as well as from the height of the building; it would seem much less than that of Atreus, but larger than the others at Mycenæ

and Sparta. It is well polished, yet at intervals are holes, which would indicate, as in the Treasury of Atreus, that thin plates were fastened on, giving it the character of a χαλκίοικος, or brass house, an early style of embellishment, with difference of metal. Whether it rose above the usual line of soil, tumulus-wise, from which it might have been copied, or was wholly hypogean, like the Kertch sepulchral monuments, is not quite ascertainable from these remains. Were the soil always such, it must obviously have been some height above ground, and, following the present curve, of the conical shape, terminating like the tumuli, internally, possibly, as well as externally; but there is no reasoning in the present state of the soil. It is on a declivity, and in process of time, through years, the work of man, and seasons, must and may have been worn down. The external flanking side-walls are of the transition order, from a polygonal cyclopic to the Hellenic regular. Nothing else has been found near.

The day was intensely hot, but we proceeded up towards the acropolis. At first the hill was tolerably easy, intermingled with herbage, and sloping gently; covered with fragments of pottery, generally small terra-cotta images of Athena, of archaic style,—found here at every excavation. Whilst we wandered on some of these turned up, also others of later date, hollow inside.

The sun becoming more disagreeable, the ladies returned, but I persevered with my Demarch friend, who accompanied us in fustanella and sheepskin the whole way up. The hill every moment grew more rugged towards the northern side, where we reached a steep, shelving rock, on the edge of which ran the city wall, leaving a very narrow and dangerous pathway outside. The sharp saw-like ridges of grey flint ran sheer

down to the plain. This was perfectly flat, with the sources of the Melas below, where this stream, stagnating for a while midst the green marshes in plashes of water, at last decided on stealing off surreptitiously to the Cephissus. Beyond, the bare grey mountains made, on the whole, a very melancholy scene. I examined the western side, where the second portion of the hill rises, and behind it the Acropolis, on which is the Castle, or φρούριον. Further on stretches the range of Aconium, but not visible from this side, the conical point* of the Acropolis hiding it from view.

On close examination, the wall proved to be cyclopic, with adjuncts rather than substructions of more regular masonry. I pursued the path more to the south-west towards the summit of the first hill, not yet intending to climb to the tower. The south wall is double and in large masses; the inner more cyclopic, and outward more regular, of the usual Hellenic, previous to the Messenian walls (3rd order according to Leake) with occasional projections for towers and gates.

The rock was now extremely steep and difficult, composed of sharp flinty grey blocks, as if chiselled by art, intermixed with a harsh, stiff brushwood of lentisk, prickly oak, and tufts of wiry grass, and no pathway; very like Lycabettus, in its most precipitous part, near the chapel.

Here, with a burning sun overhead, and the tower not only distant, but apparently separated, as so frequently is the case, by a ravine, I often hesitated Our Demarch finding it equally rough, though assisting at every step with great agility and cheerfulness, in spite of his sheepskin, often hinted his doubts whether we could

* This is the kind of acropolis described by Xenophon by the expressive phrase ακρονὺχια, pointed nail.—Hell. l. iv. c. viii.

ever reach the summit. The Queen, however, albeit with great loss of shoes, and distancing her suite, had got to the top. So, after a short repose on one of the huge blocks, we started afresh. All along were large remains of cyclopic, and of the same stone, behind others of more recent masonry, sometimes placed so near each other as to give the appearance of emplecton. The mountain was precipitous to the south as to the north, but more uniform and round, dun equal surfaces, like the range all along the Chæronean plain, and scattered over with rubbishy small stones and gravel, the παιπαλοέσση of Homer. On the brow, with different waving undertones, ran the wall.

Arrived at the summit, we could see the whole disposition of the ground. The lower hill here narrows into a point, whence a high narrow ridgy isthmus or creek leads to the second. This is walled on both sides. The second, right before us, is crowned by a tower. We passed this isthmus, examining the rocks. On the platform of the second hill, out on a still higher rock, stands the tower. In this rock there are cut stairs, about sixty, intermingled now with brushwood; there are then sixty more. Mr. Digby, getting before me, climbed up these steps. They are hewn in the rock, very high, and, whether by time or situation, are inclined downwards and very slippery. It was a service of difficulty to get up these, they being very narrow, and nothing to hold by on either side. I therefore first went round the back of the tower, an easier passage, and found fragments of buildings in masses, intermixed with broken clumps of rock. It required great effort to get through, squeezing amidst the brambles and prickly oak, or leaping over their sharp points from one to another, assisted by our obliging Demarch.

At last we came to the tower, a regular Hellenic structure, of the fourth order of masonry; not quite square, open on the one side, broken down by time or the violence of man. It is of considerable height, perhaps 80 ft., and must have had more than one story, of which there apparently are traces. It resembles the towers already seen at Thisbe, Grammatikò, and Messene. From thence the connection with the Mount Aconium ridge, despite a good dip between, is visible. A noble view is here obtained from all the other sides. It must have been a first-rate watch-tower for the whole country; for it commands the two valleys running up, that of the Melas on one quarter and of Chæronea on the other, with the range of mountains and their foldings from Livadia down to Zagora; whilst on the east, Lake Copaïs and its adjacent low grounds, bounded by the multiform hills beyond, separating it from the Euboeic strait, and overtopped by some of the higher and more broken ridges of Eubœa itself, are seen in the distance. No better position could be selected for the chief seat and protecting hold of a warlike agricultural colony, lord and emperor at the same time of the subjacent territory. Its commercial character and advantages are more problematical, or at least enigmatical; but it should be remembered that the Cephissus in the Minyan period must have been confined within its bed, and perhaps, the lake itself more permanently a lake. The means too of communication with Larymna were more available than at present.

The ridge separating Upper and Lower Bœotia prevented our seeing Thebes, but we could descry the cloudy summits of Cithæron and Parnes.

It is easy here to conceive the early power and superior civilisation of the Minyan Orchomenian epoch, till

rivalled by the parallel Phœnician organization of Thebes; and melancholy to reflect that all this has to be begun again in this 19th century. Looking out on this waste, magnificent in its past, and with unexhausted wealth still beneath its surface for the future, what indignation rises,—not against war or devastation, for that is their mission,—but against the self-complacent panegyrics and ignorant apathy of modern proprietorship. A Government which can abdicate or so suspend its functions, does not get rid of its responsibilities. Feudalism and Islamism may be pardoned, not so the civilisers, who seize the inheritance by the divine right of superior wealth and knowledge, and leave it in barbarian waste, Bavarian or otherwise. They are to be treated without mercy. They have nothing to plead in defence or mitigation. Property here is usurpation, until better administered. The first lesson to be inculcated on all government, from landlord up to King, is the great maxim, so little felt, so seldom practised over all the East, that "property has its duties as well as rights." The latter should be made dependent on the first—a lesson preached by every stone around us, and which the successors to Ottoman neglect and tyranny ought to have learned and practised somewhat better. So thought I, and so, no doubt, my Demarch, for he groaned, and lamented, and murmured at every step at the desolation around us. Ποδαποὶ λίθοι! the mightiness of these works was his first thought, and wonder and worship for the greatness of his ancestors, Minyan or Theban, who executed them: then followed his comparison with the present in true Homeric strain; and, at last, little less than scorn and execration at the contrast between them and his own pigmy Government—οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσιν.

In this mood, and silent, we went down, and stopping to look through the rifted walls on the circumjacent wilderness, soon came to a curious side-gate in the southern wall. It is on the plan of the Lion Gate at Mycenæ, the entrance to the Treasury of Atreus, and to the Treasury seen this morning. A huge stone by way of lintel, with side walls, forms the approach. Only three courses of irregular masonry are visible. Towers seem to have projected at fixed intervals, though none of sufficient height are now standing. On this side large portions of wall can be traced the whole way down the first hill, though approached with difficulty, and the rock, from its splintered character, strongly resembles masonry.

Going down, I had before me the declivities of the lower town, terminating by the convent, or Temple of the Graces; on the south and south-west the modern village of Skripù, marked by its red roofs, and beyond, in the direction of Copaïs and Cephissus, the other village, Magoula, intermixed with or almost hidden by trees, and not immediately adjoining Skripù or the convent. Probably it stands on the site of the ancient suburb. Arrived at the junction of the two hills which form the upper and lower town, a good view of Lake Copaïs opened before us. It should more properly be called a valley. It is only distinguishable from the land by the superior freshness of its green, and by now and then a far-off gleam, through reeds and rushes, of the sluggish, muddy Cephissus, to which little aid is given or tendered by the Melas. From thence to the convent the descent is easy. We reached it at one o'clock, after a very fatiguing and somewhat rash experiment, under a hot autumnal sun, in the heart of malaria; but I was well rewarded by what I had seen.

My Demarch renewed his lamentations and complaints of the state of Skripù. He assured me that malaria was gaining and population going out, and cultivation following in the same flight, and implored me to use what means I could to induce the Government to send an engineer, μηχανικός—some one, any one—if they would not work, at least to inquire into their position. They had no objection to pay or work themselves. They had paid and do pay regularly, but nothing comes of it;—nothing comes back. I repeated that the work ought no doubt to be done, but doubted how. My Demarch, with Skripù patriotism, renewed his demand that the Government should begin, and begin here. I said, this is an affair beyond the power or knowledge of individual, village, or Government in this country, though all must concur. It should be done on a well-digested, comprehensive plan; grounded on accurate inquiry, undertaken, if remunerative, by a foreign company, to whom Government should open the means by concession, and whom all should assist. These were new politics and economy to my sheepskin friend; but after a thought he said, if done, he did not much care how. I returned: the first point was to get a proper person, with knowledge and talent to inquire, the Government assisting and protecting; then to calculate the expense, if not to drain the lake, at least to keep the Cephissus within bounds, and direct channels to it of other streams from Helicon; next to see what gain could be obtained from such outlay, by the acquisition of new land and improvement of what is now in use; and, if fairly remunerative, to see whether capital and undertakers, for undertaking it with the sanction of Government, could be found. He thought, after a little hesitation, this would do, though not much up, it was clear, in his political economy. In a word,

he hoped I would remember and protect them, a phrase not unusual with all men and classes—as natural in this country, and far more excusable than the eternal, grasping, servile backsheesh which you hear in all parts of Europe as well as in Syria, Egypt, and different parts of Turkey.

The ladies were much troubled at our adventure, and apprehensive of its results, they having been obliged two hours before to get into the house from the intense sun. After luncheon, we made ready to start. I visited the outside of the convent first. Some pillars, which probably belonged to the Temple, lie about, and an inscription over the gateway commemorates the recent munificence of an inhabitant, by means of which the convent was enabled to build the new apartments for strangers. They would be all that could be desired, if they were only kept clean; but they never wash and seldom sweep in these convents, and they will soon be as bad as the old. Panes were already broken in the glass windows, and stuffed with bits of old carpet.

Our good Demarch, resolved to do the honours of Skripù to the end, on starting at one o'clock, took us to a house in the village, in the wall of which he said there was a rare piece of sculpture. It proved to be a portion of a frieze or altar: the head of a bull between fillets, very boldly and freely carved, the fillets especially, and which indicated a Macedonian rather than a Roman epoch. Wreaths or garlands of oak hung on either side, connecting it with another or some similar piece of sculpture. Bulls' skulls are common in Roman sculptures of the kind. Here a finer sense of art is perceptible in preserving the Bull's head. Its zoological type is much nobler than what is now visible in the country—ideal, perhaps, in its way, for the bull's head ordinarily seen is true to the usual bas-relief, as well as those of

horses and dogs. Our Demarch informing us there were "vases" to be seen at Magoula, the other village, though a quarter of an hour round, we proceeded thither under his guidance, crossing the Cephissus by a small wooden bridge. In a court-yard of the scattered village were some half dozen tube-like terra-cotta vases, which might almost have been pipes for conducting water. They were not even painted, somewhat to our disappointment. Continuing our journey, we soon got out of the village into the plain. Begging the Demarch to procure for us some of the Cephissian reeds from Copaïs if possible, he brought an enormous quantity, sweeping to the ground across his saddle-bow.

Fairly out into the hot, swampy plain, we knew that it was somewhere here the disaster of the Frank chivalry occurred, if not nearer to Livadia, in which all but two perished under the eyes of the Greeks, from the sword of the Grand Company,* avenged by the marshy *genius*

* In the month of March, 1311, the Grand Company marched down into the plain of Bœotia, and took up a position on the banks of the Cephissus, near Skirpou, the ancient Orchomenos. The level plain seemed to offer great advantages to the party that possessed the most numerous cavalry, and the Duke of Athens, confident in numbers, felt assured of victory and hastened forward to attack them at the head of the army he had assembled at Thebes. His forces consisted of six thousand cavalry and eight thousand infantry, hastily raised in the Morea, but principally composed of the Frank knights of his own Duchy, their feudal retainers, and the Greeks of his dominions. Walter placed himself at the head of a band of two hundred nobles in the richest armour, and seven hundred feudal chiefs, who had received the honour of knighthood, fought under his standard. It required all the experience of the Spanish veterans, and their firm conviction of the superiority of military discipline over numbers and individual valour, to preserve their confidence of success in a contest with a force so superior to their own on a level plain. But the Spaniards were the first people, in modern times, who knew the full value of a well-disciplined and steady corps of infantry.

In spring all the rich plains of Greece are covered with green corn. The Catalan leaders carefully conducted the waters of the Cephissus into the fields immediately in front of the ground on which they had drawn up their army. The soil was allowed to drink in the moisture until it became so soft that a man in armour could only traverse the few narrow dykes that intersected the fields of wheat and barley; yet the verdure effectually concealed every

loci. From this point, the whole relation of the three hills, terminating with the Temple of the Graces, is conspicuous. We begged our zealous Demarch, with many thanks, to spare himself, for the day was still burning, and he, though Greek, suffered as much as we did; but he insisted on accompanying us further. His father had perished at Petra, and with our permission he would be glad to show us the field. No one could resist such an appeal, so on he came, reeds and all. At last a small, murky, winding little stream was reached, horribly treacherous and black. Our gendarmes in front, as in

appearance of recent irrigation. The Duke of Athens, who expected with his splendid army to drive the Spaniards back into Thessaly without much trouble, advanced with all the arrogance of a prince secure of victory. Reserving the whole glory of the triumph which he contemplated, to himself, he drew up his army in order of battle; and then placing himself at the head of the nine hundred knights and nobles who attended his banner, he rushed forward to overwhelm the ranks of the Grand Company, with the irresistible charge of the Frank chivalry. Everything promised the Duke victory as he moved rapidly over the plain to the attack, and the shafts of the archers were already beginning to recoil from the strong panoply of the knights, when Walter de Brienne shouted his war-cry, and charged with all his cavalry in full career. Their course was soon arrested. The whole body plunged simultaneously into the concealed and new-formed marsh, where there was as little possibility of retreat as there was thought of flight. Every knight, in the belief that he had only some ditch to cross, spurred forward, expecting that another step would place him on the firm ground, where he saw the Catalan army drawn up almost within reach of his lance. Every exertion was vain: no Frank knight ever crossed the muddy fields: horse and man floundered about until both fell; and as none that fell could rise again, the confusion soon became inextricable. The Catalan light troops were at last ordered to rush in, and slay knights and nobles without mercy. Never did the knife of Aragon do more unsparing execution, for mercy would have been folly, while the Spanish army remained exposed to the attack of a superior force arrayed before it in battle-array, and which could easily have effected its retreat in unbroken order to the fortresses in its rear. It is reported that, of all the nobles present with Walter de Brienne, two only escaped alive, and were kept as prisoners—Boniface of Verona, and Roger Deslau of Roussillon. The Duke of Athens was among the first who perished. The Athenian forces had witnessed the total defeat of their choicest band of cavalry; the news that the Duke was slain spread quickly through their ranks, and, without waiting for any orders, the whole army broke its order, and each man endeavoured to save himself, leaving the camp and all the baggage to the Grand Company. This victory put an end to the power of the French families in northern Greece."—Finlay's 'Mediæval Greece,' pp. 174—176.

duty bound, made the experiment of a ford, so as to protect us from the fate of the Franks. After several vain trials, they at last discovered a favourable spot, and we crossed without any other event than a desire inadvertently betrayed by "Comfort," pawing the muddy water, to lie down. But taking the hint of a few blows, and recalled from his reveries and caprices to his duty, he passed on alertly to the other side.

This meagre stream is formidable, no doubt, in spring and winter. We thought after the late rains that it might have been more swollen and impassable. Winter I should think a very critical affair for precipitate travellers, and so seem to think the natives themselves. The Livadia and Orchomenos people declare the line to Thebes to be impracticable from these streams during the greater part of winter. We soon passed a second, apparently that near Hagios Joannes, and then a third, somewhat broader and clearer, but which, from its windings, we had to cross and recross; my learned Demarch told me it was the Korelios. After this, at a small distance, came a fourth, which closed our adventures in this way. They all flowed through a black, loamy deposit of soil, teeming with wealth if properly limed, of which infinite supplies are in the mountains near; in fine, from earth and water, site and material, are every blessing and means heaven could bestow—man only and a proper Government are wanting.

To the right, in the foldings of the Helicon range, we passed Koronea, on a conical hillock standing out like a huge tumulus from the rest of the mountain masses near; one of the many natural acropolis sites with which this country abounds; its feet stretching out amidst olive and other plantations into the adjacent plain.

A little further on we quickly approached to the sharp ridgy rock of Petra (justifying its name), which ran out bolder and bolder as we neared it, towards the very edge of the lake. This was now green, but, as I said before, wholly without claim to that designation, though, from time to time, thin threads or irregular plashes of water were to be seen. Here was the scene of one of the latest affairs of the War of Independence. A. Ypsilanti had taken up a position with three thousand Greeks, advantageous, if not impregnable to Ottomans, on the craggy heights before us. A large force of Turkish cavalry and infantry advanced from Thèbes. Want of supplies, it seems,—though they had a sure retreat into the upper ranges of Helicon behind them,—and fear, it may be added, of superior number, induced the Greeks to come to a capitulation and to give hostages. The terms, after a skirmish rather than a battle, were acceded to, and, as my Demarch told me, when I accurately questioned him, honourably observed by "the barbarians." In this encounter his father fell—and he pointed out all the sites and positions with filial as well as patriotic ardour. We dismounted near a small fountain, and then took leave, asking his name, to write it in my tablets—

Ιοάννης Σκουραδάκης—

and thanking him for the numerous attentions and unwearied services we met from him during our short stay. I was sorry to leave him, for he was one of those who represent the best element of the Greek character; lively, cheerful, obliging, active, intelligent, talkative, frank, with just enough of simplicity and vanity to give all these qualities their due stimulus and vitality.

We now proceeded, as well as we could, on a very disjointed Turkish causeway, allowed to fall into neg-

lect, round the base of a projecting spur of Petra. A most necessary work, I should think, and in winter essential, for water even now lay between it and the rock; a good piece, too, of half-stagnant water: and the reeds and rushes, showing the winter bounds of Copaïs, on the other side touched the stones. The day was now advanced, already three o'clock, yet the sun was so intense and unmitigated, even by the neighbourhood of the mountains, that our party was obliged to take refuge under the lengthening shade of Petra, while I was busied with my sketch. After a little while we mounted again, riding on in the same direction, due south, over a monotonous road; monotonous but for the bold heights of Helicon constantly before us. Zagora's saw-like sierra line came in sight once more, and a little further on, the northern side of the Acropolis of Ascra, which we noticed from the ruined tower in our ascent to Kriopigadi. At intervals the ridges of Zagora, more and more precipitous, were on one side, and the great basin of upper Bœotia, the Copaïs bed, marked by its green and edging lines of red, shut in by a belt of mountains, including Cithæron and Parnes, on the other.

Towards dark, the village of Masi, on a little acropolis kind of hill, appeared in view, on one of the outskirts of Helicon, and at no great height above the plain, over which now spread a great sheet of white haze. Soon after we entered it, when as usual all its far-off charm of tufted tree and bosomed cottage vanished. Passing through the straggling groups of houses, we stopped at a very miserable specimen, with its outlying offices. We at first demurred whether we should enter, but assured that it was the best of those in the village, and that the King and Queen had slept there three times, it was supposed to be good enough then

for us. I did not allow the justice of this logic, and was more than ever astounded after such personal experience—the truth of the data granted—that such a state of travelling could be allowed by their Majesties to continue even for one year. We were led up the usual perilous outer staircase into a lobby, with a kitchen on one side, and one room on the other, within which was a third for the ladies; the servants in the gallery outside; horses, baggage, mules and agoyiates billeted, who knows how or where, outside. However, we had our dinner here and retired to bed—at nine—with great misgivings as to the possibility of resting during the night.

CHAPTER IX.

HALIARTUS—THEBES—RETURN TO ATHENS.

October 19.—My apprehensions were, alas! realised. The room went up to the roof without a ceiling, through bare black rafters; then came a twinkling of light; children in persevering chorus in the kitchen; pigs, horses, dogs, and agoyiates outside, with a proper proportion of minor plagues, though fortunately exempt, as generally is the case in the poorer houses, from the heavy-armed Corinthians, or ὁπλίται. I dozed towards morning, and waking just before Spiro made his six o'clock *reveil*, I found a piteous cat mewing on my pillow, and petitioning, perhaps, with recollections of the night like myself, to be let into the next room. The ladies, as we heard at breakfast, had had their tribulations also, and were obliged to barricade their windows without glass.

When I got up and went out, the courtyard and outbuildings did not raise my admiration of this provisional royal palace and its court appurtenances. Roaming about, I chanced on the alona, where, going through the processes of maize-threshing, were picturesque groups of young and old, all Albanian in look, language, and costume. There lay heaps of maize just gathered; others were soon spread out under the flail, a long, soft, leathery instrument tied to a stick, with which they continued beating in rotation until they had quite separated the husk from the grain. The grain itself was rich yellow, berry-like, and bright; when collected, it was again beaten and ground into flour; and then

finally gathered and laid up for winter use. Not less than twenty were at work. I then walked to the other side. In a hollow under the village was a Vlach encampment. The singular beehive shape of their tents, was most striking, put together by means of branches of trees and leaves, no doubt of great antiquity, and suggestive perhaps of the form and masonry of the "Treasuries," which they so much resemble. Thence I looked out again on the Copaïs, and Haliartus, on the edge of the *soi-disant* lake.

Breakfast over, we set off to the acropolis of the city, —proceeding through a hollow, lying north, and immediately under Masi, then towards the east to a hill jutting out towards the plain, and on that side very steep and broken; the Acropolis of Haliartus. We ascended by a rugged path on the edge in front of the wall which advances to the brink, and runs along with indentations the whole line. A lower wall to the south connected with the upper one can be traced along the rocks above, which is made more rugged or sheer by art. In its face are many excavations and caverns,—natural, but also improved in some places by the chisel,—usual in such formations of red and grey limestone which resembled the Etruscan fortifications. The walls* at the angle are tolerably regular Hellenic masonry of the third order; at a little distance, marking a sort of cross or inward wall, decidedly cyclopean, though not of the rudest kind. From this a fine view extends over the plain, with Mount Sphynx, or Faga, to the left, as the prominent object hiding Thebes, and the low ridge separating it from the Parasopia or lower plain, in front.

* The walls of Haliartus are spoken of by Xenophon (Hellen. l. iii. c. v.) in the description of the death of Lysander: his body lying under the walls —a noble Nemesis for the Athenians just coming up at the time.

Descending, we continued the route, coasting along the high lands and declivities of Helicon to our right. In about twenty minutes we next arrived at a well issuing from the rock, with masonry in decay. The water was in pretty good flow, but not confined in a basin. Probably it is an old fountain, retained by the Turks, and as usual neglected by the Greeks. We then proceeded more towards the plain,—Faga, to the left, assuming, as we advanced, many new forms, principally that of a couchant beast: thus appearing to the others, as well as to myself, with its back more or less raised as we neared. The cultivation slightly improving, the soil admirable, principally fine black loam, now and then tending to red marl; in fine, of every variety which can be desired, with water which, if economised and managed, would create capital pasturage. Small streams from time to time evidence this.

The road—no more than a track in a straight line through the plain—might easily be made excellent. Once it was quite carriageable, but it requires looking after in winter, and it is the high way to Livadia. The Queen rode from Thebes thither—eight (agoyiate) hours, or twenty-four miles—in three hours, changing horses: an estafette rate and feat; but a proof to her and her subjects what could be done. No olives, no vines, no mulberries are visible, but tracts—without division of hedge, or wall, or path,—of maize and corn. There is scarcely a tree, no habitation, and no village. The sky became clouded, hazy and thick with rain; a true "fat Bœotian" air.

We passed a stream like a canal, and stopped at an old well, of ancient date, to judge from its rope-worn mouth, where there were some miserable trees. Faga, to our left, under a new and more imposing aspect, still bleak, and of an equal dun colour, with few broken ledges,

showing a monotonous, burnt-up, thin sheet of vegetation broken by loose stones. Finally, a view of Thebes burst upon us; but from this part it is far from inspiring. The broken precipitous sides of Kadmeia rose to the right, marked by the San-Omeri Tower,—running off to south and south-west in detached hillock-like lines on which a part of the town is built, beyond the tumular-looking red masses opposite thereto. On the left the town stretched off, marked here and there only by a red roof through the trees, to the προάστεια, or suburbs; that most prominent being Hagios Theodoros: —behind the mountain lay the range near the Hylike lake, ending in Ptoum. Not being more than half an hour distant, we sat down by the bed of a stream now dry, and lunched, in preference to waiting for our arrival in town. In half-an-hour we proceeded, and, passing through the Gate San-Omeri, were met by our hospitable host and his brother-in-law, and with many welcomes were conducted at once to his house. Having some time yet before dark, we proposed a circuit round the town, Col. Theagenes accompanying us. We first passed by the Tower of San-Omeri, to which he gave the name of the Haliartus Gate, and which is the only remains of the once famous Frankish Palace;* then round the base of

* This was a building erected by the Franks at Thebes, which was more celebrated in the days of its splendour than their buildings in the Acropolis of Athens. A single ruined tower is now all that remains of this renowned construction, and it still retains the name of San-Omeri, in memory of Nicholas Saint-Omer, who became proprietor of one-half of the barony of Thebes, in consequence of his father's marriage with the sister of Guy I., Duke of Athens. Finlay's 'Mediæval Greece,' p. 198: and again, "His fortified palace at Thebes was built with a strength and solidity of which the ruined tower affords us some evidence, and the jealousy of the Catalans, who destroyed it, gives us additional testimony; while of its magnificence the Great Chronicle of the Conquest of the Morea speaks in terms of great admiration, celebrating its apartments as worthy of royalty, and its walls as works of wonderful art, adorned with paintings of the chivalric exploits of the Crusaders in the Holy Land. A few lines in rude Greek verse and a ruined tower are all that remain of the pride of St. Omer."—Idem, p. 199.

the hill on which the town stands to another entrance, designated as the Gate of Elektra, by the fountain of Dirke, which we could only glance at; thence onward, through pleasant lanes lined by gardens, until we reached the edge of a deep ravine, which runs off in the direction of the suburban village of Hagios Joannes. This ravine we crossed by a bridge, and the stream below Col. Theagenes believes to be the Ismenus. Immediately opposite, on a small eminence, is the ruined church of St. Luke, stated to be on the site of the Temple of Apollo Ismenius.

Dismounting, we entered the church. As usual it is small, and compiled of fragments of earlier architecture and sculpture. Arches distinctly pointed, show evidence of a Frankish hand, or possibly of Greek restoration under Turkish influence. The outline and masonry resemble those of the Aqueduct. In the interior is the ordinary distribution; the most remarkable objects are two large coarse sarcophagi of white marble, covered with lichen, at each side of the altar, with long and very legible inscriptions already published. Neither has any sculptural merit; there is the usual form of foliaged wreaths, reminiscence of the ancient leaf covering of all "houses" similar to this one, with an inscription in the centre framed with meagre mouldings. The character of the letters is very recent. In spite of this written testimony, the common people persist in considering it as the tomb of St. Luke. A good large indentation has been made in two places on the lid, by pious suppliants scraping away the marble, which they reduce to powder and mix in draughts for the relief of fever. The sarcophagi are empty, and must have been so for years.

On leaving St. Luke, from which there is a striking

view, we continued round the town to the left, now and then noticing cyclopic remains, no doubt marking the older wall of the Kadmeia.

Wednesday, October 20.—I rose at six to find a charming day,—the morning clear, bright, and cool, and all the little town already on foot. I was soon out, and down to the Tower of San-Omeri. Col. Theagenes's house forms the angle of his street, from whence I turned into the Ὁδός τοῦ Πινδάρου (Pindar Street), which leads down by a gentle slope to the tower on a hard macadamised road, skirted by new but unequally built houses. The tower, half-way on this declivity, is the flanking defence of an entrance at this side, and commands the steep descent, ravine, and approaches of the north, south, and west. It is a square, massive, well-built piece of masonry, almost approaching to Hellenic, without windows, though with some loopholes on the higher part, and appears to have been continued into another range of building, to judge from a fragment still standing between it and the newly-constructed barracks near. Below, under a green hillock, are the remains of a cyclopic wall, of which some large fragments have tumbled down into the ravine close by. I in vain tried to re-find the Dirke, and had finally to relinquish the search, although I had come out for this particular object.*

Taking leave of Madame Theagenes and her daughters, Col. Theagenes undertook, with his accustomed courtesy, to show me the way to the fountain. We passed by the interior of the town to a shorter way—through the Bazaar, which is called the Ὁδός τοῦ Ἐπαμινωνδου—or Epaminondas Street—as it ought to be ; a fine, wide, airy space, with a

* Col. Theagenes is so strong a Theban that he has given locally patriotic names to his children: his son is called Philopœmen, and his daughters Timoclea and Eurydice.

creditable row of shops, in Oriental guise, on either side. Thence we got down through sundry steep, slippery, and dirty lanes, to the edge of the village, and then in a minute or two to the long-sought fountain below. All this neighbourhood is laid out in gardens, and minor fountains, tanks, or ponds are to be found on every side.

The fountain is at the close or turn of a deep ravine, beginning at the San-Omeri Tower,—on the edge of which stands the modern town, occupying no doubt the original Kadmeia, and at the foot of a tolerably steep ascent, in which there is a natural cave, leading to the town, just overhead. It was walled in or enclosed at various periods—the Turkish the last. Stones and masonry are the proof of this, and a ruinous front of Turkish architecture seems to have been the chief issue. The supply is very scant, and spreads out in a dirty shallow pool, broken by stepping-stones, on which were women washing in Greek style, with might and main, and fustanella male figures looking idly on. I saw no face or form there, no more than at my first visit, which would justify eulogiums, ancient or modern, of Bœotian female beauty. The same remark may, with scarcely an exception, be extended to the whole of Bœotia, through which we have travelled. Col. Theagenes informed me that these washerwomen are of the lower class of Albanians, poor and wretched enough. They have nothing of the freshness or fulness ascribed to the developing influence of humid atmospheres, such as in Holland, Devonshire, and Ireland, but present the customary parched, mahogany meagreness, rigid thin forms, and harsh parchment complexions, or overgrown shapeless masses of flesh seen in so many parts of Greece.

From this point we proceeded round the base of the hill to the left, on which lies the town, with a succession of gardens around. Thebes is famous, even at Athens, for her gardens, and not without reason. They are carefully divided, enclosed, and tilled; and produce various vegetables, gourds, tomatos, abundance of melons of all kinds, from the water-melon up, pomegranates, and much else. The melons in particular are in request, though at humble distance behind the Smyrniote kassabà. The vivid freshness of the green, in all its shades, thanks to Dirke and her sister Naiads, was delicious, after the hot brown aspects and rides of the preceding days, and the volcanic, crumbling aridity of the Theban soil proper, on the other side of the road, and throughout the whole neighbourhood.

Finally, we arrived at the Aqueduct. The present existing work is Turkish. Mohammedan attention to water-supply—baths and mosques required it—is everywhere conspicuous. The arches are pointed with an edging of stone, and rubble masonry between. Some of the arches are in rather a precarious state, and not likely to get much help from Greek forethought or care. Passing through them, I found all our party here assembled, waiting for me under a burning sun. I again quickly examined the bas-relief of the horseman already seen. He is mounted on a small horse, who places one of his hoofs on an altar. A sepulchral monument, like those we noticed at Thespiæ, and probably of the same low epoch, though not quite so utterly clumsy and coarse.

After a short stay, we started afresh, turning our faces towards Platæa and Athens, Col. Theagenes insisting on accompanying us part of the way. Another of his brothers-in-law, going to Athens, also proposed to escort us. So taking leave of Thebes, and regretting we had

not time to examine more critically its much contested topography, of which, with Æschylus in hand, before the Kahaeus and Elektra gates, I could make little, beyond an increased feeling for the stormy poetry of the ἑπτά, or Seven—we moved on, by a broad road, fit for a Knightsbridge thoroughfare, and under an intolerably hot sun darting down upon us—comparable to that we felt coming out of Thisbe. We rode onward, a long cavalcade, at first by the high crumbling hillocks with which Thebes is surrounded, and then over the rich but naked plain, towards the Asopus.

There are few fragments of interest, though an immense quantity of architectural and other rubbish at Thebes, especially on the Kadmeia. On every side, are drums of pillars, portions of entablatures, a few capitals, bases of statues, large squared blocks of buildings, but little sculpture, and none remarkable. In Col. Theagenes' yard there were half a dozen. Amongst them, a large portion of a couchant lion, with little detail which may make it very ancient or very recent, and it wants the head; a female figure with half-lifted veil, raised with affected delicacy—no doubt sepulchral. Many inscriptions—for these are numerous at Thebes and in Bœotia: sufficiently so to be published, at least in part. Col. Theagenes gave me copies of two in his possession, lately found, remarkable for the more than Greek adulation of even such a period as that in which Demetrius Phalereus had in such a city as Athens 300 statues voted to him! This relates to a Roman receiving, and a Greek giving. Hard to feed in those days such an appetite, even with such resources. The Cæsar mentioned in one of these inscriptions is called the "Saviour of the World," in the other, the "Son of God." How these sacred phrases became familiar in Greek and Roman mouths during the early

Empire is worth inquiry. Some others are scattered up and down the town. Col. Theagenes showed me one of some length, in good Roman-period characters, in a narrow lane going down to Dirke. Adjoining his house he has been making excavations for building, and found a good deal of ordinary Greek masonry, suggesting the site of a temple or sacellum; good blocks of stone, and some frusta of pillars. In another place he has purchased, also for building purposes, the ruins of a mosque, remains of more than one being still visible here as at Livadia and Mistra—and found substructions, large, square, and well-chiselled blocks, which I still saw *in situ*, but with no inscriptions to determine the site.

All these buildings are generally on the sites of Christian churches, as they again of heathen temples, and often even ancient churches themselves have been opened and broken up without care or inspection. In many places irreparable injury to topographical data has thus been caused. But what is to be hoped for in the provinces, when at Athens greater negligence and barbarisms, under the eyes of the Court, Government, and Education Ministers, daily take place! If they must build, although it is now too late, as some assert, to prevent all this, a plan should once for all be made, which would allow the insertion of dates as the work proceeds. They might preserve, if not the place, at least its record.

This, however, is only one of the many governmental sins of omission. Col. Theagenes, all the time I was with him at Thebes, was loud in his denunciations. He told me how when Nomarch, under Mavrocordatos, he had tried to check such Vandalism at Delphi, and prevented people building on the remains of the temple and stadium, the stones of which the builders were converting to their own use; and for a time he succeeded.

On being dismissed by the next Ministry, the old work of ruin was resumed, and no doubt with the worst result. M. de Felsen, Secretary of the Prussian Legation, says that a great portion of the substruction of the temple at Delphi is tumbling outward—one of the most precious parts of the whole topography. In a few years it will disappear. The negligence as to antiquities, of which there is such boast—"our ancestors" never being out of their mouths—is common in other matters. Col. Theagenes attributed much of this to the sleepiness and incapacity of the King (Otho), and the individual selfishness of Ministers. I well know that no such thing exists as activity, comprehensiveness, self-denial, and generosity—all self, to which all is bent. He gave a very unfavourable account of the distribution of the fund for relief of sufferers during the fatal earthquake. It was not distributed for a long time after, and when given, it was amongst favourites and dependents. He counselled caution very strongly in the Corinth distribution, otherwise the money would infallibly go astray into other hands than those of the sufferers.

He again gave me an interesting account of the earthquake itself. He was reading at the time of the first shock—very slight—in a café, and was recommended to go home, but did not think it serious, or worth while to move; the second soon supervened—oscillatory—but so strong that he at once started off; and when he came to his own house, the maid cried from the window that all had fallen in, and his family had perished. With great difficulty he rescued his wife and grown-up daughters, but a ceiling with beams had fallen down on his twin infants in their cradle, and crushed them to death. Many had suffered, and great distress reigned for a long time in consequence. Now the town was be-

ginning, though slowly, to recover. There were tremblings for weeks after, almost continually, but it was not felt at Livadia or Orchomenos, which I also heard there.

The soil over which we were passing seemed admirable. Expressing my surprise that it was not better cultivated, he answered me, it was not the kind wanted, and there were no hands. If the soil were more appropriate, inhabitants would come; it is often under water in winter. The reverse appears more natural; it is under water because no inhabitants. Both are true; a vicious circle, only to be removed by Government—not by Government undertaking, but by encouraging others to undertake; if not doing, at least helping to remove obstacles, so as to let others do. But there is no inducement to immigration—much to emigration—from laws, administration, and administrators; and this well accounts for the permanent low figure of population, obvious everywhere in Greece, and nowhere more crying and scandalous than in this magnificent Bœotian plain, of which so large a part is immediately in the hands of Government. It abounds in all sorts of soil, from deep, rich, black loamy earth, to light limestone and arable.

Riding over the plain, Thebes with its background of mountain ridges kept in view—the sharp ridges which divide its district from the deep lake of Hylike, and spread off to Ptoum, where lies Akræphium (Karditza). We noticed the same bluff, marked outline as when we arrived from Tanagra. In about two hours we reached the Parasopian portion of the plain, and then came to the river Asopus itself, a miserably muddy, narrow, and shallow stream—if stream such sluggish water could legitimately be called. It has high banks of deep soil, reed-grown on each side, over which is a bridge of good masonry,—apparently new,—and a little farther on

another, of three arches of cut stone, over a winding-back of the same river, in order to support the communication by the road, lately put in repair. We now found ourselves shut in by the two streams, in what Col. Theagenes called the "island,"—though not the island apparently referred to in the description of the battle of Platæa,—and beginning the ascent of Mount Cithæron considerably to the east of Kokla, by a well-engineered winding road. We soon stood at the extreme height, before it turns off towards Attica, from whence is a comprehensive view of the whole ground, up to the ancient Platæa on one side, and to the camp of Mardonius on the other. The road surprised us from the skilful manner it was led round the mountain, after the Italian and Austrian fashion, with good edgings, gullies, and supports, zig-zag-wise, up to the summit. But, indeed, it is the only specimen of the kind we have seen in Greece. They seemed engaged in putting it into good repair. Tents were pitched half-way down, and numerous labourers, boys chiefly, at a somewhat desultory and shuffling kind of work.

At the summit we dismounted, and with Leake in hand proceeded to decipher the positions of Persian and Greek below. We were immediately above the village of Castro, of which in the strong sun we could count almost every roof. Beyond, to the right, could be traced the windings of the Asopus by its fringe of brushwood on either bank,—some rising ground, running into a continuous ridge or upland, rather dividing it from another valley behind. This second valley must have been the first camp or position of the Persians, from which they afterwards crossed, when the Greeks retreated towards Platæa. Behind was the plain of Thebes, backed by the ridgy range south of Hylike, and, further to the left, the prominent, round-backed Mount Faga. To-

wards the centre, and about the middle place of the picture, is Pyrgos, distinguishable by its tower, brilliant in the passing sunshine. Here was the position of the Athenians. Higher up, and more to the centre, below the ridge of Zagora, stands Thespiæ, and beyond that, the grand forms of Helicon; Cithæron and its declivities are on our extreme left. On one of these is Kokla, while Platæa stands farther on, but we are in a great degree divided from it by an intervening ridge, the same, probably, on which the Persians were ultimately posted. This view, taken with our preceding one from Platæa, sufficiently explained the general lie of the ground, though of course much more care, inquiry, and time were necessary to come at a clear strategical conception of each movement. Few battles of antiquity, both from the site and previous dispositions of the two forces, are more difficult to understand or explain.

Col. Theagenes had taken leave a little before our ascent, with many renewed professions of regard on his side, and with the same on ours; but his brother-in-law continued with our party, and helped to explain many modern sites. We remained here half an hour, he gazing with much admiration at our diligence and punctiliousness of investigation, especially on the part of the ladies. It blew a sharp breeze, too, the whole time, at this point, though so hot in the plain—a dangerous risk, and fertile cause of cold and fever. On remounting, our route continued up by the same excellent zig-zag road to the inner foldings of Cithæron, gradually becoming more wooded, though many of the swelling hills were still gravelly and bare, the forms being only occasionally bold. In this respect it is inferior to Helicon, and far behind Parnassus, which is grand, broad, precipitous, and

broken. Various small torrent-beds seam the green of the fir-forest, yet in vigour here. Now and then we caught sight of a dizzy pathway and a misty chapel, but no habitation, house, tent, or kalybia. Sundry mysterious recesses ran up the glens, amidst half-burnt trunks and knotted roots.

Later, the mountain faces began to close upon each other, and to present scenery, in its more forest-like character of rock and tree, for the legends of Œdipus and Pentheus, and the Mænad orgies of Thebes and Athens. Think of such parties now, amongst our respectable circles—a continued champagne pic-nic, night and day, by way of doing religion!

At length we arrived at a gorge, amidst a well-wooded congregation of hills near and mountains afar off, and on rounding a bend in the road, a very striking view of Gyphto Kastro, or Eleutheræ, opened before us. In the foreground was a mountain torrent, now, of course, dry, beside which the road winds; on the left, on an isolated elevation, not unlike Phyle, is this Hellenic fortress, the walls crowning its summit, and running down a considerable part of the mountain, so as to command the pass through which the road leads. Between the ground and hill in front is another ravine. The sun streaming over and through the ruined walls between the towers, on the vivid green brushwood, just as it was beginning to decline at this hour, was very striking. About three o'clock we reached the khan of Cassia, and a little further on arrived at the station for gendarmes, lately erected there to watch the pass, in consequence of the prevalence of brigandage. The common people were still obliged to come with passports, which were shown here. Some of these operations were going forward during our short stay.

We dined under the station-house, and after dinner I went up the steep sides of the hill with a gendarme to the fortress, through prinari, and over very sharp stones, so as at every step to require his aid to guide and help me. The summit shows a very complete fortification in ancient style, composed apparently of two walls, connected by a cross one, the lower stretching down the side of the hill towards the pass. The wall to the north is particularly perfect. Towers projecting at regular intervals—of generally two, if not more, stories high—communicate with each other where side-doors are visible in both stories, along the inside of the wall. In this particular, as indeed in all else, even to the bevelling of the four angles, and communication of the doors, it much resembles the walls of Messene. The layers and courses, without cement, are very regular—the latest of pure Hellenic masonry. In the cross wall, protected by an older wall of the early fortress, I detected large portions of cyclopic.

Returning to the station, I found a carriage waiting for us, and we started at four to Athens. The country becomes more and more undulated and wooded. A small khan and chapel, near which are some ruins of pillars, was the next halting place; St. Melitius, a picturesque convent, on a considerable height to the left, in the distance.* Then came the village of Mandra, where we stopped a short time to rest the horses, after which, crossing some rough road, we joined the highway to Eleusis, and thence to Athens, where we arrived, thank God! quite well, at twelve o'clock, after a fortnight's absence.

* We later made an excursion to this convent, and there spent two days. See "Excursion to Peloponnesus," note, vol. ii. page 224.

CHAPTER X.

EUBŒA.

DEPARTURE FROM PEIRÆUS—CHALCIS—VATONDA, AND ARRIVAL AT ACHMET-AGA.

June 1.—We left Athens at half-past seven P.M., Miss Grocott, W——, and myself, and on arriving at the Peiræus, had to wait some time, for no boat was ready; Mr. Neale, the Consul, having given up all hopes of seeing us. The "Otho" we found crowded with passengers; many following, or waiting at its side; but we were received with great kindness by Captain Sachini, son of the Admiral, and his lady, our old acquaintance,—a Mavromichali, with the good-natured, cheerful, large-lipped Mavromichali physiognomy. They conducted us with great courtesy to the Royal cabin, which stands above on the poop, where Madame Sachini and the ladies soon made themselves at home. This cabin, it seems, is now in the Captain's possession, and Madame Sachini constantly goes with her husband on his excursions to Salonica, Chalcis, and elsewhere, liking this much better than remaining at Athens. She has a good deal more of the European than Greek, particularly without her fez, which always makes so strong an impression on Greek physiognomies.

The Captain came in, and informed us that the crowd was excessive; one hundred and seventy-five passengers, instead of the fifty the boat is "licensed to carry," has no effect on the managers; they send in all who ask for

tickets. These are going to the Dipso Baths. The "Otho" is an old vessel, the former royal yacht, and a poor sailer, averaging six knots an hour, and that doubtful,—I used to hear of half that number—the engine worn out and the bottom very dirty. The royal cabin itself is very small and plain, a sort of German Acacio, with looking-glass and gilding, but made the most of for its size. The Captain thinks, if the weather does not change, we may arrive at one o'clock to-morrow at Chalcis. While speaking, Konomenos Bey appeared, with a deplorable tale of no place, and stray glances round the cabin, and inquiries as to room, but there was only barely enough for our own number.

While the cabins were preparing, I stepped out on deck, and found it crowded with all ages, classes, sexes, with all their furniture for Dipso and elsewhere—Palikaris, *Papas*, monks, Italian-looking *employés*, loose-trousered islanders, in a state of utmost bustle and confusion, closely packed on the quarter-deck. Some had lain down for the night, others were preparing to lie down, others standing about, others unfortunately lighting cigars and smoking, and several sparks fell down amidst the bedding. I went to the Captain and implored his intervention. Any accident might set us all in a blaze. Coming down at once from the bridge, he said that there was no teaching Greeks caution, even in the matter of saving their lives. However, he gave his orders, but they had little or no effect on the motley mass. Soon all was quiet. Everyone in his place for the night. After a broken sleep, I rose to look out, about five, and found we were near the island of Makronisi.

June 2.—*Thursday.*—We breakfasted in the cabin below with the Captain, and a few others, and then made a sketch or two along the coast, opposite Eretria,

now inhabited by not more than sixty families, the place is so unwholesome; later we passed opposite Calamos, Oropò, and Vathy, the port of Aulis, a little, round natural port, with sloping, rocky, barren, low shores, and most unpicturesque,—no tree, no vegetation visible.

The approach to Chalcis is beautiful and peculiar. The high range of mountains along the centre of Eubœa, crowned by the snow-capped peaks of Mount Delphi, is seen from a considerable distance, but by degrees the two opposite shores close into the narrow passage of the Euripus, to which all entrance seems barred by the tower and fortifications on either side. This is particularly striking as one sails right up through the strait. The line of wall, too, above the town, has an imposing effect, but our astonishment was great at beholding the openings in the parapet filled with Turkish women in their veils and bright-coloured garments, the only instance I have ever known of the kind within Greek territory.

Chalcis has a stronger Turkish physiognomy than any spot I have seen in Greece, except Mistra. There are the old broken-down battlements, with the elaborate involution of wall and fosse, inherited from the Venetian masters in the art, overtopped here and there by a tower, and further inland by the flat and peculiar Ottoman domes, where once was the Crescent, and now the Cross, and, beside this, the well-built minaret, still firm, but significantly truncated; the Imaum's gallery broken down. Some of these mosques are now schools, others churches. To the left are the Kara-Babà fortifications, and the picturesque Euripus tower, with a fine sprawling Lion of St. Mark spreading in bold bas-relief over half the wall. We could see, at the distance at which we anchored out, the recent works of the Euripus; a nobly built bridge on

one side, connecting the Euripus Tower with the mainland, and a wooden bridge over the other.

The Captain at once placed a boat at our disposal, and taking leave of him and his amiable lady, we stepped in. Our boatman wished to know whether we would land ἄνω ἢ κάτω (above or below), which, considering it a matter of indifference, I left to his discretion, but we soon found it had its meaning. In a moment our light skiff flew up under the bridge into the current,* just then in our favour. We had time, however, to observe the late work. The masonry is clean and good, in limestone, shelving at a slight angle, and quite smooth with rings, but the passage seems narrow. After a short distance, about thirty feet, it widens a little, still the utmost breadth is only about eighteen metres. A little above the bridge, though quite calm in the way, we perceived a slight bubble on the water, after getting through which we landed at the "Queen's Wharf." The first man I met was an old Palikari, who at once recognised me, and renewed his acquaintance. I had seen him at the Sanità at Ægina some years ago; he was now in employment here, and very radiant at meeting me.

The Boudouris' house, of brigand renown,† stood close at hand, a few hundred yards up, over the sea, quite by itself. We sent up our letter to M. Voco, who is married to the heroine, and then proceeded to pay our visit. We found a courtyard, well walled round, and a good stout door, so that without stratagem the klephts could hardly have succeeded in entering. A fine marble staircase leads up to good spacious rooms, very tolerably

* This is the extraordinary current which has puzzled ancients and moderns. It runs at the rate of eight miles an hour, but continues only for a short time in the one direction, changing its course ten and twelve times in the twenty-four hours. Volcanic influence is supposed to be the cause, but nothing certain has been discovered.—ED.

† See Introduction, p. 33.

painted in Pompeian-Moorish style, one with flying nymphlike figures, on crimson panels, and on the ceiling also, which is not usual. M. Voco received us very kindly, and in a little time his wife appeared, a well-looking, fresh-coloured, healthy lady, black-haired, tall, and well-proportioned. We entered on indifferent subjects with M. Voco in French,—with her, not speaking French, in Greek. They pressingly invited us to remain to dinner, and for the night, but we had promised to stop with Madame Manos' daughter, Kalliope, married last spring to M. Varatassi, where we were to dine, and we then wished to go on to Vatonda, M. Boudouris' country house, pursuant to arrangements, for the night. This they seemed aware of, saying that we should find all ready, and easily understood that having a long journey to Achmet-Aga next day, we preferred thus to divide it.

From this we went to M. and Madame Varatassi's, who were very glad to see us. On the way we passed a fosse, through which a narrow stream of water ran to the sea, and numerous gateways and wells. This house is very picturesquely situated near an old mosque, with the usual court-yard, wooden staircase, and upper gallery, surrounded by seats and trellis-work for vines. The wood-work, as usual in most parts of Greece, is unpainted inside and outside. Greeks seem to have a Turkish habit in this respect. The ceilings are generally done with figured geometrical work, but seldom in straight lines; the walls are whitewashed, and the general effect is simple, healthy, and clean. Pomegranates, huge figs, vines, olives, and oranges were intermingled in the garden below. W—— found Kalliope suffering and complaining of the climate, a terrible one for youth and health. After glyko and coffee they proposed rest, which we felt no difficulty in accepting. But first I had a

good deal of conversation with our host about the place and its inhabitants.

Chalcis has about 5000 inhabitants, and of these there are sixteen Turkish families, and several Jewish. The Turks have now few possessions, and are selling them daily. Since Osman Aga's time—the late Ottoman Consul and a proprietor as well—they have very much diminished; they live quietly with the other inhabitants, and are as well off as in Turkey, and not molested. The Jews are mostly tradesmen, and live in a sort of Jews' quarter apart. It is almost the only place in Greece where they are to be found. Some time ago a writer in Vienna sent here to inquire from M. Varatassi as to their position and whence they came. The Rabbi told him that, although they had tombs at Chalcis, they had few traditions and could not give any very satisfactory account of their original settlement. He, the Rabbi, had heard that about 150 years ago there was a synagogue on the continent opposite, near Kara-Babà, which had now disappeared. There are many races and a great mixture, but few monuments of any kind in Eubœa. Near Carysto are two races of Albanians, originally probably from Andros. One of these races is quite savage; they speak Albanian, and never change their clothes. The others are ordinary Albanians. Up to Stoura this race prevails. Then comes a mixture of Greek islander and Albanian: many from Psara. Higher up from Skiathos, Skopelos, Trikeri, and neighbouring Thessalian islands. One streak intervenes in the centre of Eubœa, which, from costume and language, seems to come from Amphissa. The natives wear a tunic embroidered at the neck and hem, a girdle, and a low fez, round which is a simple band resembling a fascia, or a sort of turban, but not thickly folded as so often with

the Greek islander still. They are fair-haired and fair-complexioned, and keep a good deal aloof from the others. A few Ylachs are also found, known by their kalybia. The Skopelos and Skiathos people have also their distinction of dress and manners. The Skopelos women wear a long robe which begins from the shoulders, and over this a small jacket hardly reaching below the shoulders; and their arms are suspended by cushions underneath. The hair, even of children, is there dyed coal black.

No traditions, popular poetry, music, or peculiar habits exist in Eubœa; the island has passed under so many dominations that all these are obliterated. Yet, on board the "Otho," Madame Sachini recited to us a poem, just composed and sung in the streets at Chalcis, of a young Greek girl, of whom a Turk at Rhodes was enamoured, and of her subsequent fortunes. The recitative sort of style in which it was enunciated was soft and pretty, and in her manner of speaking, clear. I could find no traces, either, of special dances. The account given of communication is encouraging, principally owing to the baths of Dipso, which, as mineral baths, have a high celebrity, even now, in Greece. They are said to be successful in all kinds of malady, rheumatism and liver complaints especially. But accommodation there is none. The baths are mere holes dug in the earth, and there is no house to lodge in. Miserable hovels for four or five families packed together is all they can boast of. The steamers take, with the people who go there, even of the better classes, as we saw last night, beds and furniture—all their equipage. They are described as lying even on the floor of the principal cabin, at times, "comme des sardines." The Government assumes the title to these baths, but does nothing. The Commune claims the title, and does nothing. They

will neither work nor give to a company, which might work; and not one visitor exclaims, or insists, on better treatment. Konomenos Bey this year brings his tent for his ten days' bivouac; thus one may judge of the others. Of supply of food I know nothing. In all these matters Greeks are helpless.

Being offered a clean room, I went to repose there for an hour or two. On the table were Dickens's Notes, a French Iliad, a Thucydides of Koraï, and a Greek Testament from England. Kalliope was educated in the Philopaideuteki, of which her mother, Mme. Manos, was for many years the superintendent. Amongst the books I also found a volume published at Crete in 1858, under the name of the 'Cretan Old Man,' inviting the Turks to become Christians again, which would smooth everything. The reasoning is very funny, and the rewards held out curious; but I value it for the reference it has to a Cretan peculiarity—the sort of Kryptochristianism amongst them, of which I have heard much—and for the dialect, greatly infected with Turkish words and idiom. I begged M. Varatessi afterwards to lend it to me. Reading this and Dickens's Sketches on Private Theatricals and Astley's, amongst them I fell asleep, until summoned to dinner, in about an hour's time.

Later the Demarch and the Secretary of the Nomarch —in the Nomarch's absence at Athens—called on me. We talked generalities about schools and roads. They are doing, they say, much; from which I dissented, saying I should see the schools on my return. But they were very shy about the prisons,* and no wonder.

Mme. Voco also called to take leave, when she told W—— a good deal about her adventures in the woods with the brigands. She went over all the ground we

* These were amongst the prisons burst open in 1854. See Introduction, p. 18.

had passed last year on Helicon, but on foot; the first portion only on horseback. Had been up to the Corycian cave thus, and worn off her shoes by walking. The brigands sent into Livadia and bought her new ones. They treated her well, not so much Daveli as another chief, Karabaleki. They numbered nearly 200 in all. Seventy had come to carry her off at Chalcis, while many kept watch all round the house. She liked it very well, and was not the least afraid. Of what should she be afraid? She lived well, was healthy in consequence, had always ψίτο, or roast meat, and the clearest water. She was not the least shy on these matters, or at all astonished, and seemed to think the whole very natural and rather good fun. Certainly her appearance proved the healthy nature of her mountain life. She often was in the house we lodged in at Kurkura, and knew our friend there well, and also our friend at Livadia. The former made sad complaints of the cruelty and depredations of the brigands, and showed us the bars he had put up against them; but he has been known to have a party of gendarmes above, and of brigands below in his fresh-looking clean house at the same time. But what else could he do? people say. The Government gave him no protection. In fact the circle is quite vicious. Madame Voco was asked, had she no dread now, living in the very same house? "Not the least. What could they do?" Her husband, a sallow little man, seemed proud of her. They made us promise we would lodge with them on our return. M. Valsimachi also called. All here look very unhealthy, and the place seems very hot in summer; from one to three o'clock is the hottest part, they say, of the day.

Our horses, servants, baggage, and Spiro had arrived here by land yesterday; and we now found all ready

for our journey. We were off about seven, and passed through the Jewish Ghetto, where all were at work. Though the Greek Ascension Day, and, therefore, a fête, it had no effect here. The dirty shops were all open. It was odd to see Jews, as some were, in fustanella. Through the fortifications we emerged on the seaside, and in a few minutes were on the line of road to Vatonda.

Before starting I had no time to visit school or prisons—besides, it was a fête, but we went to hear music on the Platea, where a portion of a band played, principally composed of trumpets. This is a little gravelled square, hedged in by trees, with benches and marble tables placed at intervals, for coffee, &c., the music being in the centre. A good number of well-dressed people were walking backwards and forwards. The Mosque and ruined Minaret peeped behind, through the rich Oriental foliage, in the red light, mixing its dark and solemn greys with great pictorial effect. At one end are enormous cannon-balls kept from Turkish days. The whole square, in plan and execution, is due to a Pole, who was here in command of the troops a few years ago, and died at Thermia. Another square, it is said, is projected near M. Boudouris' house.

The Turkish minaret is well built; I noted the ornamentation. It is a reminiscence of the Greek; the fillet at the base shows the galoche ornament, and the flowers are a corruption of the honeysuckle or palmete.

After a ride of an hour and a half along the sea-coast, with here and there a rivulet or inroad of the sea to pass, through low swampy land, we arrived, up a small hill, at the few houses which compose the town or village of Vatonda, with M. Boudouris' house standing in the centre. There we found a fine, burly Epistates or steward in Hydriote costume, ready to receive us. He ushered us

in through a small hall to a comfortable plain drawing-room, furnished in green, with portraits of revolutionary Greek heroes—Zaïmis, Mavromichalis, and others,—hanging round, and here we soon had tea. Before going to bed, I admired M. Boudouris' library, comprising Metastasio and Robinson Crusoe in French—a capital edition of Mill on the New Testament, and Isocrates in the original.

June 3, *Friday.*—All were up at five, having a long day before us, seven hours and a half to Achmet-Aga. After breakfast, while the horses were preparing, I went out with the Epistates to see the garden. It was, originally, well designed, with a profusion of oranges and figs, but allowed to run to weed and waste. An arbour with a mosaic of pebbles, showing the date of the year, is the chief attraction, a favourite mode of ornamentation, copied, I should think, from the Queen's garden at Athens. The Greek idea of a περιβολὴ or garden is something like ours of an orchard, with the addition of grapes here and there, on prepared trellis work. M. Tricoupi's garden at Patissia is of this kind too.

When about to return, the Epistates asked if I would not step on a little farther to another garden, to see the marbles (*μάρμορα*). Thinking this might mean something antique, I went with him at once, and found on a little eminence, a marble tomb, erected by M. Boudouris to his father Basilios, a distinguished patriot during the Revolution. It is of the usual simple Greek form, with an inscription above. The inscription is about as simple as the form. Thus—

ΕΝΘΑΔΕ ΚΕΙΤΑΙ Γ. ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙ-
ΟΣ ΜΒΟΥΝΤΟΥΡΗΣ.
ΓΕΝΝΕΘΕΙΣ ΕΝ ΤΑΡΑ ΤΟ 1775.
ΑΠΕΒΙΩΣΕ ΕΝ ΧΑΛΚΗΙΔΙ ΤΟ 1831.
ΕΚΗΙΜΕΙΘΗ ΙΑΝΟΥΑΡΙΩ 20.

On each side there are medallions. In the first, is a short figure (evidently of Chalkidean workmanship), with a cornucopia, and the inscription running round, ΕΛΛΑΣ ΕΥΓΝΩΜΟΥΣΑ, and in the other, within a small temple, like the sepulchral monuments, sits another figure, with an inscription around—

ΠΡΩΤΗ ΕΘΝΙΚΗ ΣΥΝΕΛΕΥΣΙΣ—1822.

which seems to have been his great glory. Over the inscription is another circle garlanded with olive and laurel, and the emblem of a hand grasping an anchor, a sort of descriptive arms of M. Boudouris, the Hydriote. There is a tendency to these armorial designations and emblems throughout all Greece.

We set out at seven, the Epistates and his companion accompanying us a part of the way. They were talkative on their master. They said he had a large tract about the house,—a plain-built two-story structure,—rendering him about 3000 drachmas, but his principal place was at Mandoudi, which was very valuable and beautiful. He himself was καλὸς κἀγαθὸς and much beloved by all.

Our travelling was much the same as yesterday; at first on a swampy low level, broken by brackish streams, and here and there with corn, shepherds passing occasionally, with apparently fierce dogs, but easily calmed by a stone. We met Vlachs too and saw their conical cabins, made of straw and brushwood, with one door, such as we observed last year going up Helicon and near Haliartus; the type of Tartar and Ottoman architecture: we counted about fourteen of these habitations, if such they can be called, evidently after the fashion of tents. A group of the inhabitants, very squalid men, women, and children, were on their way to their labour at a little distance,

the dress resembling the Albanian, though somewhat more wretched.

At eight o'clock we arrived at a stream, for which we could hear no other name than the generic one of ῥεῦμα, and at length began to ascend the hills overgrown with low brushwood, and then gradually the difficult road which instead of being called the σκάλα, bore the designation of the synonyme κλίμακα. After two hours of this rough riding we rested about ten o'clock at a quiet spot, near a fountain, called Eremo, where we lunched, and where a beautiful scene spread out below us. The straits of Talanta were at our feet; opposite lay the coast of Bœotia, where we were last autumn, with the high ridges of Helicon in blue mist, and Parnassus, still in snow, towering in the distance. The straits, winding with long low lines of promontory and indented bays, like lake behind lake, were just spotted with the sweeping trail of smoke from the "Otho" on its way up to Dipso. Immediately below spread the most varied succession and interlapping of hill and hillock, crested or dappled with black pines in single lines or masses. Mount Delphi rose on our left, its triangular cone still white with rifts of snow, while woods of arbutus and oak formed our foreground.

Having enjoyed this view for some time, we continued our journey, getting by degrees into a much worse road. Some portions were very rough, with broken-up staircase cuttings, and here and there half-ruined Turkish skalas, with harsh jerking gaps between, left in that state evidently for years. This, however, we bore with a certain equanimity, from our recollections of the Langada in the Peloponnesus this time last year, which was much worse. At length there came a crumbling, shelving bit, clayey or marly, which had given way

up and down, leaving large gaps. Here we thought it prudent to dismount. Our horses, left to themselves, skipped along with their habitual surety of foot and agility across the perilous pathway, not wide enough to allow passage, one would think, for a goat. From time to time we had almost face-to-face encounters with men driving horses, or bringing wares and produce to Chalcis from the opposite direction, who had to draw up and let us pass by accordingly.

At length we reached the summit, from which a view of the Eastern Sea and the islands of Skyros, Skopelos and Skiathos burst upon us—a magnificent sight, with high ridges between us, and the promontory of Kandeli in the distance. Stopping a few minutes to admire the panorama, we proceeded on to what our guides called the κλεισοῦρα (kleisoura), a name answering to the Dervent of the Turks,—the "closed," the "gates," the "defile,"—and gradually got into a succession of woody ravines, where the heat was often most powerful from the baking of the earth on each side, during the past days; not neutralised by the tree-shrubs, rather than trees, which grew upon them. But nothing could be more exquisite than the foliage of this part: the brilliant Judas-tree with its deep pink blossoms, the soft feathery flower of the Chrysoxala or sandal-wood, the cistus and a mass of wild flowers covering the ground. As we approached, over a very narrow path,—with a torrent now feeble, but many feet perpendicularly below,—to what is properly called the Kleisoura, a scene opened before us from the high wooded cliffs on either hand, very much resembling in form, colour, and character, the approach to the "Grande Chartreuse:" an intensely blue sky overhead, contrasting vigorously with the dark pines and grey rocks, gave it its own peculiar southern aspect, even

in face of the rock, pre-eminently master of the pass, and the Kleisoura *par excellence.* Passing this and some small defiles, we found ourselves coming to the richly wooded lowlands of Achmet-Aga, and the surrounding high pine-forests, terminating towards the sea in the promontory of Kandeli.

After another short rest, indulged in to get respite from the intense heat of the day,—every spot of shade was now of value—we entered the most beautiful parklike scenery, highly timbered on every side, where, about two hours from Achmet-Aga, Mr. Noel's property commences. All this magnificent scenery, to which in general Greeks are so dull, drew frequent exclamations of admiration from our one gendarme, who tripped lightly on before us on foot, crying out, Περιβολὴ τοῦ Θεοῦ! ἔκαμε ἀληθῶς ὁ Θεὸς ὄχι ἄνθρωπος!—θαυμάζον!—and much else, reminding one of Cowper's

"God made the country, and man made the town!"

One of the last feelings, however, that one meets in Greece, or indeed in most parts of the continent.

Continuing our route and descending into the plain, we skirted the broad bed of a large gravelly brook, through which, beneath superb plane trees, elms, and oaks, a still steady stream wound towards the village. One of these was a cluster—our gendarme called it, in his poetic mood, οἱ ἀδελφοὶ—of enormous girth, and wide-spreading foliage, under which a troop might rest, and, despite the dogstar, find—

"Oh, quis me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ"—

actually realised.

About three we came in front of the village, twinkling

between the deep foliage—and Mr. Noel's house amidst, for size pre-eminent. But what attracted us still more was a gay group in full dance, under an immense plane tree, round which they circled. The music was managed in the usual way, by a drum and pipe, or both, when it grew particularly animated. The costume was Albanian, more simple than what we see at Athens, but brilliant from cleanliness and bright white and red. The newness of stage costume is thus not quite out of keeping. These peasants preserve their holiday dress in the utmost order, and often have two or three which they change during the day. The costume is a tunic, one which hangs over another, a white woollen tunic embroidered on the edges with tasteful borders, the sleeves of lighter cotton material than the tunic, the head-dress, a row of spangles, or more commonly coins, with a necklace of silver ornaments, very coarse,—and newly married brides have a sort of silver-gilt stamped ornament, which costs fifty drachmas, round their waist,—finished by a scarlet sash of silk with tassels. But the distinction here, and which gave peculiar elegance, was the light Koumi silk veils, woven with gold, very gracefully fastened on the head, and flowing down behind. All the costume is manufactured in the village itself, or the neighbourhood, except the ornaments, and the Koumi veils, which come of course from Koumi, in the centre of Eubœa. These latter are little known at Athens, and not at all in most other parts of Greece, and yet nothing can be more beautiful. The refined air they give to the otherwise massive dress is remarkable. The husbands, wives, and daughters were all mixed—the elder ones grouping behind. From amongst them came leaping out, in fustanella dress, Mr. Noel's son Frank, a

fine lad, rushing forward to salute Miss Grocott, who introduced him to us at once.

Thence we went up to Mr. Noel's house,* passing a group of peasants, ready apparently for a second dance; and, climbing up a rather rugged paved ascent, we soon reached a large court with a long row of substantial magazines running down on one side. At the upper end stood the house, of two stories, with an outside gallery, having the ordinary supports, which always indicate to me the origin of Greek architecture.

Mr. Noel came out to receive us, and led us in by a side door to a small terrace covered with a vine trellis, which hid out the village below. Here his daughter, Alice, whom we had so often admired for her true English frankness and simplicity at Athens, joined to give us all a most cordial welcome. After a few minutes' repose, glyko· and coffee were brought by a highly picturesque and refined attendant, Paraskevi, dressed in the gayest costume of the day. It was impossible not to remark the strikingly intellectual and delicate cast of her countenance, so unlike the coarse, clumsy, and starved countenances of Athens; and characteristic of the ancient Hellenic type—or at least what might pass for such without much exaggeration. We were shown to clean bedrooms, of extreme simplicity, built at an early period, but roomy and cheerful, as well as solid.

* See Introduction, p. 36.

CHAPTER XI.

ACHMET-AGA—*continued.*

On coming down to the drawing-room again, the χορὸς, or dance, was transferred to a small platform adjacent to the garden. We went out and saw the same figures and the same dance, and had time to examine all more minutely. A novelty now appeared amongst them—an inhabitant of Skopelos, in the island costume. It was very peculiar. A robe, which began over the bosom instead of under—a tunic in a word, which followed down to the feet; over this, another, which nearly reached the knees—a sort of Diploid; the sleeves full, and edged with worked borders,—the two robes of white cotton plaited very minutely; and a small jacket, which hardly extended beyond the arm-pits. This, with a high head-dress, rich and full black hair and silver-gilt band, gave a strong antique, statuesque, priestess-like cast to the whole front, at least, of the figure. In rear the character was grotesque, for it had to be supported about the shoulders, which gave it an odd lump-sort of appearance. The borders were in scarlet embroidery. She moved with great solemnity in the dance, and seemed to take no notice of the others, but preserved a calm and unimpassioned air throughout. I understand that she is wife to a carpenter on the estate, and has been settled here some time. Another contrast was a woman dressed in modern Frank garb, who looked poor in the slaty coloured, tight fitting semi-crinoline, compared with

the crimson and white and richly embroidered costumes of the rest of the ring.

The party performed on the platform, in several circular evolutions, the σύρτος (sirtos). First came the Coryphæus, then the men, then the women; finally the children, fold within fold. One or two men were to be seen intermingled with the women: they were brothers, or brothers-in-law. One dancing with a girl near, was betrothed to Paraskevi; the girl was his sister. They did not take hands, but handkerchiefs, though the crossing of hand over hand, as at Liosia, is sometimes seen, I understand. When the line is too long it folds inward, snailwise, the children closing. The two musicians took the drum and clarionet alternately. They were gipsies, and perform this duty in various parts of the country. Their countenance and bearing strongly testified difference of origin. There was an Eastern Hindoo look in both; the solemnity and vigour with which the drummer beat, as if he scorned anything in common with the puerility and levity about him, and the sort of χοροδιδάσκαλος patronising and directing air of the clarionet blower, strikingly contrasted with the gaiety and joyousness of the sweeping circle around them. The drummer generally stood in majestic singleness in the centre, while the clarionet led, at the head of the line, conducting it with the humouring and bending of body, as the andantes and adagios required. I have his meagre black face, swollen cheek, and bare forehead before me still. At another end of the platform was the Papas * leaning on his stick, and two or three of the more aged peasants about him. A more animated and picturesque scene cannot be conceived, when in full dance—the wonderful drum, and the clarionet, with

* The Greek Priest.

its closing sharp repeated notes, rising from its monotony, accompanying the whole—floating, with all the brilliancy of white tunics and red silk apron and sash, across a magnificent background of highly wooded scenery, fir-crowned hills, and shrub-covered undulations, and the bare, rugged, pine-spotted, torrent-rent sides of Kandeli behind. Of all the dances I have seen in Greece, it was the most real and heartfelt. They had been dancing all this day and yesterday,—and it was now late,—and they still circled, sometimes fast, sometimes slow, evidently untired. Yesterday it had been the same,—perhaps, will be the same to-morrow, for no place is so celebrated, said our Suliote policeman, for its fêtes as Achmet-Aga.

At length the young girls gave way, and allowed an interval, for a *pas de trois*, to the young men in the centre. This was new to me, not unlike the closeness of step in an Irish jig or Scotch reel, but without movement of the upper part of the body, and with the customary marvellous solemnity. On this closing—it had no figure, merely advancing, retreating, and following—the other dance re-formed with the usual step; three steps rather quickly taken aside, and then one behind. The cross-hands figure differs a little from this, making the back step the principal one. No kicking-up is allowed, except in the Coryphæus. Three young men together had departed from the usual quiet, and placed their hands on each other's shoulders. No singing of any kind accompanied all this movement, and I find that no τραγῳδίαι are to be found, of a local or foreign character, in the place. The women, generally speaking, were much handsomer than the Athenians, and more graceful, and the same may be said of some of the young men. One in particular, tall and fair, of flaxen

locks, with his fez (στραβὸ) on one side, looked indeed very sentimental.

On the dance relaxing, I went up with a dollar to the clarionet-player, which he accepted with a dignified air, and then struck up the old tune with renewed energy, placing the dollar on his fez over his forehead, for he was dressed in the usual fustanella style. The clarionet did its utmost, and I soon perceived not without result. Below, on a different level, was another dance, which took advantage of the music—formed of those who had no room above. We went down to look at it, and saw another, a third, contiguous, but which had to satisfy itself with a guitar. Here we found our Frank-dressed friend in the midst of fustanellas, with a new dress, still Frank—which she had just put on. This I am informed is not unusual, they sometimes change two or three times a day. The dancing being now fairly worn out, we adjourned to see Mr. Noel's new church. He told us this was the second day of the fête, yesterday, Ascension Day (Greek), being the first; to-morrow they all disperse. The solemnity is the πανήγυρις of the patron saint, Hagios Konstantinos—perhaps the most known in this part of Eubœa. Mr. Noel had treated the whole party to dinner; a fatted ox was killed; this would have been worth seeing—but we were fortunate to see as much as we did. Not many had come from a distance, perhaps two; they were either of the village or the neighbouring hamlets. They invite and liberally treat their neighbours on these occasions—and are, in return, so treated; but none can compete with Achmet-Aga.

The church is still in progress of building—Mr. Noel's work, a solid plain erection, with round-cut stone windows, and open roof—a copy from our Gothic, un-

known in this country. Mr. Noel complained that they had made the door too plain—a simple arch. We talked about the belfry. After some discussion on the strength of the wall, I suggested, instead of a triple arrangement proposed by Mr. Noel, a plain four-sided niche, or arch, open on four sides; but in order to give mass and strength, the wall should be strengthened by slabwork, supported by machicolations or consoles, which he thought he should ultimately adopt, as more likely to look well and endure.

They dine late, at eight, and the heat now diminishing, Mr. Noel proposed an excursion. He had shown us some good oil-sketches of the most romantic spots on his grounds, which he had painted from time to time in the school-room of Frank and Alice, while occupied in teaching them, and he wished to show us one of these glens, described by him as peculiarly picturesque and gloomy. Off we, therefore, set on horseback, about five o'clock, in full party, and after crossing the low grounds, and getting our horses through some thickets, we dismounted, and under the guidance of Mr. Noel, penetrated down to the side of the ravine, to the stream below. Our way soon became difficult, and at last desperate. The ground was very steep, and slippery from dry leaves, hard earth, and heat: the brushwood closer, higher, and thicker, at last almost impenetrable even for Frank, and to complete our misfortune, we missed the point aimed at and lost our way. We cried for horses and servants, left at the outskirt of the wood; none answered. Small labyrinthine pathways crossed us from time to time, but not even Mr. Noel could select. The sun was low, the mountains high—night precipitates itself here at once. Every moment we were in danger of slipping down, holding on by aid only of roots of trees, branches

stones, and sometimes by help of Alice, who bounded about like a fawn, familiar to the place, and unconscious of obstacles or danger. Meantime, Mr. Noel went out exploring, and at one time we thought we had lost him also. After much hailing, he returned, and announced the discovery of a path, through which we emerged from the side of the ravine, and from the wolves and boars with which we were threatened—or, at all events, from groping about in the dark, for the sun was now fast descending. The weather had changed too, and we had a little cold and rain just as we reached the house, in time for eight o'clock dinner or supper, without having accomplished our purpose.

During the course of the evening I had a good deal of talk with Mr. Noel, who has been here with his partner, M. Müller, during the whole time from the arrival of King Otho to the present day, but not continuously. He has made frequent excursions to England and Switzerland, to bring back health, improvements, or new correspondents. His residence here has been providential to his tenants, but he is still struggling, as in the old myths, with the demons of sloth and ignorance, and their allies, in Greek Church and State. Much has been done, as will be seen by comparison with others in his neighbourhood—but how much remains to be done—and how little chance of its being done! Mr. Noel has suffered, and learned, and tried, and failed, and succeeded; and is patient, experienced, and resolved. He recognises climate, and government, and people, and leads rather than drives; does, more than promises. Englishmen generally come out with farming theories and constitutions far too complicated and refined, and forget that the time and latitude are quite other than what they had calculated on. It is not enough to say the cultivator is

ignorant and lazy—what makes and keeps him so, is the "*question préalable.*"

Mr. Noel has a considerable portion of his ground under culture; large offices, good implements, and strict surveillance,—speaks the language, even the patois, perfectly, as do all his family, and is an example of cultivated mind, high gentlemanly feelings, and strict honesty—advantages not enjoyed by any other peasant tenantry in Greece. The relations between them and him are excellent. They seem, as far as Greeks can be attached to strangers, attached to him, and easily guided, easily instructed. They may be taken as the most favourable test of the result of Western knowledge and morals on Eastern habits. No portion of Greece can be expected to show richer fruits, for none have had such a cultivator or culture.

Notwithstanding, Mr. Noel has but a poor report to make. Agriculture, he says, is not the passion of the Greeks—it is a necessity. The greater part would leave it for the sea or town if they could. It is, with every effort, of the rudest kind. The peasant is left to grope for himself. The proprietor lives in Athens or Chalcis; the capitalist in Constantinople, Vienna, or London. They are factors and freighters, and intermediates in every form; in a higher grade, bankers, and speculators, and contractors, and, sometimes, servants and serviles—as physicians and lawyers—of foreign Courts; a Jewish,* isolated, scheming people; their true vocation τόκος—money begetting money.

The first condition of agriculture is to use the soil well; to work it up, to prepare it for working, to take out of it all it can give, and to render it richer the more you ask from it. The Greeks know nothing of this—can

* This applies especially to the Fanariotes and the Sciote Greeks, as a race.

do nothing of it. They know little or nothing of ploughing, rotation of crops, or manure. Their culture is that of a horde. They descend on a piece of earth, exhaust it like locusts, and fly to some other. They are still back-settlers. As long as the population is small, this may go on; landlords are too weak, ignorant, or indolent to resist. All estates must ultimately shrink under it, and become daily more unproductive. It is in agriculture the analogous process of burning down for pasturage—to-morrow sacrificed for to-day. Every day agriculture is going back, instead of forward—a prodigal wasting of capital. The simplest process of agricultural chemistry is incomprehensible; they have no belief or hope in anything of the kind. Even the seasons are not regarded. Warned by former loss, from want of water, they still plant their maize in the same places; and having done so, throw the rest on Providence. New processes they adopt—when the labour is done for them. Drainage in all these lowlands is indispensable. They will not drain, but will receive with delight and astonishment land drained for them.

Annually, bands of Mohammedan Albanians come into this district, who perform their operations faithfully and skilfully. The custom is old—a relic of the old Turkish times, just as the Ionians emigrate by 5000 and 6000 to gather in the harvest of Acarnania and Ætolia. They are established much on the same footing as in the Roman States. A band comes, numbering from thirty to forty, with their captain; the captain makes the contract for them with the proprietor. They generally have from 80 lepta to a drachma, or a drachma and a half, per day, with their living. But their living costs nothing—a little maize and honey, the latter as a gratuity, and of which they are extravagantly fond. It is an Eastern,

and especially Mohammedan passion. Mr. Noel tells me by far the largest quantity of honey that he exports—sometimes 100,000 cwt.—goes to Constantinople. In England they would hardly look at his samples. They showed him much better at half the price, though; Eubœa is supposed to produce it good, especially at Carysto, the admitted rival at Athens of the Hymettian. These Mussulmans drink no wine, and live wholly apart. They are orderly and inoffensive; no charge of crime has been ever brought against them, and they are steady, faithful, sure, and skilful workers. They will not take by portion or task, but work by the day and month, and never fail; they give good measure, and are serious, honest, and true to their word; an example to Greek workmen, though slower, and a valuable addition to the labour of the country. The Greeks receive them well, for there is no competition for labour, and they are glad to devolve to them work they do not like or cannot do themselves. They work, too, a greater length of time, for they have no festivals; and even Friday, there being no mosque, is devoted to labour. The whole week is thus counted, while the Greeks often, between religion and amusement, do not give half. Almost all the drainage of the place is done by them, and then handed over by Mr. Noel to the Greeks. Mr. Noel describes them as a fine, hardy, well-bodied race of men. They speak Albanian exclusively, as the Eubœans do Greek, and therefore are not mutually intelligible. When they have completed their task, they retire with their whole gains, strictly reserved for their families. These men supply the place of a labouring class, hardly to be found, though the Greek here receives from one to two drachmas a day, besides wine and gratuities.

The farm work is for the most part arable; but, with

the magnificent bottoms that these and other valleys afford—the rich accumulation for centuries of the alluvium of the mountain streams—little comparatively is got out of them; the harvest returns are often not more than 5:1,—instead of 20, as in England and Belgium. The primary cause is want of proper culture, and of proper implements. They use the old plough, easy to be had, mended, and carried, and, what is more than all, easy to be managed and drawn. An English plough would go into the heart of the ground, and turn it up to the air and its impregnation; the Greek scarcely scrapes the surface; it is almost Egyptian. Mr. Noel says he does not take—he suggests a crop. But he has no remedy. Greek horses will not draw English ploughs; a strong breed must be substituted for the weak one of the present day, and in sufficiency. A cat of a horse can only drag a harrow. The breed is neither to be had nor expected; none look for it. The haras at Tiryns, which was established in order to supply the want, is a failure. Mr. Webster lately saw eighty horses there; not one out of the crowd would fetch 5*l*., yet these are to be the regenerators of the dwindled Thessalian race (always small, as we can see by the Parthenon reliefs) in present Greece.

They fly to oxen, but they are no substitute in quickness, or even strength; a peaceable, poor race, lumbering over the ground, and looking powerless with a rickety framework of wood for a plough dangling behind. They serve only to beat down and harden the soil which they ought to have broken up, the inward animal of the team treading down at each turn what has just been sown on the other side. In this, too, they have no forethought. No one keeps for others, no one hires out, lends, or ventures to borrow. They fear, envy, and

distrust each other, and thus suffer all the evils of small, disunited, scattered culture.

The old evil also exists of running off to "pastures new," though often restrained by the residence and inspection of the proprietor.

Then come the form and relations of their tenancy to the proprietor and the Government. Here, few own land themselves; they take under Mr. Noel by the year. The system is metayer; one-third to the landlord, remainder to self, and taxes. Mr. Noel often lends seed and implements; he has besides to build houses—*in toto*. When he came first, the dwellings were miserable wooden sheds; they are now good massive houses, often of two stories high, well tiled, and of capital materials. The Greeks will not work themselves at these buildings; not even contribute labour,—money and materials are out of the question. They have no idea of outlay and return; their whole economy consists in not spending, and many are rich, though seemingly poor. In this they are Turkish, from fear of want and penury; doing, except on fête-days, the miserable; they hoard up, and occasion only detects the treasure. This is so recognised, that every outrage on a village begins with torture of the best people, sometimes going down to the poorest, to find out their wealth. Nor is this hoarding for enjoyment. No Greek thinks of that; but in order to marry his daughter, or to purchase his holding. A desire for land has become a passion in Greece. Sacrifices of every kind are made cheerfully for that purpose. Gradually, they are getting all into their hands; for, what with difference of culture, difference of habits and religion, all the Philhellenic proprietors, and many others, are fast selling.

Brigandage, losses, and Government discountenancing strangers, come in aid. The attacks on strangers are far

from being distasteful to the Government. Of all the sixteen men who attacked Mr. Noel, and robbed him of 400*l.*,* not one was pursued by the Government, though all but two have been swept off, for other matters, by the musket or the scaffold. When complaining that my remonstrances, both for justice and compensation, were ineffectual, Zygomelas, lately Nomarch of Eubœa, smiled, and said, "You are credulous, to think Government will do anything for Mr. Noel. What they want is not to keep, but to get rid of strangers." It is, in people and rulers, the old Xenolasthia in full form. Many villages have thus been sold and re-constructed. Mrs. Leeves has lately sold Galaxades; the La Granges' turn must come soon; Mr. Noel's may at last. It is a good and a bad turn. In some cases the passion of possession stings to new exertion; in others, being without means, borrowing beyond the possibility of repayment, indebted to petty lenders in each village at exorbitant rates, they become paupers, idlers, and spendthrifts, and in their ruin bring that of many about them. In general, however, they have great frugality, but little foresight. There is hardly a man who does not come to Mr. Noel, and whom he does not assist, especially as he assists them without per-centage—a rare thing in Greece.

Another evil is that their ignorance is perpetuated. There is no reason to see that generations should not pass over them—as generations have passed—and find them, left to themselves, neither more enlightened nor richer. And yet, taking the present proprietors of Greece, the change would not be great. M. ——, of ——, did not, Mr. Webster tells me, know the use of lime, or that he possessed it, and his wife had been to his property but once in twenty years.

* Introduction, pp. 36, 37.

The only display of wealth is in their dress, and that is large; some of the men's jackets cost from 100 to 200 drachmas, and the women's more. The peasant girls wear here, as elsewhere, their dowry in small coins on their head-dress. Their eating consists entirely of maize and vegetables, except on fête-days, when they indulge in a lamb. Seldom have they the treat of a whole ox roasted, as on the eve of our arrival from the bounty of Mr. Noel. They have no idea even of making a varied use of maize, like the Italians—no polenta, for instance—and only make bread of it, cooking it into a cake, eaten hot from the oven. They prefer this to anything else, and a few lepta are thus enough for a family repast, taken once only in the day.

Everything they wear is their own manufacture. The sheep is shorn, the wool combed, woven, made into jackets, and the tunics embroidered, by themselves. The fleece is excellent; not merino, but not unlike it. The cloth equally good, though coarse; the embroidery, in taste and execution, of the highest merit. Eating, clothing, housing—all are within their own reach, and in such accordance with their wants as to give little hope of much zeal for change or progress.

Very little value is set on wood, and the forests continue to suffer. All conspire, from goats up to forest guards,—δασοφύλακες,—against them. The Government are always adding to the number of these officials, and now have a project to nearly double them, as the only remedy for the preservation of the timber; but their salary not being raised, nor capacity improved, it is only adding to the plunderers and extending the plunder. Mr. Noel watches, and to a certain degree protects: not so his neighbouring proprietors. He complains bitterly of an Hegoumenos of the convent of the Taxiarch, near Kandeli

He is cutting down without mercy. He hires out the cutting on the Turkish principle, at ten drachmas a hatchet per month, and leaves them free choice in certain prescribed quarters. Mr. Noel expostulated with him to no purpose. The good abbot, a shrewd man in his affairs, said composedly, "What matter? how am I to get money otherwise? My successors will take care of themselves;"—and he goes on cutting, so that the noble mountain, once covered with forest, is now nearly bare. And all this under the eye of officials, who wink at the abbot, but are most rigid with Mr. Noel, because they know he does not bribe. He cannot cut one of his own trees without permission, and this permission is accompanied with a tax, and a variety of like vexatious conditions; the amount being determined by provisoes according to the more or less industry spent on the work, which opens many a back-door to fraud, easily taken advantage of. His saw-mill did a great service that way, cutting in one day more than by rude existing methods in six weeks; but it gets out of order, or is put out of order. If he is absent for a short time, his superintendent, ignorant and careless as he is, often grinds all the saws, of which he has a beautiful set, down to nothing; and they are not easily to be replaced, or if replaced, the same thing occurs again. The mill cost him 2000 drachmas, and it now lies idle. He is seeking for a superintendent from England, or, next best, from Switzerland. From England they object to come, and one from Switzerland costs 400*l.* a year, it being, as they say, in such a country as Greece! It stands him nearly as cheap to get his wood for building purposes—which he often does—from Syra as from his own estate.

The people have no value for it, as they build not, palisade not, scarcely use any wood, and are too far

from the sea for boats. A good variety is found, even for ornamental purposes, on his estate. The chimney-pieces are made of plane-wood, which polishes something like a dark maple, and looks well; tables and chairs *de même*. Trees grow wonderfully, and if the least care were taken, all the country would soon be covered again with timber. I never saw such shoots; some two feet in length from firs, and the rest in the same proportion. The sallows are marvellous. Mr. Noel showed me two which had grown up near his house; they are of one year's growth, or two at most, and are now large trees. The sun and water throw them up almost before your eyes.

But this growth is constantly thwarted. The goats come down like wild armies, and destroy all before them low enough for their teeth. Should any escape, the shepherds—wild nomads, belonging to no one but their sheep—burn *ad libitum* for grass,* through laziness and wickedness: thus large tracts frequently perish. Mr. Noel had to suffer greatly in that way some time ago; the black, charred trunks were visible still. Four or five years since, all Attica was in lurid red smoke for several days; we could not breathe at Athens, for whole sides of forests near shrunk, without a hand to stop them, before the fire. Nor are accidents, producing similar results, unfrequent. A spark, after a hot summer, and in these fierce northern winds of summer, is enough to begin the work of destruction.

Then, should the trees grow up, comes the search for turpentine. The pines and firs are not tapped only, which might do no harm, but hacked and gashed. The wound, usually made by three deep cuts, from which the

* Fresh and beautiful grass invariably springs up in these burnt forests in a few months after a fire.

bark is violently stripped, allows the resinous fluid to flow out. But the quantity given is slight, and the gain very small, while the tree is ruined. Death gradually creeps upwards, withering, like a smouldering fire, branch after branch. Whole ranges of these blasted forests are to be seen in all parts of Greece. The Korophylakes give no information, and the Dasophylakes, commonly remaining in the village, write down their permission, according to favour or for gain, without taking the trouble of personal demarcation, or even of inspection. Nor is there any care to replace these losses, or to mark out cuttings on proper forest principles. This is the more remarkable, as Bavarians are supposed to know something of these matters—at least they have the means to learn. In every circle in Bavaria the industrial school has a section for forest-economy annexed.

Last, come the charcoal-burners, a wild, uncontrollable race. In his neighbourhood, gangs of them turn out, Mr. Noel says, about the end of June, and cut and burn almost as they please. They loosen the soil in many places in the most critical passes, and are the chief causes of the giving way of those huge blocks which come thundering down, carrying with them at times several paces of a road.

A continual deterioration is thus going on, not only in wood, as such, but in agriculture and climate. The rains are not provoked, nor the streams collected and usefully distributed, nor the soil nourished, nor the temperature moderated. A fierce storm carries away all the soil, substitutes torrents and devastation for rivers and irrigation, burns up crops, and plants irremediable fever. He (Mr. Noel) sees little hope of amelioration. The people cannot yet comprehend, much less amend; the

Government is not much better. A late law allows them to gather as much fuel in every forest as they think proper. No one values the privilege, and many abuse it: for what is really preserved, threefold is destroyed.

There is no navigable stream in all Eubœa, and few which remain the year out; yet many a leaping mountain rivulet might be turned to abundant use.

CHAPTER XII.

ACHMET-AGA AND MANDOUDI.

THE people, it must be said, suffer not from themselves and their ignorance so much as from the fiscal cunning and rapacity of their Government. For a simple people, taxation cannot be made too simple; hardly too light. In any case it should encourage, not depress exertion. Here it is exactly the reverse. The Treasury is a sort of Genghis Khan. It encamps and levies contribution, as if on ground which it conquered yesterday, and will leave to-morrow. It comes with no lack of exactions, all heavy, all complicated, all unfair; not made to enrich the treasury, but to impoverish the people; and a host of officers, who combine, and leave the people poor and the Government hungry. Other branches of national revenue and collection are not better, either as regards the tax or tax-payer. The *impôt foncier* is collected by persons sent by the farmers of revenue or by the Government, and who are rigid exactors. The crops are not allowed to be touched till the *dime* is first measured. Brought first to the Alona,* the corn is there watched by the *employés* of the collector, at the expense, I believe, of the tax-payer. The *dime* is separated, and pressed down with every effort,

* The alona is the paved threshing-floor universal in Greece, &c. Interesting remarks on the evils of this system occur in Sir Charles Trevelyan's article, "From Pesth to Brindisi, 1869," p. 88, published in "Recess Studies."—ED.

and is carried on ass-back over the worst possible roads, often ten miles, to the nearest magazine.

The magazine-keepers in Eubœa are notorious for all sorts of fraud. In selling, they mix sand or other grain with the corn, and, pouring it loosely into the sacks, then smooth it off to a level surface with a rule. In collecting, after pressing it down, they heap it up—literally according to the Scripture phrase. This system, though small in each individual case, affords a large per-centage on the whole. The magazine-keepers, for the most part, have not more than sixty drachmas per month—miserable pay—and the security-money is a mere form, never enforced.

In exactions, however, there are no exceptions. Every branch of taxation is equally exposed to this, such as bees, for instance,—here, a good stock and a profitable article of trade. This tax is collected by declaration. If the declaration prove false, the penalty is triple, of which a portion goes to the informer; the whole object, therefore, is to make out cases of falsehood. Every artifice is resorted to, to entrap a peasant. Some time ago, one here, at Achmet-Aga, who had a large store, declared it honestly. The collector persisted in asserting there were more. He called again at the village, and entered into conversation with the wife, casually asking how many hives they now had. She carelessly answered forty or fifty, at all events beyond the number given some time before. This was taken down officially, and reported to be the true number. The wife's evidence and her husband's being contrasted, a heavy penalty was inflicted. No allowance was made for later accessions after the declarations had been sent in.

The effect of this system is double. It encourages fraud on the peasant and the Government, and corruption is engrafted in peasant and official. The very

peasant to whom this occurred, observed to Mr. Noel, afterwards, "As the collector cheats us, we must only try to cheat and lie to him;" and he did both, in self-defence, no one blaming him, except Mr. Noel, all thinking it a fair game to set cunning against cunning, as force in other countries is set against force. The law thus becomes so arbitrary, and may be so oppressive, that many are frightened into submission, and, rather than fight against the collector, pay him a sort of rent in small bribes.

This is not confined to Eubœa; it runs through all departments (Mr. Abbot's case to witness), and especially in the Custom-House. A few lepta, even, are accepted in the smaller grades. There are other means of oppression, too, if these fail. A case, purely ecclesiastical, was employed for that purpose lately. A man at Achmet-Aga married a second cousin (by affinity). This degree came within the provisions of the Greek Canon Law, but the man was poor, and all agreed not to notice it. The man was liked, was fond of his wife, she of him; and they had children,—daughters. An election for the Demarchal Council came on. His vote was asked by one of the authorities and refused. This marriage flaw was poked out. He was summoned before the ecclesiastical authorities, the fact was proved, and separation was to ensue. After several years' marriage the household was to be broken up; the children were to follow the mother, but she had no means of livelihood, nor was likely to have any. All that could be effected was a respite. The election came on, the man voted for the official, and the case was allowed to drop.

But these are not the only means. Every day new opportunities and instruments are presented. Some time ago, the proprietor of a village wished to sell it. He

paid the fine. The villagers came forward to purchase. The Epistates, or overseer of the estate, during the absence of the proprietor, who lived at Smyrna, had, as is often the case in Greece, made free with the proceeds, and embezzled to the amount of 40,000 drachmas. He would not allow the original price to stand, but told the villagers they might have it at a higher rate—sufficiently high to include or repay his 40,000 defalcation. The villagers got intimation of the fraud, and sent two of their number to the proprietor at Smyrna; one for show, respectable, but a fool; the other shrewd and resolute, for use. The Epistates was not to be so defeated. He discovered that the useful man owed some small arrears to the Government collector. He denounced him at Athens, as attempting to defraud the Government and to escape. On his arrival in the capital, on asking for his passport, he was arrested, and flung into prison, where he might have remained. I am not sure of the conclusion, but I believe the villagers had to submit. When the character of the common Greek is under view, these influences from higher quarters ought, in common justice, to be taken into account. Deceitful, unattached, corrupt, lying, selfish, avaricious, and reckless as they often are, their vices are not of self-growth; they are studiously grafted, cultivated, and diffused by all classes from low to high, and to the highest of their superiors.

The counteracting influences, be it also remembered, are few;—the religious and civil equally feeble and false to their trust. The clergy are illiterate and lazy: have all the vices of the lowest of their people, and often many more. There are many who cannot read. Some time since, one was removed from a parish for that reason only. He gabbled over some horrid confusion of the Greek text, and called it the "Liturgy." He does not,

for the most part, pretend to understand it,—it is, in his mind, not necessary, and of course he cannot explain it. There is thus no catechism, no religious preaching, no teaching even of dogma or form, nothing but what the peasant may pick up; the priest himself is born a peasant, in no wise differing, except in dress, and not always that, from those around him. Their great occupations and gains are baptisms, and marriages, and burials, and, from time to time, readings for the purification and cure of disease. Generally speaking their morals are fair, though sometimes they drink. Mr. Noel told me a case of the kind lately in a neighbouring village. The Papas, who had a reputation already in that way, fell into quarrel with his flock—beat some, was beaten in turn by others, driven out by the victors, and denounced by all to the Archbishop or Synod. There was a show of hushing up the affair, but the villagers who knew him best would not yield, and told the Archbishop flatly that, if he did not send them another priest, they would send for one themselves to the Jews of Salonica. But these habits are not extraordinary. The priests in Greece, from olden times, assist at all the fairs and festival assemblages,—the Panegyris,—and indulge in their joys and jovialities freely enough. The Convent at Pentelicus, amongst others, has a well-established name of the kind.

The civil power is not more protecting. The Demarchy was the great defence, and ought still to be the great instrument of the people. No nation is more fitted, I might say formed, to such an organisation, by geographical, national, personal peculiarities. The Government centralising everything, to blunder and misrule everything, has elaborately been working at their ruin ever since a Bavarian put foot in Greece. The Demarchies, even if pure, are not numerous enough.

The great staring Greek fact, that the Greek cannot too much individualise himself—at home or abroad—has not been accepted, and the Demarchies are by situation, in their way, as things now stand, small centres of smaller circles, working on the same principles as the Government itself.

I had much conversation with Mr. Noel on the subject, and he has come to the conviction that almost every two or three villages, grouped at no great distance from each other, might be allowed to govern themselves, as far as all financial and similar social matters are concerned. Face to face, and knowing each other, a complete knowledge of men and means, and a strict vigilance and jealousy of application, would be the consequence. Quarrels, of course, and the victory of might over right might ensue, but less than is now the case, provided there hung over them the fear of Government inspection. Now they have neither. The Demarchies tyrannise over the remote villages, and with an amusing show of freedom and independence, their deputies,—the "strong men" of the place, the *pro tem.* depositaries of all jobbery and power,—protest in the Chambers against this infringement on their privileges. So, at least, M. Provilegio, Minister of the Interior, told us, at a meeting of the "Commission."* He said that "to pass such a law of inspection would be impossible, so many would be against it!" No wonder, when we consider how the Chamber is *confectionnée.*

In the meantime the Demarchies, or rather *the* Demarch (*pretium virtutis*), has it all his own way. Mandoudi is the seat of the Demarchy, of which the strong village of Achmet-Aga, twenty miles off, is part. They contribute annually a large share of the Demarchal

* See Introduction,—on the "Financial Commission," p. 8, *et seq.*—Ed.

funds, for they are well-to-do, and well taxed in Achmet-Aga, but nothing comes back to them in any kind of tangible and compensating improvement. Mr. Noel tells me he has to make, out of his own funds, all the roads and bridges. And yet a school, now wanted—the Mandoudi school being too far off, and the road too bad—will not be granted by the little absorbing capital. The utmost which can be extorted in the way of grant, is ten drachmas per month for the teacher.

And if these Demarchies applied these funds, even for their own little centres, one might understand it. But the Demarch is to the Demarchy as the Demarchy to its neighbourhood. Some time ago, Mr. Noel told me that a small fund which had been raised by way of providing a substitute for the annual conscript, at Achmet-Aga, and confided to one of these Demarchs, in total mistrust of the justice of the Government drawings, had disappeared, and the Demarch, insulted at the inquiry and suspicion, had refused to give any account of it. Sometimes, it may be thought, a little honesty would find its way, as well as a little capacity, and check these abuses; but the Demarchy is as wise in its generation as the Government, and takes care to provide against contingencies. In one case, Mr. Noel informs me, the Demarch had been eminently successful: he had contrived to keep out of the Council every man who could read or write, so that he had a "*parlamentum*" truly "*indoctum*," and had absorbed in himself all the intelligence and experience of the body—a sort of political "fate" and "necessity." The Government allows all this, for it has need of the Demarch at the next election, and, in true oriental fashion, allows *main basse* on all its subjects, provided a Demarch guarantees the contracted tribute, it little matters whether of money or

power, to the Government, as the Turk to the Pasha, and he in turn to the Sultan. There is not the least hope of seeing a change until Greek Government and Sultan think they can do without Demarch or Pasha, or what they offer. The "force" and origin of these streams of evil and injury are to be found under the throne.

In this and similar discussions, in which we heartily agreed, we passed a good part of the evening. It is most refreshing to meet in this wilderness an Englishman like Mr. Noel, with an untainted English mind and intelligence, and with the same healthy appetite for sound food as if he had but yesterday left England.

June 4, *Sunday.*—The morning found us indisposed to begin our journey early. After spending some time at our devotions for the day, we again visited Mr. Noel's library and atelier. He has a sort of Encyclopædia of our best prose writers, in about thirty volumes, beginning with Bacon and Cowley and going down to Lamb, with Shakespeare, the Bible, and a few histories and books on farming in English, and Schiller in German—of which language he is a thorough master, speaking it, as well as Greek, like a native—but with scarcely a French or Greek work: about 150 volumes in all,—each of gold, at such a distance from England, or indeed from Athens. We again looked over his sketches in oil. He has completely caught the colouring, penetrated himself with the rich browns and purples, saturated himself in the golden vapours, and seized in all their sharpness the brilliant characteristic lights of these forests. I have seen nothing truer to Greek nature, of this inland character, in—and certainly nothing out of—Greece. He is a sort of echo to Poussin, who formed his eye at Albano and Tivoli, but is not so sombre. Nothing is more "accusing" of Greek colour than those spreads of torrent-beds, bridged

over by rough-hewn timber or fallen plane trunks, and marked by one or two silver-seamed brown rushes of water; foliage tumultuous and spreading, of plane and oak on their banks, with huge silvery trunks, and beyond, peeping through or over dark masses of pine, the blue olive-green, scarred sides of Kandeli. So thoroughly is he imbued with these forms and hues of trees, that he often, as he tells me, throws out on the pasteboard a few dabs of colour, and spreads them almost instinctively into an Achmet-Aga piece of scenery, a sort of reverie with his brush, while teaching his two children, at the long table beside him; like letting your fingers wander on and on over the piano-forte. It is a curious combination; the English gentleman still the kernel, no matter what the shell which circumstances have formed around him.

We went afterwards to see his offices, for this agriculture is his life, to which all the rest is *garniture*. Going out on the terrace under the wire trellis we saw a poor man lying down; he looked up and moaned a little as we passed, but asked nothing, spoke not, moved not. "He is a poor old man," said Mr. Noel, "who has now been these two days ill with a fever. He prefers lying there to lying in a house. Their only remedy is fasting and patience." The offices form a long building already noticed. They have lately been erected by Mr. Noel, and comprise two floors with open galleries, exceedingly compact and well-constructed. His grain is heaped on the upper floor, and fills the large magazine annually. It is upwards of 160 feet long, tiled, and dry. The lower offices are for cattle. All this is a large outlay, and would never have been thought of by the native peasantry.

About four we set off with Mr. Noel and his children in an eastern direction through his fine estate, to the village of Mandoudi. Our road lay along the banks of

the river Eileos, which runs through the park, and in winter is a wide-spreading torrent, under a broad-branching avenue of planes, the magnificent varieties of whose arms and foliage, grace and vigour combined, we could not cease admiring. On our left were stretches of rich arable land, now approaching the yellowness of harvest, or lying fallow, awaiting their turn next year. The size of these trees is sometimes enormous, two or three often shooting out together, which the inhabitants picturesquely call "οἱ ἀδελφοί." One in particular was pointed out by Mr. Noel as the finest on the estate, its huge arms rivalling those of the plane-tree at Buyukdere, "of Godfrey," as it is called, or the chestnut on the side of Etna, capable of covering about 100 horsemen. By degrees we emerged from this forest or park, and riding through lanes and corn-fields, arrived at last at the termination of the estate—about nine miles in length—and saw, at the other side of the torrent, Mandoudi, which we entered at six o'clock.

Mandoudi is a comfortable-looking village, for the most part of new houses, with some attempt at streets, and substantially and solidly built. The principal house is the residence of M. Nicolas Boudouris, to whose hospitality we had been indebted at Vatonda. They had fair notice of our arrival, and the Epistates, a very civilised, stout-looking Hydriote, was in the court-yard to receive us. We were ushered into the hall, and drawing-room up-stairs. All these dwellings resemble more an English suburban "box" than the long straggling Turkish, well-galleried, fresh-fountained, tree-hidden kiosk. Something, but little, of this has been retained,—only *par parenthèse*. This is, however, not surprising, for the builders, at least the proprietors, are chiefly Hydriote, pressed for room in their native isle,

and carrying their island tastes with them. Off from the sitting-room branch the bed-rooms, small and covered with engravings of the War of Independence and its heroes, Germanos the Archbishop raising the Cross, and other episodes of that almost heroic period. After glykò and coffee we took leave of the good Epistates and our excellent hosts of Achmet-Aga, and turned our faces towards the North of Eubœa, passing not far from the church. Though Sunday, few were out, and the school was, of course, shut, but it is said to be good. The position as chief place of the Demarchy seems merited. The whole has a clean, thriving air. The mountain forms, and the scenery of Achmet-Aga, give it a beauty which it can hardly claim of itself.

Our road, on starting at half-past six for the village of Hagia Anna, lay towards the north-east. We passed through corn-fields, dotted up and down with park-like clumps of timber, gradually rounding and leaving the heights of Kandeli in the rear. On the opposite side of this mountain, Mr. Noel tells us, its sides fall sheer down to the sea. He walked there the other day, and arriving on its ridgy summit, fringed by pines, was astounded at the perilous grandeur of the scene which suddenly burst upon him: a colossal, perpendicular wall of rock, with a very narrow ledge above, the sea of the Straits fretting itself at its base, 4500 feet below.

These corn-fields, every day changing direction and boundary, especially when in the hands of one proprietor, interfere with the road, and Spiro got confused, like Dimitri on a similar occasion, and went groping about for some time in the labyrinth. We saw a village embosomed in trees below, to which he and the Agoyiates seemed attracted; but a better genius kept him on the heights, and we, somehow or other, found out a way

for ourselves. A thriving village on a hill was now pointed out to us in the midst of good cultivation, belonging to the rich widow Tositza; and passing over a good deal of beautifully undulated, hillocky country, now rising into little summits with clumps of festooned thicket, or spreading out into evergreen shrubberies, with here and there a good farmhouse, which might very well stand for the country lodge of some successful Greek hero by sea or land, retired from business—a Greek "Boxhill," as I thought we might call it in its way—we reached, at eight o'clock, the well-situated village of Hagia Anna. It stands on a height, and for the second time we had a view of the eastern sea with the long-stretching isles of Skopelos and Skiathos on the horizon.

Hagia Anna did not improve on entering it. It is a rambling, almost accidental concourse of houses, each one good, but making little effect in the aggregate; not very tidy—which of them is?—but withal solid, sturdy-looking, and not easily to be kicked down by anything less than an earthquake. No war seems to have passed here. You do not see the crumbling walls and roofs of Cassià, or the barbarism of the hovels of Paolitza. The people are said to be sufficiently well off, with a fame in the neighbourhood for embroidery and dancing, at least so Dr. Varatassi assures us. We had been lauding the achievements yesterday at Achmet-Aga. "Yes! but had you seen the dancing on a fête at Hagia Anna?" "Suum cuique."

We were conducted for the night to the Doctor's house, brother to Mr. Varatassi, at Chalcis, to whom we had a letter, and who treated us with much civility, insisting on always being of service, and never allowing us to take care of ourselves. We, of course, asked him

to take tea with us. The house is on the usual plan—centre room, with side-rooms, but no glass; window-shutters opening on a balcony are the substitute. But there are compensations in the beautiful view of the sea and islands. Dr. Varatassi has studied in France, and is going there soon again. As usual, I heard great complaints of the Government; the same story everywhere.

CHAPTER XIII.

WOODS OF EUBŒA—KASTANIOTISSA.

June 5, *Monday.*—Having a long day before us, all were up at half-past five. But, unfortunately, Miss Grocott not only had slept ill, but was suffering so much from fatigue as to render her accompanying us perilous. After some consultation it was decided that she should return to Achmet-Aga, Dr. Varatassi kindly agreeing to take care of her. We left the house together, and then separated, she retracing her steps, under protection of her new friend,—we turning to the north towards Kokino-Milià, on our way to Kastaniotissa. Miss Grocott was to wait for our return at Achmet-Aga.

We now took the heights, and, through a most lovely country, a great forest range of every kind of Greek timber,—pines, valonea, and fir,—and a low shrubby brushwood, of arbutus, myrtle, lentisk, and agnus-castus, with slopes, breaks, deep nymph-like dales, openings into glens, and here and there sparklings of rivulets, we pursued our way, on one of the freshest mornings I have ever felt in Greece. As we rose, the softer aspects of the landscape became more severe and grand; between the firs came glorious gleams of deep-blue sea, and grand promontories, and amethysty islands glimmering in the vapours of the morning. The luxuriance of all this was new, nothing seemed stinted. It was a free-giving, exuberant nature, from which

nothing looked as though extorted. Those straight, fresh, sharp green shoots from the firs; the myrtles and pomegranates, with their dun-red berries and dark glossy green leaves spreading into hedges; arbutus,* red-stemmed and tree-like, and lentisk forming walls, all gave the idea of a nature less architectural and artificial; more vegetable, fuller of sap, of life, of serenity, of years, than we ordinarily meet with in this country.

We now came to a point amongst many, where the

* The arbutus here resembles those of Killarney. Smith, in the description of Killarney, in his History of Kerry, says of them—"The arbutus which clothes these islands of the lower lake gives even the haggard winter the beautiful appearance of spring, for in that melancholy season this tree puts on its brightest bloom; which, rarely growing in other places, is more likely to be admired by strangers in this. The preparation of charcoal for the ironworks became the occasion of a great destruction of this beautiful tree in other parts of the country; and it is said that even here it suffered much from an accidental fire that laid waste a great part of a forest. Its growth upon rocks of marble, where no earth appears, and so high above the surface of the water, renders it a matter of both surprise and pleasure. This tree is extremely agreeable in every different circumstance of vegetation, for it hath at one and the same time ripe and green fruit upon its branches, which as they approach to ripeness from green become yellow, and at length terminate in a fine scarlet colour, resembling in form a field-strawberry, though in size that but of the best garden kind. The blossoms grow in clusters of small white bells, not unlike those of the lily of the valley; and in such great abundance as, in that respect alone, to be equal in beauty to the laurustinus, and, in other respects, much superior to it; for the agreeable verdure of the leaves, not much unlike the bay, the scarlet hue of the lower part of the stalk, and all the different stages of vegetation, at one and the same time, from the knitting fruit to perfect ripeness, cannot but be exceedingly agreeable to the curious observer."—'Annual Register,' for the year 1758, p. 387.

"The arbutus, saith Sir Thomas Molyneux (in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 227), is not to be found anywhere of spontaneous growth, nearer to Ireland, than the most southern parts of France, Italy, and Sicily, and there, too, it is never known but as a fruit-tree or shrub; whereas in the rocky parts of the county of Kerry, about Loughlane, and in some of the rocky mountains adjacent, where the people of the country call it the cane-apple, it flourishes naturally to that degree as to become a large tall tree. Petrus Bellonius observes that it doth so in Mount Athos, in Macedonia; and Juba is quoted by Pliny, as mentioning it as a thing extraordinary that the arbutus grows to a high tree in Arabia." Dr. Molyneux adds that "the trunks of the trees of Ireland have been frequently four feet and a half in circumference, and eighteen inches diameter; and that the trees grow to about nine or ten yards in height, and in such a plenty that many of them have been cut down to melt and refine the ore of silver and lead mines discovered near Ross Castle."—P. 327.

forms of the coast, dipping between two high mountains, with a graceful bend, allowed us a large sweep of the Bœotian Sea, and soon after, turning our back to this scene, burst upon us the whole splendour of our first view of the magnificent Gulf of Volo. I instantly slipped off my horse, and set to a sketch in spite of a strong wind from the sea, and a hot noonday June sun overhead. It was worth it; but vain pen or pencil to do it justice, or even to render it comprehensible.

To the right ran the northern lines of Skopelos and the Eubœan headlands; Skiathos on the horizon; Olympus, perhaps, in the shadows or vapours of the distance; the shores of the Gulf,—not high, from this point,—shooting out in the promontory of Trikeri. Further to the left, lay the land over Amaliopolis; then the broad cloudy forms of Othrys, and Ossa and Pelion, well recording, in their broken and huge character, the last efforts of an encounter between gods and giants. Lower down, the Straits of Artemisium; and behind, Œta, designating the site of the sister fight, Thermopylæ, immediately below. Iolchos, the Argonauts, Xerxes, Leonidas, Philip and Alexander—an entire history is here. Late events have not diminished their interest. Yonder is the region of the twenty-four villages, of which we heard so much during the late liberation-attack of their ὁμόφυλοι, on their property,* in Thessaly, and who are represented as being quite rich enough to tempt them to any such marauding attempt. I soon resumed my saddle, and passing through a similar character of country, arrived at the small village of Kokino-Milià about one o'clock.

On the way thither our servant, Nikolo, in getting off his horse, sprained his foot, and reached the village with great pain and difficulty. An old woman was

* This refers to the raid into Turkey in 1854—see Introduction, p. 18.

sought in every direction, for they are the surgeons as well as physicians in all these country parts, but none was to be found. The place, a group of a few miserable scattered houses, on the side of a rocky hill, with a deep ravine below, in the heart of the forest, was the last spot where to expect aid. The inhabitants looked poor, hungry, fierce, and uncivilised. We did not venture to enter their hovels, and had our dinner spread under an ilex, a few paces further on, beside the road. After a frugal repast, we set out at four for Kastaniotissa, having first sent Nikolo on to Boutà, a village a little out of the way on the right, in the hope of his meeting better advice than we could give or find for him at Kokino-Milià. The sun was still high when we resumed our way in the forest heights immediately above the village. Magnificent depths of foliage, of all oriental forms, opening below; now and then a glen clothed with ilex and other ever-green timber, stretching in complicated lines to the sea; the sea itself edged with the rugged isles of Skopelos and Skiathos, mellowed into wavy lines of purple by the distance, made the constantly accompanying frame of our picture, the road overshadowed by infinite varieties of plane-tree and fir. Sometimes a great, gaunt, half-shattered pine sturdily held his own halfway down, or marked in lines different shelves of rock, step-wise, right over the now peaceable river. And all this had a running accompaniment of shrubbery, brushwood, glimmering bay, and lofty red-stemmed arbutus, and sharp myrtle, and bushy lentisk, and the red clusters of pomegranates, and the pale agnus-castus, and such clumps and scatterings of flowers at their feet, yellow, blue, white,—blossoms like snow-flakes, or Turkey carpeting over the moss, running up the wild branches amongst those thousands of trees,—so joyous,

and festal, and superabundant that I could not believe myself in Greece, and still less in a country to the north of it. All this, too, with such odours and sounds!

These firs make an atmosphere of their own—a wholesome mountain-air, poignant and invigorating;—most classic, too; breathing all of Neptune, to whom they were dedicated, or of Diana and her nymphs. No one would be surprised to see a bevy of them, light-sandalled, and clean-limbed, and short-kirtled, and clear and brilliant with health and exercise, start out, with red deer leaping all about them, from any of the thousand coverts and haunts made for such divinities and their human passions, loves, or sports, which we had passed on our way. And as to sounds! who shall say that in Greece—at least in Eubœa, a Greece of its own—the birds cannot or will not sing. I could not count the multitudes, all at the top of their bent, in full chorus in every bushy recess or lofty roof of plane or pine. I forgot or noted them not in the ever-succeeding solos and duets of the nightingale—not our nightingale—having nothing to do with sorrow or night, whatever Milton may say of his wonder—

> "Sweet bird! who shunnest the noise of folly,
> Most musical, most melancholy."

And again—

> "In sweetest, saddest plight,
> Smoothing the rugged brow of night!"

but, on the contrary, brilliant and exulting as the harbinger of day and life, fond of multitudes, and nowise loth to display. The whole way along we had a constant series of these prima-donnas—rivals, it may be, but not clashing with each other—each with her own

special *fioriture* and treatment, as well as quality of voice, and all beautiful, none imperfect. Strada's violin-player would have had no chance with the youngest—for of varied ages they must have been, too—*débutantes* and veterans, and familiar with each other and the passing public, as if they had been favourites for half a century. A few at Athens are wondered at in the evening in the Queen's garden; here they are in hosts, and in the broad sunshine. The bird is a good-sized creature, too—not at all of small dimensions, as suburban imagination pictures, but portly as a juvenile partridge, and stirred into song by the passage of men. We heard a good deal of their social disposition at Achmet-Aga, almost as man-seeking and tame as robin-redbreasts. There they abound, and are treated with kindness even by the peasants, not a usual tendency of Greeks. We had them morning, evening, and midday with us, through the whole of our journey; and a great consolation it was and a sort of refreshment to mind, as plane foliage to body, to meet such a company ready to receive us in all our moods, and wherever we strayed.

Whatever was painful here we owed to man. Now and then, half-way up a mountain, a great gash of blank rock disfigured the forest completeness of the picture. How many axes had been let loose there last year, and how many lepta, growing into drachmas, had paid well for it, could no doubt be accurately stated for us by our Agoyiates, if they had been of this country. For the + added to the + is the great centre of all Greek popular statistics, and in these computations they are accurate above the usual average of Greek statistical data. Here, for this last half-mile, there would seem to have been a simoom over the heads of the forest, for all the hair of the pine and fir, generally so vivid with green

young life, had been scorched up,—withered into dismal red and black. A Euro-notos had breathed upon them, and drunk up life. The mystery is solved by some noble trees close at our side. They are in all stages of decay, having been tapped for resin; one totally a corpse, standing only like a skeleton in an anatomy-room; others show, branch by branch, the sure advancing death. It is no use that the summit should still flaunt in the sunshine with its healthy companions, braving death and "doing battle." The fatal wound has been struck below at different heights, the paralysis has seized, like fire, branch and leaf. In a few months more all will have expired; the vitality will be shut up in the head, and then driven out. How many of these might have otherwise lived their century! It seizes one with irrepressible melancholy—not through consideration for Greek treasury and Greek proprietor alone, but with sympathy more widely human—of all things and times.

Οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

Coming back to Greek fiscal life, I find that in this, as in so many other cases, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle;* for this destruction is for the most meagre gain; hardly enough, one would think, to pay work and hatchet. The gash which cuts a tree yields but a few okes of resin; each oke produces but a few drachmas —in fine, a total of about eight drachmas a tree. The trunks are too heavy for the labour of cutting down, and now not worth it. They are rubbish as far as any real working kind of use to which they may be applied. They stand only, monument-like, to preach to all comers the folly of selfish men.

By patient mule-like steps, the "festina lente" of all Greek mountain-travelling, we arrived at last abreast of

the village to which we had sent Nikolo, and not liking to leave him and his helplessness to chance—none are so helpless as Greeks when ill—we turned down to the right from our direct road, to see what had become of him. After a little winding, we reached the bank of the mountain stream, with the gay-looking houses of Boutà opposite, more like a large farm-establishment—one organised in one view, by one mind and hand and purse, than the discordant picnic contributions, house trusting on house, of the normal Greek village. On a broad grassy slope—oh! the charm of real, natural, vegetable, common-place, dewy grass in this very hard, classically-sculptured, architecturally-clothed Greece!—under a spreading plane-tree, worthy of relationship with the distinguished races at Achmet-Aga, lay Nikolo under a blanket, as they said—for it was prescribed—asleep, and a group of villagers were making chorus before their Chorephore, the wise woman and wonder-worker of the village. She came up to us beaming with self-gratulation, and outpouring in a volley of words. She had done the "operation," all was right; pulled the leg, rubbed it, put it at last into its place,—it seems when dislocated and worked on by the Agoyiates, it had been put further wrong, as is often the case with other than ankles,—and all now wanting were bandages, prudence, patience, and rest. The chorus looked proud, as beseemed them, and said grandly a few platitudes in favour of the science of Boutà and the heroic doctress, and having consulted further, and found from his own lips it would be dangerous to set him to violent mule-exercise again, we decided on leaving Nikolo behind in her care. I gave directions that he should go to-morrow to Xerochori to consult the higher faculty, and then, if not better, to wait for the return of the steamer from Volo, by Oreos, and

there to embark for Chalcis, preparatory to our return. Giving him these instructions, and feeing the surgeon in petticoats so as to merit a πολλὰ τὰ ἔτη σὰς from the whole chorus, we remounted and were soon far on our way to Kastaniotissa.

In a short time, crossing some ill-ploughed fields, we reached a small, desolate-looking village, near a swampy stream, which, we were told, lay at the verge of the Kastaniotissa property, and, resisting the directions of our new gendarme, who (boasting little of the sagacity or enthusiasm of his predecessor) wished to keep us to the tangled thicket in the valley, we proceeded through an undulated country, covered with brushwood rather than timber, to Kastaniotissa. This would not have made a disagreeable impression, had we not just left the glorious country of the heights between Hagia Anna and Boutà. It now appeared hard, stunted, and poor: wooded, but not timbered. The evening, too, had advanced, and the clouds began to gather, and the rain, threatening all day, began to fall in large drops, portending storm, which happily drifted elsewhere, but left behind it a close, occasional shower, and then a constant dull twilight. We were tired, too, with our long day, and the long-promised village seemed eluding, and flying, phantom-like, the farther from us the nearer we approached.

At last we really came abreast of it. It lay apparently close on a hill, well covered with a green plantation opposite, but a deep dell lurked between. Behind rose a long range of forest-covered mountain, gloomy, dark, lofty, and mysterious; no habitation visible on it, bleakness for miles, probably never scanned by foot of man, unless a charcoal-burner. The evening had grown on us, and the twilight with it, and with the sad history of the place,

rising at every step more sternly before us, we went on, without a word, up and down, thinking we might not reach it before darkness, scarcely finding and then again losing our way. No one passed us of whom we could ask a question; the Agoyiates were new to the place. Spiro's memory was not strong: and he feared the rain, and was disturbed and *distrait* for his baggage. At length we reached a point from which we could see a village, a house rather, which fronted it and the sea. It was that marvellous sea of Volo and its gulf, which we had beheld this morning; but we had only one idea now—night and rain, and to get on. After a great deal of winding and groping, we at last found ourselves climbing steep flanks; all around telling of neglect and absence of the proprietor. The sun had not yet quite set, when we reached, by a tortuous pathway, the courtyard of the house, the residence of the Leeves family, the proprietors of the place.

The house lies towards the edge of the declivity. On one side it consists of one story, on the other of two; in the lower are offices and lumber-rooms. A range of servants' rooms flank it at right angles. Opposite is stabling, a fountain and tree in the stone-paved court, and trees forming a sort of orchard-looking garden, shutting up the whole, all out of repair, and in every look calamity-stricken. The Epistates, a respectable-looking man, met us in the court, but said, to our surprise, that no letters had reached him, and he had made no preparations. At the same time, he said all should be done to make us comfortable. All we asked to for was to be put at some distance from the fatal room, in Mrs. Leeves', the mother's quarters. On entering the house, all our forebodings were realised: a more melancholy dwelling for a predestined family could not have been devised. A gallery

or corridor runs from the entrance-door to a door opposite, opening on the balcony. On each side are rooms, with a small inner room, used for Mrs. Leeves' bed-room at present. The fatal room where the murder took place,* is the last to the left, opposite the drawing-room. Nothing can exceed the miserable nature of the building; doors thin, scarcely closing, and so ill put together, that a kick would be sufficient to open them. Before the murder there was not a bar to any of the windows. Now, alas! too late, they have been put in to all the lower ones. The walls appear to be made of mud, thinly whitewashed over; not a wall, window, door, or floor straight or firm in its place. A wretched, melancholy abode, neither house nor cottage, which a storm, it would seem, would be sufficient to blow away; under a ban, one would think, from the beginning. Every step confirmed these feelings.

Our Epistates, taking his Italian lamp, showed us into the drawing-room, opposite the door, as said, of *the* chamber. It was a sad apartment. A high, common wooden chimney-piece, on which was a porcelain figure of a dog—image of fidelity—shattered; engravings in miserable frames, on the dingy, dreary, once whitewashed walls; rickety chairs, a shaky table, all going to pieces, a spinnet-like pianoforte (we feared to wake a sound from it), and a glazed book-case in the corner, locked; another on the opposite side, open. The door between this room and the dining-room was locked, but an idle precaution, for anyone who would take the trouble could knock down its flimsy panels. I looked through the dusky panes into the book-case—a collection of about one hundred volumes,—Gibbon mixed with Evangelical tracts, Mill's 'History of India,' Shakspeare, Bibles, with some editions of Metastasio, and other

* See Introduction, page 38.

Italian works; a few on agriculture, of all bindings and years. In the other open shelves were a large lot of Bibles—French, Greek, and English—much thumbed and thoroughly noted: probably used in the school we afterwards found had been established here for the villagers, and carried on by the Misses Leeves.

I walked to the balcony. It was to see that the entrance was well closed. In a little time came our tea, with admirable cherries, cheese, and honey, from the Epistates, which we soon despatched, not without an uncomfortable reversion now and then to the door of the porch, and that dreadful night, all the events of which had been long familiar to us. Our beds had been put up; mine in the dining-room, W——'s in Mrs. Leeves', as far away as possible from the sad scene of the catastrophe. The few moments before retiring to bed I spent in looking around me. The whole aspect and the furniture were dreary beyond description. Floors up and down, deep, low, irregular windows, with unpainted common deal shutters; a sofa, once of light blue moreen, but, as it seemed to my imagination, stained with two large dabs of blood. Mr. Leeves had been, I believe, into this room, or perhaps this sofa was in the bedroom. Over it hung a large, worn-out map of Greece, the gift of Sir R. Church, as he afterwards told me; two deal cupboards were in the wall, and, with all this, a fireplace. On the door I still saw the remains of the consular seals which Mr. Merlin had affixed when I sent him down here for that purpose. The ceiling showed the same decay and rudeness. I went with what serenity I could to bed, now late, and all dead still around me, and slept with occasional gleams from the lamp in the fireplace, which, contrary to my habit, I left burning all night, till the birds and Spiro waked me at six in the morning.

CHAPTER XIV.

KASTANIOTISSA, OREOS, XEROCHORI, BOUTA.

Tuesday, June 7.—I rose relieved, and soon heard from W—— that she had passed a troubled night, and been early frightened by strange imaginations. The first thing she saw, on waking, on the closed shutter, was as if the marks of five gouts of blood, as from the five fingers. The strong morning sun, striking right upon the deal wood, had got hold of five knots contiguous to each other, and given them this true deep hue of blood from an outstretched bloody hand. All things seemed sympathising, and speaking still of the foul deed. While breakfast was preparing, I walked into the balcony. My first involuntary feeling was intense admiration of the noble view which burst opposite over the tree-tops of the garden declivity in front. It was the same embracing sea-scene and mountain framework we had seen yesterday, with the wide-stretching plain of Oreos beneath; in the immediate foreground broken hillocks covered by verdure, flanked by the gloomy range of forest-covered heights which ran to the west of the village, and formed the characteristic feature of the whole picture. The village lay close to the house, but was altogether concealed by the foliage of the slope. The sun shone cheerily, but not directly, on these great masses of dark wood, which thus partly preserved the sullen aspect they had borne yesterday. A small point was indicated as the commencement of Mr. Wild's pro-

perty in these mountains. All the rest belonged to Mr. Leeves.

Beyond the village, a white sparkling stone—we had passed not far from it yesterday—was shown as the tomb where Mr. Leeves and his unfortunate wife were buried, beside the church. I now had time to turn to the balcony, broad enough and long enough, but so ill put together, so unstable, with loose timber and its supporting slender posts, that I feared almost to walk along—no joining, no painting. No peasant could have more provisionally or carelessly constructed his outhouse. I peeped in, as I walked along, through the iron bars and shut windows of *the* room. As far as the uncleaned glass would allow me, I could see it had been lately done up anew, whitewashed, and even smartened, to laugh away all the horrors of that night. I looked over the balcony, and could see how easily it might be climbed. But of that I intended to satisfy myself later. After breakfast I accordingly went out below and examined the garden. The house here appears higher, from the two stories and the declivity. Looking into one of these side store-rooms, through the bars, we were told that here, for two years and more, the Misses Leeves, since become nuns, when under their father or with their brother, had taught Greek, French, English, as well as reading, writing, arithmetic, and religion to the children of the village. It looked a dreary room, as we saw it, going fast to ruin. The garden, or rather fruit plantation, is very steep, but leaves an esplanade at top, immediately in front of the balcony. Some stones were still heaped near one of the posts. Measuring them, they were very little above my head, so that, with the assistance of another, and the least increase to the heap below, nothing could be more easy than to climb up on

to the balcony. From thence through the windows,—at that time without bars,—hardly closed, and only knee-high above the floor, was but a step. The whole scene is quite clear, and one only wonders at the inconceivable confidence or folly of the unfortunate victims.

Returning, we noticed a heap of English agricultural implements going to pieces, destined by Mr. Leeves, on his marriage, to be brought into use in the village, but now mere rubbish. No one here can understand or value them. They have no more meaning for the people than the language. Were there not plenty of fuel within reach, long ere this they would have been burned. These were among the many things of less utility, but with the same hope, which he brought out at the time. Some of them proved incumbrances, others fatal. The large dinner service for this desert might have been sufficiently vain and idle; but the German silver, which the murderers mistook for real, with the belief that a large remittance had just been received from Athens for the working of the farm, was the immediate cause of the murder.

To do the people justice, all not only resented the atrocity in the strongest manner at the time, and, contrary to usual Greek sentiment and sympathy, pursued the murderers with execration to the last, but even to this hour they speak of it with wrath, shame, and sorrow. They "could not believe it possible;" the Effendi had been so kind to all—to none so much as to the leader in the foul deed. He had free passage in and out of the house at all hours,—was a favourite of both, though latterly somewhat suspected by Mrs. Leeves—and was to have been sent for his education to the University at Athens, in the intention of ultimately becoming a priest. He had dined but two days before with them. They had

supported him, lent him and his father money,—he was like an adopted son. The horror of his ingratitude was in the mouth of all those I spoke to. They looked on it as the blot of blood on the village. There were five, all young; he, the priest's son, not more than twenty. The two immediate perpetrators, they who entered the room, were executed at Xerochori; the other three were condemned to prison for a certain number of years:—they had not done the deed, but kept watch below. The first impulse and intention was to rob,—but on Mrs. Leeves crying out, "It is the priest's son!" fear got the ascendant, and, to escape detection, both were shot. The details of that we have already, both in the depositions and trial. The poor father is stated to have been the principal detector. The story of his condemnation of his son appears to be true. He was a good man, but always needy. On his son's execution he left Kastaniotissa, where, according to the people, he was liked, and went down to the gloomy village which we passed yesterday, where he still lives.

We prepared to depart, the Epistates accompanying us at his own desire, as far at least as Oreos. We wished on our way to see the village and tomb. The village is a wretched scramble of houses — no hand of a master there; dirty, irregular, careless—below rather than above the average — all betokening absenteeism, and want of rule. The dirty little pathway brought us down into a small dell, where is a small Greek village church, and in the grass in front stands the tomb. It was originally badly built, and is sinking in—that is the vault, pressed on by the white marble soros above. The inscription is simple and Christian-like. It speaks of their deaths only, not of their murder,—though the identity of the day betrays all. Near, is a small heap in the shape of a

pyramid. It covers the Epistates of the time. He died a year after. His reputation was none of the best. The church is now closed; no one comes near it.

We now left the melancholy village, with no desire to return, and hastened on to Oreos, through a hillocky kind of country, as the last off-shoot of the mountains near. By degrees the brushwood gave way to cornfields, vetches, and other various crops, and finally we found ourselves in the plain. Up on the mountain of Kastaniotissa, midway, and embosomed in wood, was pointed out to us M. De Mimont's village, and we saw from time to time the boundaries of his estate, marked by pillars or masses of masonry lately erected. At length Oreos appeared in the distance, on the beach, detected by the masts of its caïques, and the approach of sails from different parts of the Gulf.

In a short time, after a two hours' ride, we reached the base of the Acropolis—to the right of which is the modern village. The Acropolis is one of those natural elevations, inviting and protecting settlement near the sea-shore, to be seen through all parts of Greece. Considerable masses of wall are to be traced at intervals all along its square-looking isolated summit. On approaching nearer, its character is low Roman or Byzantine, possibly on more ancient, and even regular Hellenic foundations. We ascended and got into the square. On the northern wall there are remains of towers, same on the west, the east nearly gone. The Bay of Artemisium is seen thence to great advantage, with the skala of Oreos just below. All this portion of wall is apparently of the lowest rubble construction, though of considerable strength from height and position above the plain. The plain is laid out in irrigated fields of maize and corn, without bridges, and few trees; wild olives, from time to time, standing isolated.

We crossed to the south-west side to examine fragments; those most remarkable being a considerable mass of irregular huge stones, crowned with some approach to Hellenic, and then rubble mixed with brick: either remnants of ancient Hellenic, on which had been built the more modern Roman, perhaps mediæval, or a still more modern construction, by collecting fragments from different quarters, and building them into the wall. There is no difficulty in supposing that so favourable a site may have always been an object with each succeeding domination, which, as they acquired possession, may have put to profit the materials and construction of their predecessors. The old inhabitants using cyclopic, the Hellenes followed with their larger masses, leaving Roman, Frank, and Turk to succeed them. One of the students of the French Academy at Athens has made an *étude* of these ruins, the more interesting as they are the only ones of the kind in Northern Eubœa, and I am told by him,—M. Clobry,—that he was much puzzled by the traces of two cities crossing each other. I detected no remains in the platform, nor any considerable amount of pottery, such as indicate long-inhabited ancient towns. Probably, it was little more than a fortress (*φρούριον*). Nor did I see the appearances of any outer town on going down the hill. It seems to have been in a great degree confined at all times to the Acropolis.

On our first arrival we passed the little church to the right, and found there a school of young fustanellas, waiting in the arcade or shed attached to one side of the church. They were then waiting for their master; it was their summer school, as the church was the winter one. This explains the old peristyle or stoa. It was nearly as broad as the church; but only on one side, not in front. It formed a very airy, pleasant

apartment. The first step was the vine-covered trellis we met on the Gulf of Corinth; this the second,—terminating ultimately in the dipteral colonnades of the Olympeion.

Leaving the Acropolis we rode down by the irrigated plain to the Skala, and in ten minutes were on the beach. A row of comfortable, well-built, new-tiled, and newly-furnished houses ran along, and from thirteen to fourteen caïques were moored alongside; others coming in and others departing, so that it had quite the appearance of a lately-raised, thriving little place. The Greek steamers now touch here, twice in ten days, going to and coming from Volo, besides a good deal of smaller craft, since the Euripus has been opened. There is a small establishment in the pottery way, for making tiles and all sorts of the common water-jug or vase, so classic still in its form, and of all sizes. Rude attempts at colour have been made in some; the water hieroglyphic zigzag—traditional no doubt, and generally of blue—is a favourite. The material resembles the fine clay of Cape Colias, which made Attic pottery so famous. The authorities—headed by the Limnarch—came out to our "rencontre," and after explaining all the wonders and hopes of the place, and offering their services, allowed us to mount our horses and pursue our journey. We took the direction of the village, a good-sized aggregate of houses to our right, the road running between it and the Acropolis, and at twelve o'clock were in direct route to Xerochori, over the plain, here perfectly flat.

Arable land and occasional rich pastures, maize, corn, cotton, mulberries, and a few olives, were on all sides. The road was tolerable, so as to allow carts—we saw three, of the Attic fashion, used as a sort of omnibus for passengers—and on the whole, there were all the appear-

ances of an inhabited, active, and fairly-cultivated country. Its picturesque merit consists in the woody knolls, and the bolder mountain range behind them; sea and island, and the unvarying outline of the Thessalian and Macedonian ranges beyond the Gulf of Volo to our left. As we approached Xerochori, the hillocks near became chalky and arid, reminding us of the colour and form of those near Corinth. Eventually we got into low canal land, and finally entered Xerochori. Spiro at once conducted us, by counsel of the Epistates, through all the streets of the town, to Mrs. Leeves' man of business.

He received us with every courtesy, and the usual admirable ceremonial of glyko and coffee. We got from him all that was worth hearing about this capital of North Eubœa, with complaints of the selfishness of the Greeks and indifference to free political institutions. He, too, made strong denunciations of Greek officials: their incapacity, ignorance, avarice, corruption, indolence, and as results, especially in the remoter provinces, backwardness in agriculture, and total absence of manufactories; the only matter they apparently succeed in seems to be the transmission of goods, or freight. Xerochori was rather a thriving place, and showed some art in the building of houses and laying out of streets. It is a long stretch of a town—one long street, from which wind off lanes, right and left. The streets are paved, with a channel running down the centre. The speaker referring to his daughter, who was now at Smyrna, and whom he goes to see in the convent there, where she is at school, brought us on other conversation. He does not, like many others, go up to Athens, where one must spend, and cannot be independent; many, like him, prefer to remain in the country. He is from

Milan, and has been settled here some time. One daughter came in and spoke French fluently. In a little time the authorities arrived—the Eparch, Demarch, police, secretaries, and others. The head of police spoke of an admirable wine, a species of muscadel, which I might easily get, and which was excellent, about twopence a bottle, from this part of the country. He promised to get me any quantity I wished. The Milanese, however, wished it to be looked on as trash. The new visitors told me they had three churches, all newly built, of which the Annunciation is the principal, and which, with the "Taxiarch," deserve a visit. We passed the first on entering the town. The architecture is plain and solid, clean, whitewashed, and of good size. There were also two promenades, one newly made, which we also had noticed on entering; the plantation of pomegranates, only just put down in a square piece of ground. The schools are the Hellenic, and two Demotic, for boys and girls; the Hellenic not open, but I could see the two others. I went at once under their guidance to the school for boys. I found it a fine long roomy building, as lofty as a church, and evidently quite new, well ventilated by high windows on each side, and well lit, being pretty nearly isolated, furnished and arranged on the Lancastrian plan. Two rows of benches and seats for the six classes, designated by tablets on posts, ran along the side of the school. Maps and engravings were on the walls; one dais or platform at the extremity, for the teachers, and a black board below; all as at Livadia and other places in Greece. On entering, the master came down from his desk to receive me, and conducted me up to a seat; when, after the usual introduction, and the old school fugling and whistling, to get the boys into their places and into order, he informed them ὅτι ἦλθεν σήμερον ὁ πρέσβυς τῆς

Ἀγγλίας νὰ βλέπῃ τὸ σχολεῖον μὰς, κ. τ λ. "To-day has come the Minister of England to visit the school," and called for a response in the shape of a general performance of the Ὕμνος βασιλικὸς, "God save the King," sung by the 250 or 300 boys, with clear, sharp, thrilling voices, which rung in one's ears, but so flat in tone, and out of the true expression, that I scarcely recognised it. We heard that the schoolroom, which was every way creditable, was built at the communal expense. It reminded me of that at Sparta. It could not be better. I asked the master to let me hear a little reading and history. The reading was in the usual monotony, common to almost all Greek schools —the history, a sort of Pinnock's catechism of the history of Greece. I found the same book in the hands of one of the fine open-countenanced, shepherd-looking scholars in the church stoa at Oreos. On the master putting a question to the scholars, who were selected and called up by name, they gabbled through the answer verbatim, as fast as they could, often getting out of their depth, and answering with difficulty, clearly only half understanding what they said. It was the same with Scripture history; proof of the true mutual system being in operation, and nothing more. I could hardly compliment him on this, and he asked if I wished to have some arithmetic or geography on the board. Unfortunately, I had no time. I asked, were any lessons given in agriculture? He thought I had said γεωγραφία for γεωργία, and at first answered, yes; but on repeating the question, said, "They had not heard of it." The writing specimens were for the most part good, though I see they have not yet adopted the recently projected ordinance—and character from the ancient Greek MSS. The character is still the vicious cursive modern Greek. The master, though somewhat pompous and pedagogical, was cour-

teous, and glad to give all information. He felt education to be the glory of the Greek, their *cheval de bataille*, on which they escape from many a charge. The boys had a healthy air, and were well dressed, principally in fustanella, and often came from a considerable distance. They showed alacrity and readiness, and entire want of bashfulness or *mauvaise honte*, as in all schools, female as well as male, high and low, in Greece. Nothing they are not ready to try, as a matter of course. The time pressing, I had to leave quickly, in order to see the female school. We had to pass through the greater part of the town, and, hard by the new promenade, which we saw on entering, were conducted to a small private house. There, in a rather gloomy room, but clean, I find about sixty girls with their mistress at female work, embroidery, or making shirt fronts. Their lessons for the morning were over—they went home to dinner, and had to resume them later. The mistress, from the Philopaideutiki, and tidy in her person, lamented that they were so ill provided with a school; this was rented for the present, but they hoped to have one later. The girls were poorly clad and ill-fed, in intellectual and healthy expression behind the boys, as they were in both, as well as in character of structure, behind the boys of Sparta.

On returning from the schools we took leave of our friends, and were soon again on horseback, and on our way to Boutà, where we intended to sleep that evening. In the meantime, Nikolo having been set quite to rights, bandaged, prescribed for, and counselled, was left behind, with orders to wait the Thursday's steamer, and return with it from Oreos to Chalcis.

We had the same arid-looking range of hill and mountain on our left, noticed on entering—perhaps thence the

name of Ξερόχωρι—and we proceeded through some fields by a doubtful pathway to the woody heights and dells through which we had passed yesterday. Spiro's Bœotian sagacity was put to sore proof in disentangling himself from the crossing ways which everywhere met him. Not in the best humour at our suspicions of his knowledge, he got us at last upon what seemed the straight road, and we hastened to take advantage of it. The evening was advancing, the road not good, though the distance was not great, and there were some chances still we should have to wander about at the mercy of Spiro's conjectures. By degrees we found ourselves on the bank of a torrent-bed, covered with plane-trees, and opening into agreeable shrubberies, and at last recognised the road through which we passed on our way yesterday to Kastaniotissa. All was now delightful and satisfactory. We had growing upon us the same wooded knolls, rising higher in the distance into mountain, covered with pine and fir, and reminding us frequently of Derbyshire and South Wales,—uncultivated, and more Swiss than anything perhaps England can boast of. The white torrent-bed, broken by huge blocks and noble trunks, which we crossed backwards and forwards from time to time, lay to our left, and gleams of maize-covered fields opened to the right—a smooth garden pathway, as through a plantation, serpentining along. The sun was still brilliant and hot, but, with the rich glow of evening, more to be seen than felt. I often turned back to look towards the sea, and the mountains of Cassandra especially. The sky was clear there also, but a little half-noticed darkness was getting up upon the cap. The clouds soon grew more massive—though drifting apparently northward. In a few moments more they had advanced higher up the heavens; it was clear that we ran some

risk of a storm. We hastened our pace, and in a few minutes, crossing again the torrent-bed, arrived at Boutà.

Our impressions of yesterday we now found confirmed. The place belongs almost wholly to the proprietor, M. Kymon. It is a large farm-establishment, rather than village. We passed up by comfortable whitewashed offices to the court before the house. There the Epistates came down to receive us, and with all politeness invited us upstairs, offering us hospitality for the night, according to orders received from his master at Athens. It is a curiously built house. Two stories as usual, the hall-door approached by a double staircase, with an entry also below, a long passage ending on a terrace and garden running down nearly to the torrent-bed, and gay with flowers of strong decided hues, such as hollyhocks. There were likewise pomegranates and oranges below, and the balcony above, over a porch, was covered with clematis. The view from below and above, over the beautiful interchange of highly-wooded hillock and bold-backed mountain, with the river bed between, white, but still lively with a rushing water in the centre, gave all the elements of a milder Swiss landscape. The garden showed good intentions, but as usual it was neglected; opposite, on the other bank, were the masses of magnificent plane-trees, where we found Nikolo and his surgeon yesterday. Upstairs we were shown to the drawing-room. It has, on a green ground, a series of characteristic family portraits; some are in true homely Greek mercantile costume, one opening a letter from a correspondent, in a *dégagé* manner, the other wielding a large handkerchief. The young ladies have very Panagia-looking physiognomies—the only picture betokening beauty is that of Madame —— as a child, and the present proprietor figures as a Greek artillery officer. In

this remote part of Eubœa, it is amusing to meet these reflections of Athenian society life. Opposite are the bedrooms. I found in mine engravings of Sebastopol and Cronstadt, with other indications of Russian sympathy. Our dinner was prepared in the room immediately under the drawing-room. While engaged at it, the storm menacing during the morning came on with vivid lightning and loud thunder, but sweeping rapidly on over the heights with fierce drifts of rain and hail, left us for the south-west side of Eubœa. It had come originally from Olympus, and was worthy of Zeus *νεφεληγερέτης*.

CHAPTER XV.

MANDANIKO—ACHMET-AGA—CHALCIS—RETURN TO THE PEIRÆUS.

June 8, *Wednesday.*—We set off at an early hour, crossing the torrent-bed with the Epistates, and thanking him for the hospitality of last night. Our way gradually wound up the woodland heights, and soon we found ourselves traversing the same description of country as from Kokino-Milia, gradually becoming bolder and wilder. We now immediately turned our backs from the north of Eubœa in a south-westerly direction, with the view of examining the western side of the island opposite Bœotia. The road ran up the side of these mountains at first through the shrubbery brushwood of juniper with its knotty berries, lentisk, pomegranates, occasional holly, all of luxuriant growth, intermingled with Judas trees in full flower, chrysoxolo with its feathery blossom, myrtle in profusion, and bay, but very little if any prinari, which appears to be the characteristic of the hard wiry vegetation of southern Greece. Sometimes clumps of olive might be detected near the villages, but they also were rare and looked half exotic. As we mounted we came into fresher and more northerly regions, amidst the plaintive whispering of the tall firs and stone pines, though the latter seemed more solitary, and often stood boldly and sullenly apart. Dell and height succeeded each other, with great mysterious mountains behind, sometimes quite bare, shutting us in, as in basin-like valleys

and keeping out all view of the sea, to which, however, we felt that we were fast approaching. Some of these shelving roads proved wet, slimy, and slippery, from the effect of yesterday's storm, and compelled us to dismount. The hail appeared to have sharply dealt with the full June foliage, completely peppering through the large plane leaves in particular. The sun too began to be powerful, and the birds less joyous under the meridian heat. In coming down a secluded slope, or platform, in the heart of the pine wood, we saw, a very short distance from and just below us, a large eagle floating leisurely and grandly on, without any flutter of wing, over or in sure search for his prey. I had seen such formerly in crossing from Thermopylæ over Parnassus. A grey, grave, powerful bird, without scream, boast or menace.

Many were the questions as to distance and arrival now addressed to Spiro, who became more and more laconic as we proceeded, constantly pointing, sometimes without word, to a bare mountain in front, behind which, he always asserted, stood the village to which we were hastening. But the further we rode, the more it seemed to fly before us. We were now in Mr. Wild's property, it was said, and the greater portion of these woods belonged to him. At length, after a very precipitous and difficult winding path, we reached a small stream on which we found established a saw-mill in full operation, most picturesquely situated. Dismounting to witness the sawing by water-power of a stout trunk into thin planks, I got all the statistics from the old manager. It had its supply of water from above, by a high shoot which ran down into the brook, and the mill belongs to Mr. Wild.

On remounting, we took a south-westerly direction,

and, before long came upon a magnificently wooded height, which opened at one point, disclosing, between two great promontories running down into the Eubœan strait, one of the most glorious views I have seen in all Greece.

Opposite lay the whole range of the Locrian and Bœotian coasts, terminated to the north by Pthiotis, and to the south by the long ridge of Parnes and Cithæron, which shut in Attica. The striking feature of this panorama was the entire line of Helicon with all its multitudinous shoots and spurs running into the great Bœotian plain, many of which we could identify, spreading from the Corinthian Gulf up to Livadia, behind which rose in surpassing majesty,—Homeric amidst all other poetic mountains in Greece,—the broad, rugged, and cloud-mingled masses of Parnassus, *toto vertice*, noble beyond every other to north or south. The declivities near the sea were brown with harvest, and occasionally showed dark patches of forest, and between lay, like glass over which a breath had passed, the white and blue sea. As we came further on, the surprise had lost somewhat of its poignancy, but instead new developments followed. We soon reached a point from which I thought a sketch might be attempted. The opening had considerably widened, all clothed with shrubbery plantation, out of which sometimes started clumps of forest, relics of former devastation, and on either side the promontories.

The promontories of Eubœa, of old historic and poetic renown, were seen coming out one behind the other far up the gulf, especially on the northern side ; at their feet lay the straits, like a mirror, now and then streaked with breezy blue, but steaming with dusky white hot vapour from the bases of these headlands. That immediately near us was fringed with a white beach, like a socle

of silver, in addition to the hot mist. A few sleepy sails dotted the sea from space to space, merely as though to indicate the perfect noonday calm. Clouds rolled in large round masses along the summits of the far-off mountains, or rather paused there, waiting for the winds of evening. Below, a considerable spread of flat coast, evidently formed by the alluvium of a large mountain torrent, the white bed of which was strongly marked out from the dwarf evergreen plantation stretching on to the beach, designated a spot for human habitation, but only a distant village could be seen. The immediate foreground showed some good masses of pines, enough to mark distance and measure proportion; but where I sat, amidst low evergreens, there was hardly shade enough for self and book, and we were, moreover, obliged to hold white umbrellas against the rage, even now in June, of the midday sun. How entirely opposed to our home June scenery!—all foliage, shade, and foreground, where distance there is none, except down an opening in an oak-forest, or a row of old manor-elms, or towards a hill disguised by clouds into the pretensions of a mountain. Foreground in Greece there is none, unless it be architectural—all is distance. It is sea, isle, and mountain which tell its tale; so that which accompanies it is also past and future, and not the present, which makes all its truth, interest, and force. Even the human figure is a mere accessory, and says nothing, unless he be a Palikari, and then only in his connection with the struggle for its independence. The aspect of Greece is that of the old MS. still: covered as it may be by many a palimpsest; but it is only in proportion as the original text is read that its true value is felt. As a country *per se*, or a mine for an adventurer, as a sort of back-settlement of Europe, it offers attractions only of a

limited nature. Want of men, want of establishment, of security, of order, of old and permanent content, is universal. Even the inhabitant looks a wanderer in his own land; he is prowling for his share in a scramble; out on a reconnaissance for a nomadic community of gipsies. In this, if England forms one extremity, Greece forms the other.—Having finished my sketch, we were soon again on horseback, pushing our way down the broken windings to the village. The sun, which had got far to the west, was beating intensely on the flanks of the mountain we were descending, and reminded us the lower we got of our dreadful road on leaving Thisbe. It was indeed a relief when we at last reached the village.

This was, like most Greek villages, a straggling dislocation of street and house; no street properly so called, miserable houses, and abundance of dirt and dirt-pits and dirt-piles on the side of a mountain looking down on the sea. The only decent habitation was that belonging to the proprietor, also European, M. Lagrange, who lives in Athens. It is a square sort of common-place lodge at the head of and a little above the village, with a small plot of garden, and, what we valued more, a fine spreading plane before the door. Here, under its shade, we stopped for a moment until our horses were unloaded, and the house opened for our dinner; for it was too hot to dine outside. But, to our dismay, the Epistates informed us he had no key. The hall, however, was open, and there we dined more comfortably, for it was flagged, than if we had gone upstairs, the size and blinds of which did not seem to hold out much promise of a cool atmosphere.

The house looked very bygone and crumbling, and is evidently waiting for a new purchaser. When dinner was over, it being too hot to pursue our way, we took a

coram populo sort of rest in the hall on our baggage, our fatiguing journey of the morning having fully prepared us to be easily satisfied, provided we were under shelter. About four, we felt fresher again, and ready for our evening ride.

Whilst waiting for the loading of our baggage, and sitting under the plane-tree, I could not but enjoy the beautiful vignette spread out before me. Take the distance already given, adding a gleam or two of snow in the deep clefts of Parnassus, and make the mists a little more golden all the way up along the coast, and the ardent blue somewhat deeper—this blue so speaks of heat—and then look to the screen through which all this is to be caught. Here is a broad quivering shade, made by the undulating, vine-like foliage of the plane-tree; then beyond, as garden-hedge, hard, sea-green, angular, but huge shoots of aloe, the more huge because they have been left to their own unruly, stubborn, sturdy exuberance; close by, mocking them, the lively keen green of the pomegranate, be-dropped by red, its flowers and fruit now intensely brilliant, some oranges and olives and bays,—in fact, a whole chorus of colours intensely oriental, and so well defined and boldly fronting each other, and all without clashing, that from this alone it was clear you could be nowhere else than amongst the harmonies of the South. I fell into a dream before this visionary illumination for some pæan to Aphrodite—if she could revive pæans;—the brilliant philosophy of the gardens. Neptune had nothing to do here, nor Diana, nor Apollo. Their sanctums we had left. They would be offended by suspecting them of a love for such haunts.

Leaving this village, we rode on to the south, in the hopes of reaching in good time Mandaniko, M. Tombazis' property, where we intended, in accordance with

his invitation, to spend the night. The same superb scenery continued for some time, and we could still look on the sea, with a belief of Chalcis in the distance, and descried the steamer from Oreos just below us, coming on slowly, and not unnecessarily, yet provokingly, flaunting her smoke, always offensive, but here impertinent and upstart-like. We began to feel that we were too near the close of our delightful excursion.

The forest abundance by degrees began to look stunted, and the blasted and ruined pines grew frequent, and the valleys more desolate and naked. The brushwood—often reminding us of what had been lost, and how lately—superseded at last all the wood. Then Spiro and the agoyiates lost their way, and though we had again taken a local guide, he was an old citizen, and seemed very indifferent about the matter, even if it had ended in passing the night in these half-haunted-looking localities. At last we emerged on the road from Limne to Achmet-Aga, with the bluff brow of Kandeli, scantily covered with wood, before us, and running sheer down to the sea, the frontier of the Noel property, so that we felt ourselves in some manner at home. The path now descended into the valley, with spurs of lofty mountains on either side, where there had been, with few exceptions, sad havoc amongst the forests during the last twenty years. After some quiet riding through thickets and shrubberies, at eight o'clock we arrived at Mandaniko.

Mandaniko is a cheerful little place; not village, nor even hamlet, can it be called; a small circular range of houses, leaving a grass plot in the centre, where they were making a well; having on one side a neat, unpretending church built by M. Tombazis, and his own house, or cottage, with offices, which we should look on as a very

good farm-establishment, on the other. We had scarcely shown ourselves on the grass, when out came M. Tombazis, with all his servants, to assist us to dismount, and after many hearty shakes-of-hand, and other courtesies, he brought us into the house, where we were received equally well by his lady. They are both Hydriotes, she a Tzamados, and the house, and everything about it, bears the imprint of her cleanly, orderly, housewifely habits. It was a simple one-storied dwelling; the centre a sitting-room, with bed-rooms at each end, opening into a verandah, looking down on a rich country behind. After glyko, they, with great sense of propriety and true good-breeding, left us to manage our own tea, much amazed at our preference for so unsatisfactory a repast, but of which, however, they partook, or appeared to partake. A more cordial, kind-hearted pair it were difficult to find, joyous, and unaffected, and simple-minded in all. They spoke with the best will in the world on all things. W—— amused herself in the evening with taking lessons in Hydriote costume from Madame Tombazis, and could not refuse her kind present of a veil. It is a curious complication, oriental and classic, very warm and deafening, as the classic often was.

M. Tombazis resides here, farming, the whole year round. He says, with truth, that it is the only way to be independent, getting thus out of range of Court and Government. It is singular how so many islanders, after the decline of Hydra and Spezzia, came and settled in Eubœa. They are a great exception to other Greeks—if Greeks they truly can be called—in industry, quiet, good sense, and punctual, solid household qualities. A larger number of them would go far to regenerate Greece. He has sometimes difficulties with his

people, who in many things are semi-barbarous. Whole tracts of woods were burnt down about two years ago, the property of Mr. Noel, maliciously, it is supposed, though no one could find the perpetrators. Probably the *employés*, and the Government itself may have secretly been glad. The "disgusting of foreigners," the xenelasia, under another form, is a favourite policy. With this conviction and others, I observed there was no lack of prudence, for they barred all the rooms, and shut and locked all up at dusk.

We were shown to our bed-rooms at ten, and nothing could be of more quakerly cleanliness, or more comfortable, than floor, walls, and bed-linen, the latter as white as if newly bleached. There was a wise absence of furniture; even the engravings were few, of the old quality, illustrating the War of Independence, and now and then the drawing of some famous Sacaleva or Brig, dear to the Tombazis—the best builders in Greece—and signalized by acts of prowess under some famous name. The beds in themselves were far better than what we met in more ambitious houses, and rewarded us for not taking out our own bedsteads, by allowing us to sleep unmolested all night.

June 9, *Thursday.*—Rising early, and taking a warm leave of our really kind host, we were soon *en route* for Achmet-Aga. Before long, we were once more in the park-like scenery of this fine estate, leaving Kandeli to our right. Half-way up the hillocky sides of this noble mountain, we saw Mr. Noel's other village, Drasi, too far, however, to visit. After passing through a long line of shrubberies, and by a circuitous route, we arrived at Achmet-Aga at twelve o'clock, where we found Miss Grocott quite recovered. The rest of the day was spent in repose, looking over the offices and sketching, and

later we went to see a magnificent view of Kandeli, and the estate near there, until dinner-hour at eight.

June 20, *Friday.*—Mr. Noel, Alice, and Frank insisting on accompanying us half way, we all started together in the glorious fresh morning, a right joyous cavalcade, worthy of olden times, under the broad spreading plane-trees; in a word, very much on the same road by which we came to Achmet-Aga. After a succession of the most exquisite woodland scenery, on the fullest scale, huge silver-streaked trunks, immense roofs of foliage, misty glimpses of mountain, torrent-beds still brawling with their diminished waters, and pine-groves singing their low shrill plaintive music, we came to the bounds of the estate. From this point to the other extremity, is nine miles. On emerging, we took the road to the right, high above the torrent, a desperate path, and made into a sort of stairs in Turkish or Frank times, but now dislocated and dangerous, even on foot. Above was the famous Kleisoura or pass, which had so excited our admiration before, an almost isolated hill, falling sheer down to the road, the gate of the position. Mr. Noel pointed out to me ruins of wall on its brow. Below, tradition places on the narrow pathway,—no one knows how,—on the perpendicular face of the mountain, an iron gate; perhaps, *au fond;* no more, as in a hundred such cases, than a metaphor gradually consolidated into a fact. By whoever or however it was held, the keeper might easily have defied a host. Mr. Noel could give me no recent particulars—who was the last holder, Frank or Ottoman: probably a Venetian, who in these matters were sagacious, and worked as well as willed.

After a great deal of scrambling up and scrambling down, which we all enjoyed in the midst of this noble

scenery, despite the broiling sun overhead, and none more so than Frank and Alice, we stopped under some fine planes to rest ourselves on the green platform of verdure which had gathered around. A catastrophe occurred here to one of our baggage mules, which helped to occupy all our benevolence for the time. One of our drivers, in his culpable ignorance of time and place, drove his ἄλογον, this time not wiser than himself, right on to a tempting-looking plot of green, across what appeared a very fordable piece of puddle. Down went the animal, every moment sinking deeper, to the dismay of his agoyiate, who, all horror, clamoured right and left without thinking of giving aid, certain that Hades had him, and that a clumsy repetition of the Amphiaraus-and-his-chariot myth was sure to be gone through at his cost. The scene was too comic a parody to allow of much effort at first. At last, by dint of blow and cry, the beast was frightened into an effort, and finally rescued from a muddy grave. These dangers are not unfrequent in Greece; but much more common and dangerous on the sea-shore. Mr. Manley, our attaché, was, a few years ago, very near disappearing with his horse in a sort of quicksand on the coast of the Corinthian Gulf, not far from Vostizza; and every year some adventure of this kind is heard of amongst the miry rivers and rivulets of Bœotia.

We got on our horses with fresh spirits, especially the younger portion of our party, who were never tired and never satiated with this noble food for body and soul, which the scenery we were passing through presented. They were always in the van, and always the first in rousing our attention and sympathy. And a gratifying thing it was for English heart and eyes to see how thoroughly they were English in this southern land.

Alice as fair and fresh and strong and buoyant as if she had that morning come over from the manor or the rectory; and Frank as if yesterday arrived from vacation, and next month to enter Eton. There was something inexpressibly delightful after having had to do all this time back with these artificial, dusty flowers of Athenian youth, to meet with something so real, such true flesh and blood, sincere soul, and unpinched, undistorted enjoyment, as came every moment across us from the looks, voices, and motions of these children. Sun and road were as nothing to them in the face of such a nature. A Greek does not know—young or old, old or young—if it exists at all.

We now reached Eremo, where we had lunched on our way from Vatonda to Achmet-Aga; but though there was water near, Mr. Noel thought it better we should push on to a church above the straits and looking down on the plain, where was situated the thriving village of Politiko. So on we went, the young ones chaunting and laughing before us, and I in political and agricultural talk with Mr. Noel, till we found ourselves descending gently towards the sea. The heat was very intense, the sun scorching, the shade gradually diminishing, trees succeeded by brushwood, and apparently for a time we went out of our way. We sighed in vain for the church. No church appeared. At length, after a little more suffering, we reached a small building of the kind on a small knoll, near a fountain, where, having refreshed ourselves, we sate down to our frugal dinner under a wide-branching tree. The day being still hot, we later adjourned higher up, where, under some pines fully representing the noble planes of Achmet-Aga, we rested for some time. There was a good deal of comic chat, too, in his Eubœan dialect, from an old

and confidential attendant of Mr. Noel's—he had brought three or four with him, armed with the long Albanian gun—who had his unpicturesque preferences for Politiko, "such a wonderful village of famous fields and pasturage," to Achmet-Aga, which "was all tree." Finally we took leave, with many regrets, of our kind host, and set our faces towards Chalcis. The route for a while lay along the refreshing beach, but soon turned more inland. Leaving Vatonda a little to the left, and taking much the same road as that by which we had set out, we reached Chalcis on a beautiful evening and by exquisite moonlight, particularly admirable on the calm sea. Nikolo, who had arrived in the steamer, had given notice of our coming, and Dr. Voco was ready with his lady to receive us. The short interval before bed-time was spent in tea and conversation, in which the Doctor gave us a minute narrative of the whole scene of the *enlèvement*, pointing out the spot where he was made to sit down and play a game of whist with the brigands, his own head being the stake, when the alarm was fortunately given. Having to start early by the "Otho" for Athens, we retired at ten, taking leave of our civil hosts, rather than disturb them in the morning.

June 11, *Saturday.*—We were off at five, and soon steaming down the Straits, on a hazy scirocco morning. We passed the barren, meagre Aulis, the rich Oropos, Marathon, and Port Rafti, and on to Sunium very quietly. There the scirocco freshened into a swell, which had its effect on the sea and passengers, and became at last menacing, with red drifts of clouds coming up from the south. But the Sunium pillars looked more beautifully aërial than ever. The Peiræus was reached at six, and in an hour after we were once more in the Legation at Athens.

CHAPTER XVI.

DELPHI AND PARNASSUS—DEPARTURE FROM ATHENS—JOURNEY TO THEBES.

October 4.—We had long contemplated an excursion to Delphi—one amongst the few which still remained unachieved,—and to which we were further tempted by the signal success of the late French excavations before the great Temple. Dr. and Miss Stanley's arrival determined the point, anxious as we were to profit by such companionship; and we therefore set about our usual arrangements for guide and horses. After some days, they were brought to a conclusion with Alexandros, who had been up with us the day or two before, with Sir Henry Holland, Mr. Stone, and the Stanleys, to the top of Pentelicus.

When all was settled definitively, as we thought, a difficulty, as so frequently occurs in Greece, arose, to set aside, in the last moment, our well-discussed convention. Alexandros had been knocked up by his foot expedition to the quarries;—the day was hot and trying, and he proposed as substitute our old guide Spiro. We were in a dilemma. We had no predilection for Alexandros, who was the man that accompanied poor Lord William Clinton, and showed want of head with him; but Spiro as a substitute, after the Beaufort indictment, seemed impossible. He was still under trial—or rather had been tried—and a verdict tacitly registered against him by the guide-going and guide-providing community

of Athens. He was suspected of being "suspected of complicity" with the Delphi Agoyiates, and it was flying in the face of the young lady accuser, and of the British public generally, and of Providence, it was said, trusting ourselves in the same fatal spot to such a convicted traitor of a guide. Spiro* was rejected, and delivered over by our verdict to be black-beaned by Murray, and hunted down by his rivals of the trade at Athens. Alexandros could not be ill, and it was only a stale Greek stratagem to foist Spiro upon us. But Alexandros was ill; we had him summoned before us, and he gave us, in look and fact, satisfactory evidence of fever. Worse —there was no other guide to be had at Athens but Spiro; he had been left upon the shelf, and the rest of the confraternity was abroad, to the last man—some with the Brecknock-Stone party to Thermopylæ, others, with other travellers, in the Peloponnesus; in fact, the question at last came to this, Spiro, or a giving up of the project. As was proper, even in this dilemma, we thought it right not to act precipitately. Dr. and Miss Stanley entered conscientiously into the inquiry, and conducted it with, I am quite sure, rigid impartiality. The result was that Spiro was too stupid to have been implicated in a conspiracy; he was a victim rather than a delinquent, and might be entrusted, especially under present peculiar circumstances, with an opportunity of practically vindicating himself from the charge. Besides, we were going to the scene of his presumed guilt, and we should there have the best means of putting him to proof before the authorities who had taken up the first depositions of the aggrieved ladies, and of the inhabitants, who were believed to have wit-

* It is due to this guide, Spiro, to state that he vindicated himself fully to our satisfaction, and we never had any reason to doubt his perfect honesty.—ED.

nessed the catastrophe on the spot itself. The weather was fine, and not to be relied upon for any long period. The time of Dr. and Miss Stanley was limited, and so we made up our mind to start.

Accordingly we set out this morning from the Legation at ten minutes before nine—in the Panephorion, an omnibus, a newly-started vehicle between Athens and Thebes. It is nearly open, in the shape of a char-à-banc, comfortable enough, with two places on each seat in front, and a place for servants behind; four horses, and one driver; in fact, a literal Attic-Bœotian four-in-hand. It runs twice a week for the public to Thebes—generally in eight hours, and takes twelve persons; but we hired it this time for ourselves exclusively.

It was set up by a rich Greek from Vienna, one of those millionaire merchants who make the pride and prosperity of Hellas, but for the most part are sagacious enough, in loving her so well, to love her at a distance. Christo Manos, however, is an exception. He took up his residence here some years ago; built a splendid house near Lycabettus—the strongest Greek passion next to fine clothes—and lived here till his death. His son is the undertaker of this prose project, which ought to succeed; but, if matters are usually managed as they were to-day, I cannot think, even with Greek forbearance, that the παντοφορεῖον will have a long or flourishing life.

Our party consisted of Dr. and Miss Stanley, W——, and self. Horses and baggage were sent on before us to Thebes; and we proposed to dine on the road. The weather was lovely. One of those select days in October, so mellow and yet bright, that it is no wonder we should fix on them as the chosen period for our Greek excursions. There had been just enough rain to cool the air and keep down the dust of the roads, and

enough of cloud, left wandering, to change at every turn the aspects of the mountains, and keep up a shifting play of chiaroscuro, in their great outlines of rock and hollow. This is an autumnal and spring perfection: summer drinks up every cloud, and spreads it out in haze and mist—all is blank brown or sharp blue. It is at these seasons, too, we have the keenest perception, without harshness, of detail. No summer day could have given us the pure and transparent clearness, without aridity, of the grand panorama which we saw a few days ago from the summit of Pentelicus.* I had been up six times before, and all previous views were blurred and rubbed sketches compared with this picture, finished beyond even the imagination of the North. This aspect does not appear to have been dreamt of by Turner. He sees all things southern in a sea of sunny haze; but this is only one of the wonderful manifestations. Here there was no mist, no subterfuge, no semi-rendered hues. It was Nature, distinct and splendid: all the difference between multiform and local observation, and drawing from one point of view or mere thought. It is the whole distinction between mannerism and truth—between the revelations to a dweller in those regions and to the passer-by.

We took the road to Daphne, the Sacred Way; and, on arriving at the convent, all went to see the church, and what more astonished Dr. and Miss Stanley, some straggling Nuns, καλογραῖαι, who came to offer to show them

* Sir Henry Holland, one of the greatest travellers of our day, when enumerating the five particular scenes which have clung most strongly to his memory, concludes by naming this one amongst that number, saying: "And the view from the summit of Pentelicus, magnificent in natural beauty, and illustrating on every side the history, the poetry, and philosophy of ancient Athens. I visited this spot, a few years ago, with my friends, Dean Stanley and Sir Thomas Wyse, admirable companions in such a locality."—ED.

the place, and, amongst other parts, the cells. They are poor decrepit inmates of the Monastery, of alms-house physiognomies, entirely the opposite to our critical ideas of order, compactness, cleanliness, and activity. When about to resume our seats in the char-à-banc the horses became recalcitrant, and the leader began to back; however, we succeeded—or, rather, the four-in-hand driver, with some wild crackings of his whip—to get them on. We passed the remains of the Temple of Venus, and the niches for votive offerings in the rock, the Saltsprings, and the traces of chariot wheels—the almost existing present proof of the Eleusinian processions—which bring us entirely into events and manners long extinct.

On our reaching Eleusis, Dr. Stanley and I went over to see the ruins, and especially Mr. Le Normant's new excavations. They were more extensive, and better managed than I had imagined, though nearly on the site of the Dilettante Society inquiries. The pavement, and several portions of the Propylæa, part of the building, have been detected; but in their present state they form so complex a plan, that it would be idle to enter into an attempt at reconstruction. The great sanctuary of Ceres was not one building only, but had around the Temple-centre many accessories and subsidiaries, and was itself, architecturally and sculpturally, abnormal in form. The relics strewed about are the *disjecta membra* of many constructions: the fossils of various men and ages, down to a late period of Roman domination; neither good in taste nor striking in mass, and marking only the permanence of their religious feelings, but, with it, incapacity of appreciating or attaining artistic excellence. The great Doric pillars, of which frusta were always visible in the *débris*, are the only remains commensurate with the old

renown of the Temple of Ictinus. Besides there are many fragments of subsequent repairs or additions in the shape of bastard Corinthian and Ionic pillars and friezes, in which architecture and all its principles have gone wild. In the rock behind, and apparently in conjunction with the temple, possibly with the Adytum, is a cave. It is not penetrable very far beyond its entrance, and excites without gratifying inquiry or imagination.

No remains of sculptural interest, with the exception of the Ceres, Proserpine, and Triptolemos bas-relief in the Theseum, have been yet found. This portion of a large frieze leads to many conjectures as to the dimensions, whatever difference may exist as to the period of the building with which it was connected or with the monument itself. The excavations have ceased now for some time, the Greek government as usual declaring they have the intention of continuing them on their own account, but which cannot be looked for until they have less suspicion and jealousy of interference, and men capable of managing such works, or adequate funds. For my own part, seeing there is no museum to receive, nor vigilance to guard, nor sufficient knowledge or capacity of the merest professional nature to conduct such works, and knowing the harpies in the shape of Greek guides, dealers, officials, and even legislators themselves, on the edge of all such openings, I prefer seeing the treasure still left in the darkness of the earth than scattered in the hands of ignorance and mere material love of gain.

The four-in-hand, combining with their leader, on our return would not for a while move on, but attempted many circular and retrograde movements, to the discomfiture of their helpless guide, who seemed to have no resource but the cracking *à la française* of an uncouth whip.

After various expedients, none of which were in the ordinary and obvious rule of getting at the horses' heads, we got on to the village of Mandra. Mandra is a stout-built, and for a Greek village, a rather regular place. As its name intimates, it is a foundation or asylum of shepherds, and almost as a consequence, till within these last few years, infamous as a nest of brigands, or a harbourer and protectress of their misdeeds. When we last passed through, some time ago, Spiro seemed very nervous until we were quite clear of the threatening groups and scowling looks which he conjured up about us. Some sixteen men, from the respectable community itself or its neighbourhood, were soon afterwards guillotined, which may go some way to justify Spiro's solicitude. Mandra was sometimes, however, as much sinned against as sinning. I remember, in the palmy times of klephtism, some atrocities were inflicted on its shepherds, for having discovered the secrets of their villainous friends, which were not to be surpassed in Greece—noses and ears cut off, and the victims turned loose with the loss of a good portion of their flocks. The place now looked, in the gay sunshine, very different from what it seemed when last we saw it; *morale* and *physique* wholesome enough. The Demarch, in clean fustanella and cheerful looks, came up to confirm this impression, and proffered his official services. A school was coming out at the time too, and we had a talk with a set of keen-eyed and black-haired Epaminondases, Thrasybuluses, and Euphrosynes—none lower than a hero or a Demigod. A passing bell sounding at the moment excited our attention, the Demarch thought our legal sensibilities, for he admitted that it was contrary to law, and in cities and great villages could not of course be done; but "here the women, who always on these occasions come in crowds to

church, insisted on it," and he ended the sentence with a shrug. In leaving Mandra, at the foot of a hill, the λεωφορεῖον came to the climax of its misfortunes. The horses backed and wheeled round, and plunged and made unequivocal demonstrations of disgust at the duties required of them. The ladies, who had been in a constant getting-out-and-in-state from the first, now refused to enter, until some certainty of a continuance of their journey on more peaceable terms. This was found impossible. The unfortunate animals, it was at last discovered, were covered with wounds, and their hardened driver and proprietor, in this state, insisted on their getting on to Palæomandra, an hour's ride. Putting the cruelty of the proceeding out of the question—and few are more cruel to animals than Greeks—it was a very short-sighted grasp at gain: a disgrace to the "colossal merchant," and the worst of advertisements for his speculation, when it was considered who were the sufferers and witnesses. But so it is,—the present is always predominant. Greeks are infantine in reference to the future.

Dr. Stanley and I had walked on; and, after a time, had got surprised to find that the ladies had not followed. A man passing hastily by on horseback to seek other horses at the next village, informed us of the catastrophe, and a little after we were rejoined by the whole party. We got into the woods, where we waited an hour for the expected horses, with exemplary patience. On our resuming our seats, we endeavoured to make up for loss of time, and passing by our old khan on the road to St. Melitius, and some other reminiscences and gleams from time to time of the old savage convent itself, under its gloomy mountain, we reached the Khan of Cassia about four, having been due at two, an arrangement made no

doubt at starting in order to give us an hour's rest, and yet enable us to see the plain of Bœotia by daylight.

From this khan we had a somewhat bare view of the mountain pass of Eleutheræ, just before us, if indeed it be not Œresé, as Dr. Stanley contends. No passage is seen, one mountain overlaps the other. That on the right, though not the highest in appearance, is covered by large remains of the old fortifications of the Hellenic fortress, designated rather than seen, and much inferior in grandeur and apparent command to the aspect right under it when coming from Thebes. This is natural, for the key of the defile is on that side, not on this.

On leaving the khan we passed the gendarmerie station, of considerable size, where we dined in our last excursion through Bœotia, and found ourselves soon afterwards in the pass immediately under the fortress. It is a striking scene. The road is narrowed by the closing mountains on either side, rocky and steep, and above is the long line of Hellenic wall, so well preserved, broken at regular intervals, like the walls of Messene, by projecting bulwark and tower. The grey, gloomy, but sharply-pronounced masses associated well with the other features of the gorge. The torrent-bed right beneath was still dry, thirsting after this long droughty summer for the first rains of winter. The road, which we found broken up and impassable for carriages when we last came through, was now in excellent repair, and forms one of the best parts of the best road at present in Greece—that to Thebes. I observed heaps of small stones in English style at proper distances, which, contrary to general Greek tendency, indicated a resolution to preserve as well as create. The telegraph to the north was also in construction. We found them putting down stakes where we had been forced to wait for our horses.

The evening was now fast shutting in, night closing almost without the admonitory twilight, and Cithæron's woody folds darkening on right and left at every step. We began to fear the promised noble view of Bœotia, from the height over Platæa, could hardly be realised to Dr. Stanley. We had been more fortunate. Still sufficient light remained, when we reached this eminence, to form some idea, rather weak I must admit, of the grand *ensemble*. To point out details, or to particularise other than the bearing of localities, was impossible. Yet even this had a sort of charm, a mystic faith in a scene of which there was much seen, but more believed, and pieced out from recollection rather than observation—shadowy and grand, but yet true.

We descended rapidly the well-engineered winding Bavarian road into the Platæan plain, and Dr. Stanley's classic instincts soon detected the Acropolis, wall and islands, and some more complicated positions of the contending armies as we passed along. Two or three dry torrent-beds were recognised, or made to stand for the swampy Asopus, and we then found ourselves full on the six-mile road to Thebes, in the midst of numerous carts, going, as usual at this time of the year, to the Government magazines with their contribution or tenth of the produce. We pointed out where Leuctra lay, and saw a light in the village of Kokla, over Platæa. Turning back to take one last view of Cithæron, how many recollections did it not bring back of that last adventurous night which closed with the siege their fatal "historia," and transferred in deposit the relics of those gallant people to Athens! A little after, passing the Roman and later Turkish aqueduct, we entered by the Electra Gate into Thebes, and advanced right through the principal street, which serves for a bazaar, where all the population were out in

the midst of their gaiety of torch and fires to purchase for next morning. We turned to the left; and, followed by a large body of the people, who rose up to accompany us as we passed, we once more alighted before the hospitable gate of our old friend, Colonel Theagenes, who with his whole family came out to meet us. There were many mutual inquiries about our friends, after which we had tea, and were shown to our respective quarters. This was the more welcome, as the journey to Thebes was forty miles, and we did not reach it, in consequence of our delays, till past eight.

CHAPTER XVII.

THEBES, HALIARTUS, LIVADIA.

October 5.—We were up at the hour of six, and with the cheerful promise of a fine day. On going down to the stone steps of the court-yard, I found all preparations actively going on for departure; an amusing collection of agoyiates and horses,—baggage and riding,—amidst banana leaves, fragments of sculpture, and all the household assembled to take leave of us. In the centre of the yard, a large lime-pit for making mortar had been left without protection, into which, mistaking it for solid earth, Miss Stanley stepped when crossing to the opposite side. Fortunately it was near the edge, for she thus escaped being swallowed up in this fatal land, like Amphiaraus. As it was, she escaped with a white boot, and a little merriment and some confusion amongst the lady part of the household. The sculptures are chiefly Roman, picked up from the occasional excavations, the most noticeable a coarse sphynx, in alt-relief, found in the débris of a Mosque lately thrown down, and which Col. Theagenes had purchased from the owners.

Col. Theagenes, with his accustomed good-nature and kindliness, proposed to accompany us round the walls, and off we set, sending our baggage before us, to one of the most remarkable promenades in historical geography. We took our way down the main street, to the tower of Omer, and after a passing glance at the cyclopic remains

strewn about—cyclopic relics speak a different language here from those in any other part of Greece, except Mycenæ—our route led to the right, towards the village of St. Theodore. Though a rather sunken defile, it gave sufficient prominence to the topography. On the right stood the modern town, on the site of the old Kadmeia, shut in by the almost obliterated traces of the old wall, which we could follow, at broken intervals, the whole way, till we reached the village. Col. Theagenes called the San-Omeri gate the gate of Prætys, and holds that this northern portion of the line was dependent upon it. On reaching the north-east angle, we arrived at the village of St. Theodore. It is a thriving little place, ascending the opposite hill in terraces. There are numerous solid, new-built houses, interspersed with the gardens on which Thebes prides herself, and which she owes to her abundant supply of water; also a good church, and below, a large ἐννεακρούνος fountain, pouring out vigorous gushes of water into a sort of piscina, not unlike what we once saw at Mistra. The form is Turkish, but possibly traditional. The liberality of the waters, particularly in such a site, struck us, and must have struck all our predecessors. We found half-a-dozen women washing, not unworthy in proportions, and even in feature, the old Bœotian renown of beauty, to which the "aer crassus," as contrasted with the desiccating atmosphere of Attica, must, as in Holland and England, have been so favourable. They were of a type the opposite to what I had observed on my last visit at Dirke. Unfortunately for Hellenic pretension, the village is Albanian, and so exclusively Albanian that they will not intermarry with any other. But it does not seem to have produced decay. We took a glass of the water before parting, on Dr. Stanley's informing us that it

was here Œdipus washed his hands after the murder of Laius.

Col. Theagenes then led on by the east in the valley below; the Kadmeia, now the modern town, to the right, and a long line of high hill on the left opposite. At the end, a small stream ran from south to north, towards St. Theodore; this he identified with the Ismenus; the hill to the east was the Ismenian district. From time to time we could detect, in the foundations of the new houses above us, relics of the old city, but no monument, until we approached the hill and church of St. Luke, which terminates this valley, over a tolerably deep ravine. This church is believed by all local tradition and erudition to mark the site of the temple of Apollo Ismenius. It is now under repair, from funds left by a Russian bishop, who had never seen the place, but was probably seduced by the name, and a confused idea that he was honouring the Evangelist, instead of a local saint. But this last claim is no longer even disputable; the inscription on the sarcophagus, which was supposed to contain the sacred deposit, protesting flatly against it. I rode up to the church, or rather to the cemetery, and then dismounted. The church I found in the confusion of mortar; two or three ancient, grey pillars, made to do service on disproportionate bases. This seems to be about the amount of repair or re-establishment ventured on. The sarcophagus, *pro occasione*, it is to be presumed, had been removed. The view of Thebes from this point is striking. It embraces the high outlines of the Kadmeia to the north-west, and has to the north-east the Ismenian district, with the deep ravine of the Ismenus, and a good deal of garden-green to make a picturesque foreground, combining landscape with archæology below.

We now descended into these girding valleys, and were soon buried in little lanes of verdure to the south; gardens on both sides, the broken masses of the town peeping above us, to the right. Mulberry, figs, melons, pomegranates, met us, with concomitant garlic, onions, and other garden stuff, at every step. After a short clatter over old Turkish stone pavement, and crossing many small threads of rivulets, we stood abreast of a portion of wall which Col. Theagenes has built into the Kaphareus gate; and further on, at the gate to Athens by which we entered last night, thence passing the aqueduct, we reached the Dirke at the north-west angle. It had its habitual complement of washers, and, between the dirty and ugly dried-up physiognomies of these nymphs, the smoke of boilers, the scanty stream, and the mean-looking wall which hemmed it in, it looked more degraded and defaced than when I saw it on a former occasion. It certainly does not gain after coming from St. Theodore. We next reached the point from which we had set out, San Omeri, and were admiring the boldness of the Acropolis on this western side, when Col. Theagenes proposed to show us two other fountains, of which the water was excellent, and tolerably abundant. Journeying along, we had various scraps of old Theban legend and story from him, whose own name was a characteristic reminiscence. He pointed out to us a field near the Electra gate, where the dragons' teeth had been sown, the site of the chamber of Alcmena, close to the Electra, and the picturesque story of the Theban who prophesied, at the dinner given at Thebes to the Persians, the future catastrophe of the expedition.

We were now on our way to Haliartus, across the plain to the north-west, Col. Theagenes still with us. Our conversation turned a good deal on recent events, as

we rode on. He condemned in unqualified terms, as all reasonable and moral men must do, the late horrid attempt on the Queen's life; but he was not less alive to the present state of the country—the intrigue, corruption, selfishness, ignorance; the perversion of all constitutional institutions, neglect of industrial and social interests, and folly and feebleness, in all essentials, of the government. The country bore, but saw and felt; and gradually, day after day, whatever remaining attachment to the King and Queen lingered, it grew less and less, and awaited only final dissolution, or abrupt absorption in anarchy. He speaks more in sorrow than in anger, though his personal provocations have been grave and continuous, and views these evils in a more comprehensive European sense than most Greeks. The moral was that the whole heart and head is sick, and not to be treated by nostrums, or such doctors and *régime* as have been applied for years. He finds the country deteriorated as to *morale* as well as *physique*, and a "progenies vitiosior" in the present youth compared with the simple barbarism of their fathers. This is eminently true, and even recognised, but not a sensible step is taken by governors or governed to get to the seat of the evil, and to provide and apply the remedy.

Col. Theagenes, after half an hour's ride and many farewells, left us, turning back to Thebes, we continuing towards Haliartus. A range of low, mouse-coloured hills ran to the right, terminating in the "Sphynx," not yet so like the recumbent mythological compound as when closer to Haliartus. No tree, shrub, or village was discernible—the entire plain was innocent of anything like culture, or even habitation; the low, burned-up brushwood, of a hazy brown, as in so many mountains of Greece, forming the whole covering.

Soon we neared the roots and promontories of Helicon, but still kept in the straight, dusty road of the plain. On each side, far-stretching, was a great parched flat, the soil itself a magnificent garden mould, more or less dark, though lighter than on the road to Platæa. A few scanty strips of corn here and there rescued it from desolation, but the greater part, up to the edge of the road, was covered with tall thistles, in defying luxuriance, showing how Nature had been left to herself. We passed a small stream which had endured the summer heats, and survived, but no provision against large winter overflow existed, which must nevertheless be frequent in this district, from its neighbourhood to Helicon. No village, no country house, no men, except now and then peasants with their donkey-loads of grain, in payment of the tithe to the next Government magazine. When the Queen passes through here, it is in a gallop; she thinks of the road more than of what is so full of rebuke and lesson on each side of it. We reached a well, of the usual plain construction, where our horses and agoyiates were treated with a rest.

When we again proceeded, we soon came under the rocks on which Haliartus was constructed. A small, dirty splash of water immediately beneath, from a spring, now broken by stones, and very shallow, next arrested our attention, and, after a short halt, pressing on to Haliartus, and leaving Masi on the heights to our left, we found ourselves directly under the hill on which stand its ruins.

Taking our road to the right, in a few minutes we were coasting, on a narrow path, the edge of rock outside the citadel, with sometimes shelving, sometimes abrupt precipices to the east. It was immediately under us, in that stretch of plain below, between us and the Sphynx

range, that the Spartans were so sorely smitten by the Thebans, and that Lysander met his death. In vain we sought for Lake Copaïs amidst a russet, burnt-up, swampy, malaria-looking patch of plain, stretching to the north on its edge, threaded now and then by the gleaming but starved river, the Cephissus, which, during the summer months, represents as well as it can the great Copaïs; yet, almost up to the base of Haliartus, reeds are clearly traceable in the seared vegetation,—evidence of the approach of the lake in certain seasons. To control, direct, utilise these waters, there is not the symptom of an effort. The annual irruption may take place to the double detriment of human life and industry, with far more licence than in the mythic times,—before political economy or bureaux were invented,—of Hercules or the Orchomenians. "Cunctando restituit" is in all such matters the great axiom of government.

The citadel walls, on the south-west angle, come almost to the verge of the precipice. This angle is a good specimen of several constructions, from the rudest Tirynthian to the solid squared, preliminary to the regular Hellenic. We continued mounting for a short time up this precipitous pathway, leaving our horses below, and then struck across to the opposite, north-west side, over a brambly and thistly soil, stripped of every vestige of former habitations, except in scattered fragments of crockery. The west side still shows, on the edge of the slope (the hill on this side is very gradual), large substructions equally cyclopic, but with fewer traces of later building. The style is ruder and more uniform; the stones large and often rough, leaving large interstices, originally filled up with smaller stones, which have tumbled out. Most of the rest of this line is nearly of

the same character; though the larger masses are not of great size, the putting together is of an archaic character; the surfaces are in the rough, in many.

On leaving this western flank, we proceeded, descending along the slope to the south wall, of which large remains of ten to twelve feet in length—sometimes between fifteen and eighteen feet—are observable. It is of the same construction as the rest; generally cyclopic, with now and then intercalations of more recent, ordinary Hellenic architecture. About the middle of this wall I observed at the base a novelty in these military constructions. Tall plates, I may call them, of stone, of equal size, and well finished and smooth in front, divided by other masses. I regret much I had not time to examine them more closely. They may have formed portions of a temple leaning on the wall of the Acropolis. We were now in the outer or lower city, which stretched down the declivity; but along the whole eastern side the descent was precipitous, and the face of the rock applied to tombs, several of which can be still designated.

We now took our horses, and with the loss of my white umbrella, which, considering the sun even in this mountain, is a loss, we got once more into the public way between Haliartus and Helicon. Our road lay close to the roots of the Helicon on our left, with the great flat of Upper Bœotia just beginning on our right. We traced from time to time the chief points of our former journey, through Masi, Ascra, and other ridgy outshootings from the great central chain. Every step, the shattered and zigzag, broken line, dark and precipitous, of Zagora and its dependencies became more striking. We felt the spirit of "Excelsior" within us, and wished to be winding amongst its kaki-scalas and recesses, amongst its sharp unclouded summits, once more. On

our right there was a great modifier, or contrast to all this, a lurid, mephitic-looking, steamy plain, dotted with swampy, turfy patches, the drying rather than dry bed of the Copais, with its melancholy sea-green, thin-leaved agnus-castus,—sure sign of bad air in low brushwood thickets, with the lentisk, and now and then gigantic reeds, up to the road-side, and hundreds of wiry, treacherous-looking, watery plants, offspring of the same crouching unwholesome parent, the sinister Copais.

Before long we reached a khan, where Spiro had informed us some moments before that we might expect our dinner; but great was our, or rather his, disappointment at finding that the whole apparatus of our commissariat, by some mistake of orders, alleged or real, common in small as in large establishments, had continued its march to the next station. After many exclamations of παναγία! and sundry crossings between him and the fiend—who had been no doubt active in the mischief—a practice common in Ireland on such occasions, "the Lord between," or even in pure Saxon dialect, "bethune us and all harm,"—Spiro resigned himself to the necessity, and mounting or surmounting his immense packsaddle, and its miscellaneous accompaniments, marched forward.

An hour after, we reached the true khan, and found our dinner laid out in a garden to the rear, in the midst of melon-beds, water-melons, and olives—some ripe and yellow, others in all changes of colour, advancing to ripeness, in great profusion, with pomegranates vividly flanking us, and great spreads of Indian corn, laid down to harden and brown in the sun, not to mention a few meagre trees around. We could not but think, after our soup and a glass of wine, that the agoyiates had

chosen well, and that they might be pardoned any private speculation of their own with their "compère," the khan-keeper, for their preference, and disobedience to Spiro's orders. Dinner over we strolled out in the neighbourhood, while waiting for the servants and horses. The forms of the mountains behind the khan were still bold, the colour a blackish purple, contrasting with the verdure of our garden and the red tiles of our hostelry.

This place, called Saga, has no ancient celebrity of itself, but is not far from such. On remounting our horses we soon came to the remarkable outpost, or headland, for it is truly such when the Copais flows over all this flat, of Petra. It comes down in sharp, ridgy formation at a high angle, characteristic of all these schist slaty formations, and seems just formed for an Acropolis, as the plain below—quite flat—is for a battle, or a succession of battles. Accordingly, it justified in ancient and modern times these applications. An Hellenic castle, it is said, crowned its summit. It was held by Turk and Greek temporarily during the War of Independence, and the battle of Petra, of which the Demarch of Skripù gave us such a graphic account on our former journey, is amongst the few fought in open plains, and took place at its feet. The loss of life was more considerable to the Greeks than almost in any other, and is subject still of boast or plaint to the neighbourhoods around.

We had, as during our last excursion, examples of both. An old man, of apparently seventy, now started up, and followed us a good way, with a swinging sort of trot, which enabled him to keep pace with our horses and guides, despite his volubility and vehemence. He talked of slavery and Ali Pasha, with whom he had been at war, and in captivity for six years, where his

sufferings had been indescribable, and then of his battles and services, for which as yet he had little reward. He suffered like other agonistai, but his country had been saved. He still wore a sort of turban, or semi-Turkish relic of dress. We gave him a drachma or two, but this rendered him only the more eloquent and importunate, and we were at last obliged to get rid of him as we could.

At the base of Petra, almost at its extreme point towards the plain, immediately under the rock, we came to a tolerably strong spring which was allowed to ooze out in a natural state as it could, and waste itself amongst fragments and slippery stones beneath. Except at the very issue, though of considerable extent, it was, as might be expected, from the tramping of horses and men, splashy and muddy. The agoyiates took their usual draught,—they seldom pass water by—and satisfied themselves more largely than their horses. They would not take off their bridles, lest they might commit an excess. The guide acquiesced in the conjectured name of "Telphusa." It must have always been an object of notice. It is directly on the high road, and this road must have been —a sort of Thermopylæ pass,—ancient as well as modern.

As we proceeded we saw a variety of similar promontories jutting out into the sea of the great champaign lines of historic or archæologic interest, till we came to that which goes by the name of Koroneia. It is of a much milder character than those we had just seen; of swelling proportions, fitting it like Haliartus for town as well as fortress, with two valleys—not ravines—flanking the peninsula on both sides. Here are remains of walls, and even of a theatre, yet though not more than a quarter of an hour from the main road, we were, partly

through the unwillingness of Spiro to impart the knowledge, if he possessed it, partly from the lateness of the hour,—half-past four—obliged or induced, relying on another opportunity, to give it up. This is one of the innumerable omissions which the day and hour provision of modern travelling entails. When first I went out to the East in 1818, one went to travel, and not to come back. Leaves of absence, steaming, and concomitant anxiety to keep engagements, every one's case, even my own, now lead to this. People decide on a return from the far East, as formerly from Twickenham to a London dinner party.

Our road hence ascended from the main road by some ambiguous by-paths, Livadia still being hid by intervening juttings of the mountain range, one overlapping the other, to the north-east. The night coming on, as it does, rapidly, and the road growing rougher and more broken, and now and then more questionable from thickets crossing it, we began to mistrust Spiro and the guides from former experience, and to think we had been sent rambling on an experimental tour up the bare flanks of Helicon. This doubt was not alleviated by any occasional queries as to where we were, from the few shepherds we met on our way. At last, after much conjecture and misgiving, on emerging from a small lane, we saw the curved line or hollow of Livadia, under, perhaps, its best aspect: here and there starred with lamps and lights, which, though scanty, gave from distribution and form the suggestion of great extent.

About nine o'clock we came jingling in, with our mules and bells, and horses and loud-talking agoyiates, and clamouring Spiro, who, on these occasions, makes a galvanic effort, a would-be show of command, into the rough stony streets—relics of Turkey—of the town;

people hurrying out of cafés at the clatter, and the Eparch waiting for us in the main street with his staff, to show us our house for the night. I was a little amused when he took us to the left, to a rough scaliera, which he told us conducted to his house at the top of the town, but though horses might get there, he recommended us to dismount. The first part of the ascent, though a pull, through winding and black lanes, without light inside or outside the houses,—in light as in fire Greeks are economical—was not perilous; but on topping the ridge, we found ourselves under difficulties. The small path had houses on the right, and a steep descent on the left; we saw the roofs and tiles several feet beneath, and knew not of what material, stone or sand, might be the road. There was no parapet or light. Scouts were sent out for us, creeping, as we were obliged to do, one after the other.

At length we were brought round a sharp edge into a court-yard, and then taken upstairs into a good house. It was the Eparch's, and at our disposition for the night. Now followed the usual bustle and extreme civility never failing on these occasions. Glykò, coffee, and introduction of the lady, ἡ κυρία, and all the children, Arete, Spiro, Angeliki, Basiliki, and others. The best rooms were given up to us for the night. In the corner of mine was the usual Panagia and lamp.

Occasionally we heard, hard by, the novelty of a clock striking in rather an abnormal manner, repeating, by way of impressing, the hours. I was informed it was the clock Lord Elgin had presented to the town. It hangs in a small tower, close to the Eparch's house, rudely dialled, but to be seen and heard in all parts of Livadia. Lord Elgin had a sort of stern, perhaps Scotch, fancy that

way: he thought Greeks, as all other Orientals, only knew time by its loss. It is on the model of that at Athens, and was naturally enough presented to Livadia as well as Athens, it being the chief town at the time in North-eastern Greece. The Eparch professed gratitude on his own and fellow-citizens' part for the gift, which is more than one hears at Athens. It had been lately repaired, and an "invalide" was charged with its care. The Eparch entered fully into conversation.

The district was now perfectly peaceable, πλήρη ἡσυχία—all brigandage suppressed, disorder at a discount, the town getting on peacefully, with improvement in the agriculture—though what I could not find out. Cotton began to excite great attention; the seed sent by the society from England, about which I asked much, had been of little use—had come too late; they would like to have more. He had given some attention to the subject, and thought the plains of Bœotia, especially near Livadia, precisely the spot for it. The rice-fields had been by law required to be placed, for health's sake, at a greater distance from the town. He seemed helpless enough as to the how and when, and could not point out any particular way in which he could be helped. "It was very desirable!" and "quite right" were his answers, though he admitted that "the Government were to blame; he had heard they had received a good quantity of seed, but had never distributed it; indeed, they were charged with having thrown it aside and forgotten it or misplaced it." This is likely, and only what they have done as to the prison* plans I got them from Corfu—the models for the quarantine buildings, the memoranda on the museum, the improvement of the town,

* "Excursion to the Peloponnesus"—note p. 215, vol. i. Also Introduction page 6.

and the countless other matters in which I was directly concerned, as well as the agricultural instruments left for distribution to the monasteries, of which, the Queen told me,—all is in accord.

October 6.—We were up early, and while preparing to start, I took a walk in the neighbourhood of the house, from which there is a superb view of the amphitheatre of the town, in great part below. The Eparch's house stands on the middle of the ridge, forming the northern limb of Livadia, not so high as the other, but still commanding, like the upper branches, the chief portion of the κοῖλον. The opposite, or southern ridge, rose high above us, and formed one of the sides of the valley, gorge, or torrent-bed of the Oracle, from which it shut us out. Its broken and shattered sides had been formerly covered with fortifications, Hellenic, Frank, Turkish, of which fragments still survived in the ruins. That on the highest part is, as already stated, supposed to be a Venetian structure engrafted on an Hellenic, and commanding a communication with the Cave of Trophonius underneath. Attempts to get through are spoken of, but I believe they have always been without result. It is easy to descend a certain way, but the return is difficult, and from the cave impossible,—

> ——"facilis descensus Averni:
> Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
> Hoc opus, hic labor est,"

in this case as in so many others.

The whole ground, where not covered with splinters of limestone, is of a brown and greyish herbage, than which nothing can be more desolate, except black Irish and Scotch bogs. The rock at the other side of the Trophonian valley forms a stern wall of almost perpendicular, flinty, savage limestone, pierced here and there with

what might have served for haunts of demons, and have been applied as cells of devotees, or as wild chapels to wild deities; and one now is applied to Christian use.

Though there are no features of archæological interest in this craggy scene, beyond the farther mountain, it all breathes of the *genius loci*, and was the fitting atmosphere for the wondrous and mystical, and in ancient times may have been covered with inscriptions, temples, and statues expressive of this feeling.

In turning to the house, I had, in juxtaposition with it, Lord Elgin's Clock-Tower, a most inartistic edifice, rendered more so by late repairs in mortar and flaring yellow paint, but one feels grateful that anything is kept up, even with these aids, in this country; so let us be indulgent, and pass on. The horses being now ready, we descended our scaliera with many thanks, and προσκυνήματα (salutations) to all the inmates, for our night's lodging, which was good, and untroubled by any discomforts.

Leaving the courtyard, we soon turned to the narrow pathway at which we hesitated last night. It is narrow enough and crumbly, but hardly dangerous, for had we slipped we should have been lodged with the cocks and hens on the roofs of houses, or with the donkeys in the courtyard below. Our scramble down opened many vistas unfavourable to the inward police and cleanliness of the town. Houses for the most part large —massive, in many cases—new but rude and clumsy, shut in horrid lanes of all sorts of filth, one vast disgrace, of which the Eparch, nor anyone else, seemed even conscious.

At the bottom of this gloomy staircase of streets, where we entered last night, the "authorities" had all assembled to bid us good morning, and act as guides. It

was a day favourable to brilliant costumes and snow-white fustanellas; all the shops open, and all the population at this early hour, their "Liturgy" over, lounging before them or the cafés, and disburthening themselves of the lucubrations of the week. The κολωμβολος went vigorously, and the talk was animated, as we passed along, many of the elders rising to salute us with hand on breast. The younger have got up into a freedom beyond that, and look upon these friendly greetings as smacking of the δοῦλος or servant. No man is any longer δοῦλος in Greece, but something between an English "domestic" and American "help,"—the master of the master if he can: at all events the sharer, on any possible scale, of his means. The shops are a little less Turkish, but not much more European than formerly — certainly more numerous; the streets astonishingly bad—how they can be kept so, is the miracle. Long since they ought to have reverted to their happy original state of nature, but there they are, a broken-down Turkish improvement, retained, one would think, in as execrable a state as possible, *in odium autoris*, to show what Turkish barbarism was, as they anciently retained temples in their half-burnt state, to refresh the hatred of the then Hellenes against *their* Turks, the Persians.

We came to the great effort of the place, the πλατεῖα, or square, which had been opened immediately under the new church to the south, projected when I was last here, and which, from the patron, is called St. George. It is creditable, and has a few trees and cafés. The church is on a ridge above, built over the old one, as is customary in Greece, not to interrupt the regular performance of the Liturgy, the old one disappearing as soon as the new one is finished. It is a curious

realised symbol of the ecclesiastical development of Greece. The new church is solid and large, but with no claims to architectural or ecclesiastical propriety. I was taken up to see the arcaded vestibule. The marbles are the wonder, but they are grey and commonplace pillars in every sense. The Liturgy was going on, and as the church was small, and our party numerous, we did not wish to disturb or offend. Our *cortége* now scrambled from stone to stone on foot, and finally got over by some plashes of water to the full view of that noblest and most appropriate of oracle sites to be found in or out of Greece, Delphi only excepted. I was struck with new admiration. On our left there was the mill, a thoroughly picturesque adjunct, which would have delighted the Dutch enthusiasm for the rushing dams and tumbling water-wheels of Ruysdael, but in front, which swallows up all this, or the whole Dutch school together, that mysterious torrent-valley, shut or built up on each side by nature.

Here the original MS. ends; for Sir Thomas Wyse unfortunately began to suffer from his fatal illness soon after this was written, and was never able to finish his notes and reflections.

The Dean of Westminster has, therefore, with the utmost kindness, given me the following letters, written at the time, so as to continue the narrative to the end of the journey.

He had travelled with his sister, Miss Stanley, from England across the Carpathian Mountains to Pesth, and down the Danube to Constantinople. Here they parted.

Miss Stanley went with friends to the Crimea, while Dean Stanley, accompanied by Professor Clarke, visited Mount Athos. At the Dardanelles, Miss Stanley rejoined her brother, and both came on to Athens, from whence, after a week's sojourn at Pentelicus, they started on the following tour.

W. M. Wyse.

LETTERS FROM GREECE.

I.

OFF ZANTE, *Oct.* 13.

Now for the most delightful week of the whole tour. To Thebes we took what I will give by its Greek name, a Polyphoreum, or Pantopasi (Omnibus), a vehicle open on all sides, but protected from the sun by the roof, and drawn by four horses at full speed, through the immortal olive grove, up the pass of Daphne, down into the plain of Eleusis. Here, there was a new disclosure since I had last been there; vast fragments and courts of the Eleusinian Temple brought to light—the largest temple in Greece. Then, up towards Cithæron through Mandra, a robber village now pacified, up into the pine-covered mountains where Pentheus met the Bacchanals, where Œdipus was exposed. Then came our first misadventure—the horses kicking, plunging, turning, refusing to go up hill, so that others had to be sent for, and we were kept two hours, which, unfortunately, brought us to the head of the pass, and the view of the plain of Thebes, just after sunset.

I was pleased to find that my recollections of 1840 were still fresh and exact. Only here and there a link had to be filled up, and a fading reminiscence verified. At Thebes I was first struck again by the extraordinary interest of Pausanias' account of the spot. You feel that you are following an invisible guide—a ghost

among ghosts. He takes you to the gate of Electra; you stand on the spot, you see the same view. He tells you to look at the chamber of Alcmena, where Hercules was born. It is gone—but what a feeling it awakens of the strange sights to have been seen in the world, that, even so late as the time of Adrian, this, and a thousand like wonders that Pausanias saw with full belief, were studded over the whole of Greece. Indeed, it is one great advantage of making even a short journey in Greece with Pausanias in your hand, that it brings out this side of ancient Paganism. No mediæval monastery could have been more filled with relics and curiosities than were the Pagan temples of Greece. You pass on to the Gate of Pretis. There, he tells you, are some of the stones which danced to the lyre of Amphion, and there in fact some of them do still remain, for a fragment of the ancient wall is yet preserved. You follow him outside the walls to an Albanian village which holds no communication with the Grecian town of Thebes, and there you arrive at a living continuity with the past, for there is a streaming spring bursting forth from the rock, as it must have burst for centuries. It is the spring where Pausanias was told that Œdipus washed his hands to purify them after his father's murder. All this we saw in the early morning, under the guidance of our excellent host Theagenes; for here we began to reap the advantage of travelling with the English minister. When we entered Thebes in our four-in-hand vehicle it was already dark, but the whole population were in the streets, and followed us to the house of Theagenes, one of the chief men of Thebes (namesake of a fellow-countryman who fought at Cheronea), to whom Sir Thomas Wyse had paid former visits, and of whom he spoke

most highly. A rare instance, and therefore a double pleasure, to hear any Greek well spoken of. His house had been shaken down in the great earthquake three years ago, and two of his children were buried in the ruins. His wife, just confined of twins, was buried for twenty-four hours in the ruins, and the two babes were killed by a stone falling into their cradle.

The journey through the plain of Thebes, and the plain of the Copais Lake, was precisely what I remembered. I drank again of the Spring of Tilphusa, at the foot of the rock where Tiresias died in the hands of his enemies (see Matthew Arnold's beautiful poem). The hill of the Sphinx, from my Egyptian experience, seemed to me more appropriate, as standing at the head of a line of hills, an avenue of sphinxes. I had not before explored the hill of Haliartus, a venerable town—a primitive puritan place it must have been—which, Pausanias says, had temples without roofs, and without images, and he could not make out even to whom the altars were dedicated.

Livadia, too, which we reached in the dusky evening, was as romantic as ever. Our house was at the very top of the town, close by a clock-tower built by Lord Elgin. "Lethe" still flowed as plentifully as ever. "Memory" was suffering from a temporary drought. How pretty is the story of the rise of the river from beneath that ledge of rocks! Little Proserpine, and little nymph Hercyra, were playing together among the rocks with a goose, like one of the many that we saw paddling through the village. Hercyra hides the goose under a rock; Proserpine hunts it out, but it dissolves in her hands into the rushing stream, which escapes from under the very same cliff, and goes babbling away into the plain, and when Pausanias came he saw a statue of

Hercyra with the goose in her arms, just like the boy and the goose in the fountain of Nüremberg.

From Livadia onwards to Cheronea, the plain, the rock, the theatre, I remembered perfectly, but the Lion I had either not seen, or had entirely forgotten. The first traveller who mentions it is Colonel Mure, in 1842. It is, indeed, a monument of rare interest. It was erected by the Thebans to those who fell in the defeat of Cheronea—a singular instance of a memorial to the vanquished party. But the Macedonians (Pausanias says) never commemorated their victories, not even Alexander at Granicus or Arbela, and he was, I suppose, too chivalrous to take offence at this tribute to the departed Thebans. It is a huge Lion of grey marble, now broken into fifteen pieces; but there remains distinguishable a claw, two legs, and happily the whole of the grand impressive head. In spite of any critical doubts (Pausanias says), it does clearly express the three conflicting emotions which its erection was intended to convey. The fine forehead, brought out by the force with which its hair and mane are brushed back, gives the nobleness of the cause. Its large eyes give the sentiment of melancholy, plaintive grief. Its open mouth, filled with its two rows of gnashing teeth, give the sense of fierce, unconquered indignation. As the fragments lie scattered over the mound, which has given way beneath it, and as the head is scratched over and over with names—happily, in this case, not of English travellers—it is impossible not to fear that this wonderful expression of thoughts and feelings which burst into this marble form, two thousand years ago, may any day be extinguished for ever.

II.

OFF CORFU, *Oct.* 14.

FROM Cheronea we struck into a new country. There was Panopeus, of which some remains were still visible, and in the torrent bed of which Pausanias thought he could still discern the smell of human flesh, as the stones were some of those that Deucalion had thrown about. Then came on its upland slopes, Daulis—the scene of the story of Tereus and Philomela—a beautiful village, where the peasants were dancing their village dance. Above this, high in the bosom of Parnassus, was the Convent of Jerusalem, so called no one knew why. Here we were to spend the night. It was a convent of the roughest and most decayed condition, of which the two chiefs (we soon found) were Father Joseph, the late abbot, a blustering, scolding, illiterate monk, who figured in the War of Independence, and Constantine, the present abbot, a mild, courteous, gentle creature, who had been appointed by the Government to bring the convent into a better state. The relations of the two were apparent at every stage. Hardly had Constantine come out to receive us, when Joseph rushed out and took the words out of his mouth. No sooner did Constantine propose any plan for us than Joseph took the lead and drowned him and us in a flood of bluster.

We were lodged respectively in the Guest Chamber, the Abbot's Chamber, and the Chapter House. The first news in the morning was that the cook had lost in the night a turkey and a carving knife, also a bell, a stirrup

and the tobacco of one of the muleteers. Who had taken these? One of the shepherds, at the instigation of Father Joseph. The poor abbot followed us down the hill; and when the theft was mentioned to him, he plaintively answered that he did all he could, but in vain. Joseph set him at defiance. He appealed to the Bishop, who took no heed, in this remote corner; what could he do? Sir Thomas Wyse spoke kindly to him, and promised to mention his case at Athens. Constantine turned away his face, and I could see the tears stealing down his cheeks.

We followed the road leading from Daùlis, and at last fell into the junction of the two roads, leading the one from Thebes, the other from Delphi. This junction was the famous Triodos, or Three Ways, where Œdipus met his father Laius on the narrow descent as he came from Delphi, and Laius from Thebes. In the midst of it, Damasistratus, King of Platæa, finding the dead bodies of his neighbour potentate and the servant who fell with him, had erected a huge cairn, which Pausanias saw as he passed this way in the reign of Hadrian. The course of the three roads is marked far and near by a dark, conical hill, on the top of which, or at the foot of which, the cairn of Laius must have been raised. But with that charming continuity of illustration with which Greek history and geography abound, this tragical spot had become within the last three years invested with a second cycle of dramatic interest, which in a remarkable manner explained and enlivened the first. As we approached the fatal hill, the everlasting chatter of the guides and muleteers flowed into one channel, deepening and widening as we descended the ravine. It was not of Œdipus or Laius that they were talking, but of the great robber chief, Davéli, who, in 1858, had

perished on this spot. A single incident will suffice to explain the character and importance of this modern hero.

It was Christmas, now some five years ago, in the house of a wealthy merchant at Chalcis, in Eubœa. He was absent in Athens; but his wife and daughter were at home, and his daughter's betrothed lover, a Greek judge. The family party were playing at cards, when the door was quietly opened by two strangers, who asked to see one of the guests, who was a physician. The judge looked hard at the two men and said, "You seem to me very like robbers." "You think so?" they replied. In the next moment the room was filled with a band of twenty brigands, Davéli at their head. Resistance was impossible. They seized the plate and jewels. They set a pot of oil to boil on the fire, their usual process for extorting the secret places of treasure in the house. They set the judge to play at cards with one of the thieves. "If you win you shall be spared, if you lose you shall die." Meanwhile a servant had escaped and given the alarm. Just before the oil had boiled, and just before the game of cards was finished, a cry rose that the soldiers were coming. The robbers fled, carrying away with them the daughter of the house, her brother, and her brother-in-law. For two months she remained with them; moving to and fro over Helicon and Parnassus, sleeping in caves, wrapped in sheep-skins, living on roast lamb and pure water; treated with the utmost courtesy by Davéli, who, whenever her shoes were worn out, sent to Livadia for new ones. Constant negotiations were carried on for her ransom. In order to assure her friends of her safety, and at the same time to keep her in custody, she was exhibited to them on the top of inaccessible cliffs. Finally Davéli restored her jewels, and advised her to go home another way, lest

the more savage part of his band should intercept her return.

These, and like feats, had made him the hero or the terror of the neighbouring mountains. At last a united effort was made to seize him. He had often lodged by force in the Convent of Jerusalem under the auspices of Father Joseph. But now the tide was turned. Through the Abbot's shepherds on Parnassus, notice was given of the hiding place of the band, and he and his monks came out armed in pursuit. From Helicon too, the great Monastery of St. Luke, which has given so many "Lukes" to this neighbourhood, sent its monks in like manner. The whole of Parnassus was surrounded, and the band was driven down towards the "Three Ways"—the Pass (or Derveni) of Koulia. Each of the three roads was guarded by the villagers of the respective approaches. The heights of Daulis were hemmed in by the Daulians. The road from Thebes was shut in by the peasants of Distomo. That from Delphi was closed by the Arachovites, who were led by one of their own people, Megas, the head of the gendarmes or chorophylakes. He, with his men, killed Davéli; and twenty-six out of the band of thirty were destroyed. Megas himself fell, and on the top of the hill—on the very spot where for fear of robbers Œdipus committed the fatal deed of his life—a monument commemorates his death and the extirpation of the band.

We lingered long on this mount, and then ascending, mounted beyond any previous height that I had reached, till at the head of the Pass there burst upon us, seated on its mountain crest, the beautiful village of Arachova. It is one of those spots in Greece which, without any ancient name or fame, has, like Hydra and Psaria, acquired or retained more of the ancient blood and spirit

than many of the illustrious places of classical times. It stands on the double crest of the Pass leading to Delphi. Its inhabitants are renowned for their pure Greek, their simplicity, their beauty, and (in the most recent times) their resistance to robbers.

At the suggestion of the Queen of Greece (during our interview in Athens), we begged to have a dance and song, and accordingly, in the centre of the upper village, this was arranged with some difficulty. Even in Arachova there was a faction between the upper and lower town; and the only space sufficiently large for the occasion was in the lower town, which the damsels of the upper refused to frequent. At last a spot was found, and the dance was arranged by the Mayor of the village, who had married the only daughter of Megas, and whose two little boys were called "Luke," from the Heliconian hermit, and "Megas," from his distinguished grandfather. He stood by with his wife and children whilst George, the son of Megas, resplendent in beauty both of face and dress, led the band, which consisted of three men and six women. To the sound of a drum, and in a measured step, the dance began. The solemnity of the motion was precisely what one can imagine in an ancient chorus, and it was only varied by the sudden evolutions of the leader, combining the utmost occasional vehemence of action and gesture with general impassibility, in the manner only found in Oriental or half-Oriental nations. The songs were sung by the women —the men it seems in Arachova never sing, and the women often extemporize as they proceed. The songs are called "Tragoudi"—an instructive word, because it evidently belongs to the very earliest days of Grecian poetry, when every dramatic poem was a song of the goatherds. Out of this sprang the great Athenian

Tragedy, but this old name must have run underground as the popular word, and then re-appeared in very nearly its primitive form, long after tragedy and comedy have, so far as Greece is concerned, wholly perished. We begged to have the songs written down for us, which they were, and forwarded to us at Crissa, where we slept on the following night, by the chief of the village. Being almost illegible, they were read aloud to us by the chief scribe of Crissa, and with the assistance of Sir Thomas and Miss Wyse, I took down the following, which is an almost literal translation. In the two first, something like the irregularity of the original metre and rhythm has been preserved; in the third, the subject required a somewhat more careful construction. It will be seen that it exactly resembles those collected in Fauriel's songs, and remarkably confirms their authenticity. The dialogue with the birds, the sudden interchange of narrative and speech, and the Homer-like repetition of names and epithets, occur constantly in all the songs of this character. The impossibilities of the story, and the abruptness of the style, are strongly marked in the original Greek. You can imagine the interest of it, sung in the presence of the friends and kinsmen of the dead man, already the hero of the modern Parnassus.

SONG I.—*How Megas destroyed the Band of the Robber Chief Davíli, in the Dervéni* (or Pass) of Koulia, in the country of Arachova.*

I.

The corn was reaping in the fields, was threshing in the yards,
When out rode bold John Megas, at the head of his gallant guards;
Go up to watch the sheepfolds, and the convents far and near,
That henceforth thro' Liákura† the thieves no more appear.

* Derveni is a Turkish word for *guardhouse*, thence applied to any defile or pass.—Col. Mure's "Travels in Greece," vol. ii. p. 259.

† Liakura, the modern name for Parnassus.

II.

Ho! Christo! Ho! Davéli, chief of the robber band!
Go no more to Liákura, no longer o'er our heights;
For Megas comes against thee, with all the Arachovites.

III.

Down from the sacred well * they fly, down to the rocky walls,
Hark! how Phondúcas with Dàvéli and with Sapphirus calls.
Ho! Megas! if ye wish to fight with sword and robber's gun,
We will fight like Pallikaris † bold, before the day is done.

IV.

The Megas heard them as they spoke, and straight he turned and said
Unto the gallant comrades whom he to battle led—
"Come, charge your guns, and draw your swords, and fix your bayonets fast,
We all shall live, or all shall die, before this day is past."

V.

He leaped upon the guarded mount, his sword was in his hand,
Phonducas fell, Davéli fell, chief of the robber band;
Sapphirus, too—the dog Sapphir—sank with a bitter wound,
And low he lay, and struggled hard upon the fatal ground;
Tho' his right hand was smitten off, his left still bore its part,
And with his left he fought, and struck the Megas thro' his heart.

VI.

Then Megas to his comrades sent a cry which pierced the air,
"Where is Zigouri, brother dear? dear Maurodemus, where?
Go let my Azimou, my child, my only daughter, know;
She must doff her bracelets ‡ hung with gold for the sober signs of woe.
She must not wear the festal good of our church's fairest day; §
For they have slain me in the midst of the Pass of Koulia."

SONG II.—*The Dirge.*

I.

The villages and villagers lament him far and near;
His wife laments, and pours a flood of many a dark, dark tear.
She sits beside the open door, to sorrow and to weep;
She looks to the Holy Virgin's Church, ‖ that crowns the mountain steep.
'Rouse up, my Jani, rouse thee, sleep not a heavy sleep;
All thy good comrades seek for thee, thy Pallikaris bold,
That they with thee may share the spoil, the bracelets hung with gold,
Ho! take the drum and beat it loud, and sing the funeral song;
They have slain my son, my Megas; lament him loud and long.

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* A well near the Convent of Jerusalem.

† "Brave fellows."

‡ "Floria," necklaces, bracelets, frontlets made of coins.

§ The day of the Panaghia, *i.e.*, of "The All Holy Virgin," who is the patron saint of the village church in which the village festival, or Panegyris, takes place.

‖ The Church of the Panaghia, on the hill of Arachova, where Megas was buried.

(*Megas replies.*)

I left my songs in dark Dervéni, in the Pass of Koulia.
Come, come and hear the only song which I have now to say.
Come down, poor birds, poor hapless birds, above our heads that fly;
Down from Parnassus, where their flocks the shepherds feed on high.
Go down, and in Arachova, in the midst of the Bazaar,
Sit there, and hear laments and tears, and wails that sound afar.
Sit there, and hear two orphan souls—the mother and the daughter,
How they lament and wail, and grieve for my untimely slaughter.

SONG III.—*The Mother of Davéli.*

I.

A shepherdess, an aged crone,
Sits on a rock, sits on a stone—
The mother of Davéli.
She points aloft to Aráchova;
She looks adown to Koulia,
In the Pass of dark Dervéni.
She sees a thick black smoke around;
She hears the musket's rattling sound;
Her soul still says—May he be found
The conqueror, my Davéli.
She sees the birds that come that way,
She asks what news they bring to-day—
"My bird, my bird, from Liakurà,
What news from dark Dervéni?"

II.

(*The Bird replies.*)

Your son this day, with Megas bold,
Is fighting hard to keep his hold,
In the Pass of dark Dervéni,
And Megas bold, with bayonets bright,
Has stormed the hold, and won the height,
And slain, with all his men of might,
Your son, your own Davéli.

III.

The aged mother threw on high
A cry, as loud as she could cry—
"Anathema, Anathema!
To thee, oh cursèd Arachova:
Who broughtest forth the Megas bold
That slew the band, and stormed the hold,
In the Pass of dark Dervéni.
Anathema, Anathema!
To thee, oh cursèd Arachova;
With every cursed Arachovite
That slew with all his men of might
My darling, my Davéli!"

III.

October 15.

From Arachova we ascended the side of the mountain, just seeing the platform on which Delphi stands, but withdrawn from view, and there, in a wide plain, found the kalybia, or "huts," where we were to sleep; each had a hut to himself, and I consider the good night we all had, a signal proof of the comfort of this mode of travelling. A bed and *bedstead* I see make the whole difference.

The next morning was the ascent of Parnassus. A cruel cloud rolled up just at the moment of our reaching the summit, and shut out one side completely; on two of the other sides, at different points, we looked over the Gulf of Corinth and the Peloponnesus, and over Œta and Thermopylæ. The chief impression that I carry away, therefore, is not of any view, but of the mountain itself: its vast size, occupying, as it were, the whole heart of Greece; its extreme wildness, savage pine forests, terminating in bare white limestone ridges, broken at times into hollows, like those of the Karst, near Trieste, and like one near Bethlehem, the huge walls at the top twisted in fantastic crags, on one of which, as I mounted, sat a solitary raven.

The evening was occupied with the descent to Delphi. Passing under the hill of the Corycian cave, which we had not time to visit, I reached again the route I had come in 1840. The general character was just what I

remembered—grotesque white rocks, Pan-like and Faun-like, peeping through the green pines and dark firs. But, perhaps from the splendour of the evening, the whole scene was far more beautiful in my eyes than before. Behind was the huge white mass of Parnassus, golden or silver with the setting sun. In the midst were these fairy-like, nymph-like, muse-like uplands of rock and forest; below was the lake, as it seemed, of the Corinthian Gulf, and the deep inlet of the Bay of Crissa, backed by the purple range of the Arcadian mountains; each portion of the view quite distinct from the other two, and each of itself a gorgeous picture. Presently the rocks began to open, and in the deepening twilight, far, far below, like the bottomless abyss, was the Vale of Delphi. We had descended from the airy height and clouds of Parnassus eight thousand feet down into the depths of the earth. Then came the horrors of the staircase of rock, down which the mules leaped and skipped from stone to stone round the sharp turns of the undefended precipice. It is, beyond question, the most frightful mountain path I ever saw attempted by horse or mule. A crescent moon appeared just as a faint lamp to enlighten our last descent, and by her light we entered her brother's city—the vast wall of cliff overhanging the path, the vast slope of the ancient Temple lying below us. It was not till the next morning that I looked out distinctly on the well-known scene. Again I was pleased to find that I had lost none of its essential features; but that the grandeur and beauty far surpassed what I had remembered. Miss Wyse had never seen it before, Sir Thomas not for more than thirty years; both were transported. Here and there I was able to act as guide myself; but we had an intelligent old Delphian, who,

in company with a splendid military chief from Crissa, took us in charge, and I saw the whole place far more thoroughly than before. It awakened many reflections. Again Pausanias walked before us. At times one completely lost the track of him in the mass of dust and modern huts, but from time to time one finds oneself in his very footsteps—the sacred springs still flowing on, living amidst the death of all besides—the walks of the terraces (most of which have been excavated since 1840), covered with inscriptions—the sacred way, leading right into the Temple gate—the Stadium, in its oblong form, at the very top of the slope, and the theatre just below. These were the chief landmarks. There are one or two special curiosities. At the back of a church near the Sanctuary of the Temple I had heard, after my visit in 1840, that a bay-tree still existed on the very site of that which grew beside the altar. I asked for it. It had been withered to the roots in the great frost of what is known as "the Parker winter," when Admiral Parker blockaded Athens in 1850; but there lay a severed and dry branch, of which I may be forgiven for having carried off a fragment. Who knows but that a century hence it may be the only relic preserved of that venerable tree? However, a new bay-tree had been planted in front of the church to perpetuate the memory of the old one.

The plane-tree by the Castalian spring, under which Latona laid the twins—which Dodwell saw flourishing, which I saw in 1840 as a decayed trunk—had fallen and perished utterly. But there two other plane-trees grow, and will carry on the traditions. Under one of these we had our last dinner, in the face of the double cliff—the very climax of our tour.

In the midst of these ruins are long walls, which appear beyond question to be those of the great Casino of Delphi—devoted to a magnificent picture-gallery, which Pausanias describes as in a catalogue. He tells you to go out of the Temple to look at the stone which Saturn vomited out when given to him by Jupiter, and then to come down to this gallery, which was covered with all the scenes of Greek mythology. You stand within it, and you see that all has perished. In short, there is this awful feeling at Delphi beyond any other place that I have seen—that you are standing on the grave of an extinct religion. How marvellous the change by which this mass of splendour must have been allowed to sink into this total ruin; and how curious to see the roots of the religion still peeping out from the ruins, and sought after at this vast distance of time!

With difficulty we tore ourselves away. I had to go with my long shepherd's crook to recover a lost sheep in the shape of the English Minister, who had scrambled down the rocks to gather some of the sacred plane leaves.

Down by sunset we came to Crissa—there slept—then crossed the Olive plains and embarked on board the "Intrepid," and so to Patras, where, after a hospitable dinner at the Consul's, we walked down in company with Sir Thomas and Miss Wyse, and taking, by the bright moonlight, leave of them, we embarked on board the Greek steamer to Corfu and Trieste, and so ended this most interesting week.

To me it was quite a resurrection of buried delights. It revives my first feeling—that with the single exception of Palestine, there is no travelling equal to that of Greece. There is no country which so combines the

compactness, the variety, the romance, the beauty of nature—and a beauty and romance which is absolutely heaving with the life of ancient creeds and ideas, which are explained by it at every turn.

THE END.

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